June 35 cents

McCall's

the magazine of Togetherness

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by the DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

They take the rap for ED MURROW

MY JOURNEY INTO LIFE

the story of
a nervous breakdown

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Fool the weather! Take your "swim" in a bathroom that looks as fresh and cool as watercress. Aqua Tint and Turquoise Cannon towels, alongside snowy white, make you think you're on vacation right at home!

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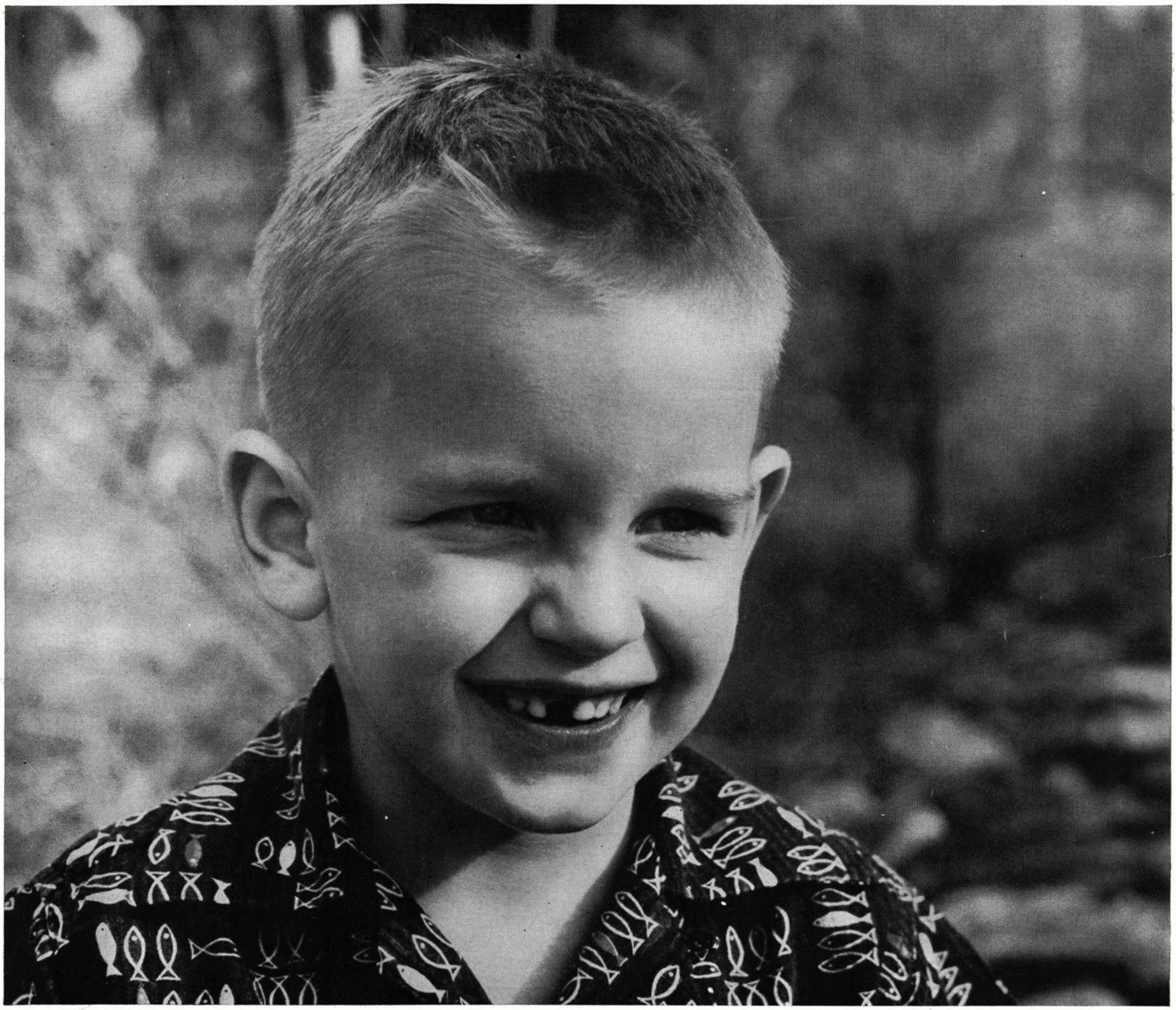

THIS SPACE RESERVED

for a tooth that must last for 63 years

YOU: I hear many children lose permanent teeth even during their teens. Can't anything be done about tooth decay?

US: Certainly. In fact, that's why Ipana contains WD-9.

YOU: WD-*what*? All those ingredients sound alike to me.

US: WD-9 is the simple name for sodium lauryl sulphate. It foams into tiny crevices between teeth where even your tooth brush can't reach—and destroys bacteria that cause cavities.

YOU: This makes some sense.

US: You bet! Ipana with WD-9 destroys decay bacteria *better* than any other leading brand . . . even better than fluoride tooth paste. No worry, either, about using it for children under six.

YOU: Thanks for the straight answer. I guess Ipana must be great for the kids' teeth. But how about mine?

US: Great for the whole family's. And you'll all go for Ipana's minty "good morning" flavor. You'll be trying it soon, no doubt?

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- Easy-to-use, hard-to-lose
- Tube stands upright

New-formula Ipana® with WD-9 destroys decay bacteria best

Another fine product of Bristol-Myers, makers of Bufferin and Vitalis.

Picture
OF THE MONTH
IN CINEMASCOPE

Hollywood's ever-increasing and ever-welcome custom of filming explosive stories right where they explode is especially bountiful in the case of "Bhowani Junction," filmed by M-G-M in Eastman Color and CinemaScope in Pakistan.

"Bhowani Junction," you'll doubtless recall, is the railway town where John Masters set the seething scene of his best-selling Book of the Month. There, today's India clashes with age-old taboos. And there, M-G-M has starred Ava Gardner in her most ravishing and demanding role to date—that of the golden-skinned "chee-chee," the Eurasian half-caste whose tangled love-life mirrors the many conflicts surging across this exotic land.

Stewart Granger plays one of the three vastly different—and violently differing—men into whose arms the chee-chee is hurled in the torrid course of her search for the one love strong enough to blot out her past and bring her happiness for the future.

Across teeming market-places, temples sacred and profaned, across breathtakingly vivid vistas, the romantic suspense mounts from moment to moment and from man to man. Will the chee-chee charmer's quest end with the proud British officer? Powerfully played by Granger, he is a man of some scruples and many contradictory desires—a riddle of a man caught by his own passions in the middle of a mystery. Does his kind of man drive her kind of woman toward infidelity? Will she stumble on a purer love in the hovel of the native firebrand? Will she find her mate and herself in the disturbed adoration of the handsome Eurasian adventurer who is as much bronze flesh and hot blood as she herself?

Here are truly new heights of adventure and new heats of romance that hold you spellbound at "Bhowani Junction," where strangers kiss and lovers sometimes kill, where midnight terrorists lurk and violence overtakes a woman's runaway emotions.

Our thanks to producer Pandro S. Berman, director George Cukor, writers Sonya Levien and Ivan Moffat—and to the abiding, brooding beauty of India herself. They've all made very sure that M-G-M's "Bhowani Junction" is off the beaten track—in a very special, very rewarding class by itself!

* * * *

M-G-M presents "BHOWANI JUNCTION" in CinemaScope and Color starring AVA GARDNER and STEWART GRANGER with Bill Travers, Abraham Sofaer. Screen Play by Sonya Levien and Ivan Moffat. Based on the Novel by John Masters. Photographed in Eastman Color. Directed by George Cukor. Produced by Pandro S. Berman. An M-G-M Picture.

McCall's

JUNE 1956 • VOLUME LXXXIII NO. 9

Our June issue takes note of the fashion importance of the whole sunny spectrum of yellow-orange-flame. Starting with Richard Avedon's cover portrait of Dolores Parker wearing a bright and bountiful Sally Victor hat, the sun goes on shining . . . on happy vacation play clothes, vacation complexions — in fact, even on the kitchen stove!

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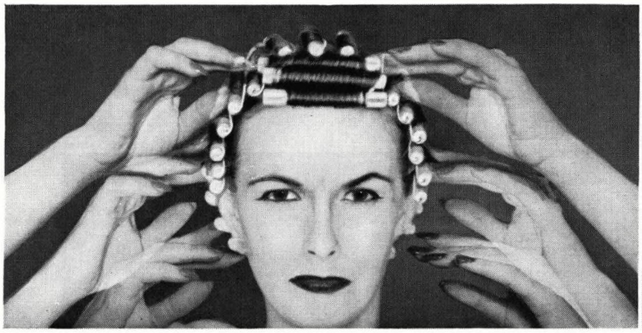
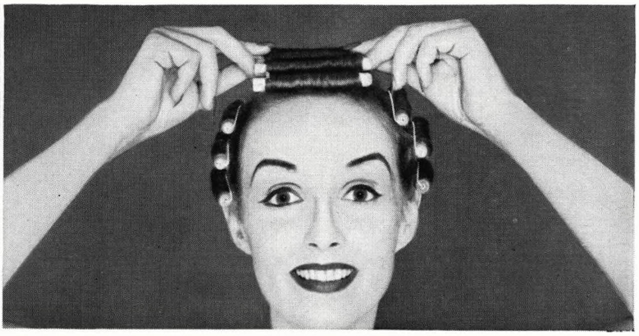


WEARY OLD WAVE—40 curlers to wind.
Too much arm work. Tight, frizzy, unnatural.



NEW QUICK WAVE—with only 20 curlers,
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CUTS WINDING TIME ½
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NOTE THE SOFT NATURAL LOOK OF THE NEW QUICK WAVE—how beautifully it suits the newest styles.

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McCALL'S VISITS

Pat Boone

PETER MARTIN

Pat Boone, who studied to be a preacher, takes time among recording sessions, the Godfrey show and college to preach at Church of Christ

Pat's singing brought him $175,000 in one year, but he says he's going to finish college so he can "do something worthwhile"

ONE Sunday evening not long ago a voice millions have heard on radio and juke box belting out robust selections named "Tutti Frutti" or "Ain't That a Shame!" could be heard leading the congregation of the Manhattan Church of Christ in hymn singing. Pat Boone, a handsome, sober-minded youth of 22, is determined not to let his recent and sudden commercial success cloud earlier promises he made to himself. To make sure his grip on humility doesn't slip, he frequently offers his services as singer and guest speaker to his church.

Pat's religious education began in his devout Nashville, Tennessee, home, continued through five years of Bible study and reached the present point of pulpit testimonial in a rural Texas church near the college he attended. Nowadays, in a year that will bring him an income of $175,000 and more, Pat's favorite sermon warns against giving too much thought to "storing up treasures on earth" and neglecting the possible rewards of Heaven. "We should think not in terms of the dubious future but of good works on earth here and now," he tells his fellow parishioners. "In that way we can build up treasures in Heaven. Treasures on earth are too frequently pitfalls of the devil."

Pat's recording of "Ain't That a Shame!" is selling close to a million copies, and he eyes his growing treasures on earth with uneasiness and a determination to don the sackcloth and ashes of renunciation the moment he suspects the devil is involved. "Pat frequently spots the devil's work in a song's lyrics," a member of the music publishing business said recently. "He refuses to record a sure-fire hit if he thinks the words are too sensual or suggestive."

Pat exercises similar censorship in selecting the nightclubs, hotels or theaters his agency books for his appearances. Furthermore, he confines this activity to infrequent dates that do not interfere with his studies at Columbia University, where he is a third-year English

(*Continued on page 6*)

"Mommy! Hurry home! Your new Norge Automatic's here... and sump'n you like came in it!"

NORGE
Tide
THE WASHDAY MIRACLE

TIDE'S INSIDE—NORGE KNOWS TIDE GETS CLOTHES THE CLEANEST CLEAN POSSIBLE!

It stands to reason that the men who *make* the fine Norge Automatic are the men who really know all about it . . . know what's good for it . . . know how to make it give you the best possible results. And these men who make the Norge recommend *Tide* . . . actually put a box of Tide in every new machine right at the factory.

So *many* other manufacturers do the same. That's to make sure that right from the very first wash, their automatics work perfectly, give you the cleanest clothes possible.

In all these top-loading automatics, no leading washday product made, nothing else—with or without suds—can beat Tide for getting clothes clean. Use Tide in *your* automatic and discover for yourself why more women use Tide in their automatics than any other washday product in America!

THE CLEANEST CLEAN POSSIBLE IS TIDE-CLEAN

SEE THE NEW NORGE AUTOMATIC WASHER WITH EXCLUSIVE SUPER RINSE!
NORGE

- Five totally different purifying actions flush away everything—from lint to sand, automatically!
- Exclusive Time-Line Control lets you select two separate automatic cycles—regular cycle for family loads—short cycle for small loads and delicate fabrics!

THE MAKERS OF 25 AUTOMATICS RECOMMEND *Tide*!

Your own super market of fresh and frozen foods . . . less than 3 feet wide !

The Philco Super Marketer

It's the revolutionary new food keeper for modern America . . . a full-size 6.8 cu. ft. freezer and a full-size 9 cu. ft. refrigerator all in one.

At last a new kind of food keeper designed for this new age of frozen foods and super market shopping. For the first time, the family food supply now *all* at your finger tips . . . *safely* stored at ideal temperatures for each kind of food . . . thanks to Philco's exclusive *all automatic* twin system. Frozen foods in thaw-proof, zero cold. Unfrozen foods ideally refrigerated at 38 to 42 degrees above zero. And everything automatic . . . no refrigerator defrosting, no controls to set or forget.

The Super Marketer is one of many new Philco *years ahead* advances in automatic appliances for 1956. New fully automatic Twin System refrigerators now from $229.95 up; others even lower. Don't settle for less !

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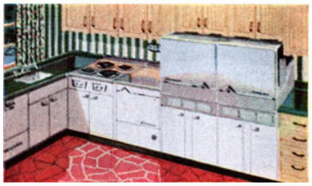
"Built-in Look without Built-in Cost"

Philco Custom Sectional Appliances

Self-contained units — no "building-in". For *Free* booklet No. 3285 containing 20 Kitchen Plans write to Ext. 473, Philco Corp., "C" and Tioga Sts., Phila. 30, Pa.



AUTHORIZED PHILCO Famous for QUALITY the World Over DEALER

Buy only where you see this sign, for guaranteed Philco quality and service.

Pat relaxes in his new Leonia, N. J., house with his wife Shirley and two-year-old daughter Cherry, who loves to hear him sing. "It's a quiet neighborhood," says Pat. "A good place for children"

major. "And it's doubly important I don't take up drinking, smoking and bad language," he explains. "I've made it my mission to prove that not everybody in show business is bad."

From the time he was ten years old, Charles Eugene Boone (the nickname Pat was given him by parents who wanted a girl they could name Patricia and would not be consoled) was asked to sing at parties and businessmen's luncheons. He eloped when he was 18 with a pretty Nashville high-school classmate, Shirley Foley, daughter of Red Foley — a man generally conceded to be the country's greatest folk singer — and while attending North Texas State College, in Denton, applied for a job at Fort Worth's WBAT-TV station to help carry expenses while he raised a family and put himself through college. The station manager, assuming that a boy from Nashville could do little else, assigned him to sing hillbilly songs on a barn-dance program for $50 and all the cottage cheese he could eat. "The sponsor was a local dairy," says Pat. "I had to eat cheese and ice cream and drink milk all through the program."

Pat won first place on the "Ted Mack Amateur Hour" and later on "Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts" program. Randy Wood, a fellow Tennessean, spotted him and signed him to a Dot Records contract. Perry Como, Frank Sinatra and Gordon MacCrae happen to be Pat's professional idols, and he still thinks of himself primarily as a sweet singer of sentimental songs. Wood did agree to let him record such soul-satisfying ballads as "No Other Arms" and "I'll Be Home" if on the reverse sides Pat would consent to shout compositions such as "Tutti Frutti" and "Gee Whittakers."

A bright and conscientious student, Pat was so self-conscious about the poor grammar and reckless abandon in "Ain't That a Shame!" he had to record it 22 times before it was acceptable to Wood. To Pat's dismay, his sweet songs have received little attention from teen-agers but his raucous rhythm numbers can't seem to miss.

Pat is trying to pretend the fat royalty checks are nonexistent. He is having a den built in the basement of his modest three-bedroom home in Leonia, New Jersey, where he can study his lessons and do his homework with a minimum of disturbance from his two young daughters (one is two, the other seven months).

"I plan to go on and get my master's degree after I graduate," he says with the determination of a man in danger of going on public relief any day soon. "I won't always be as lucky as I have been, and if I get in a real jam maybe I can teach school."

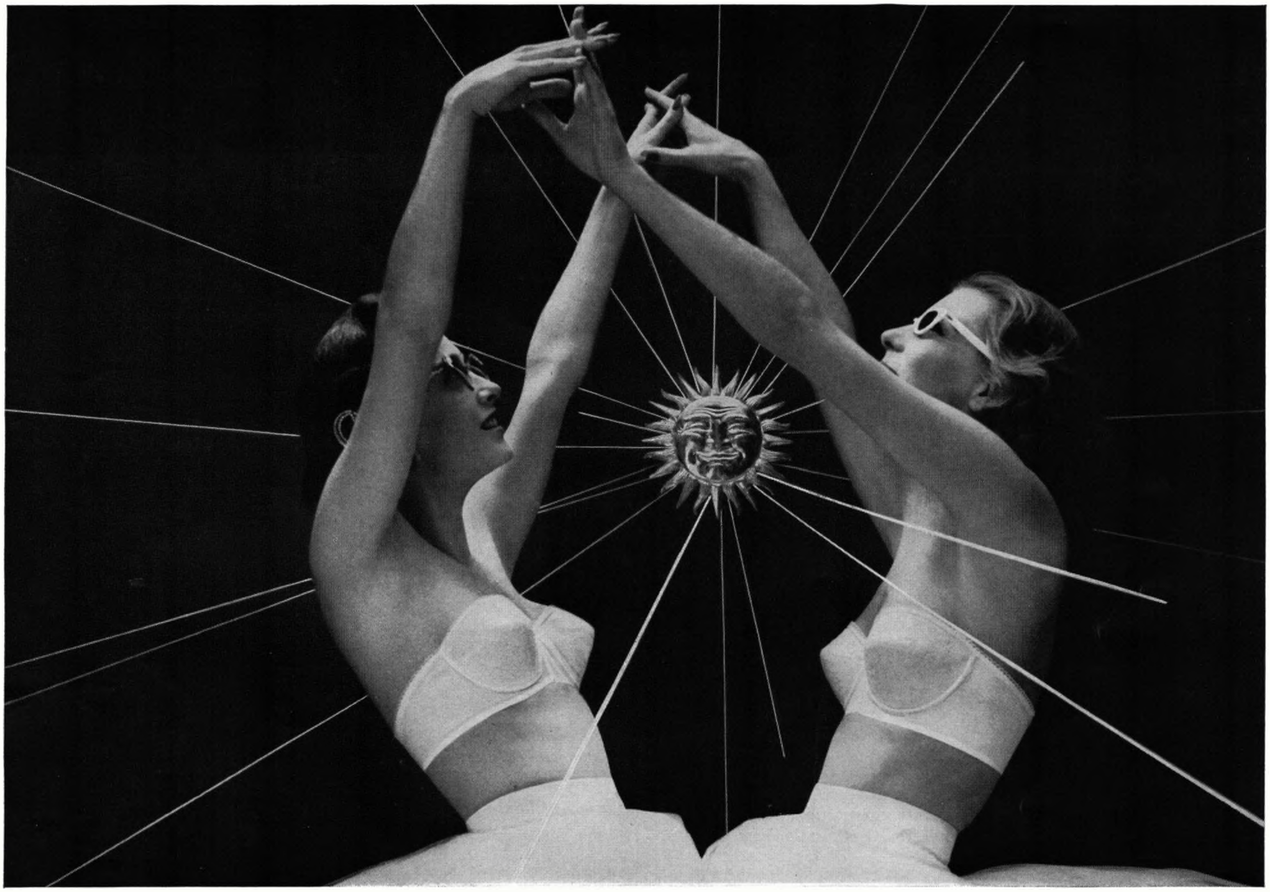
— *Harrison Kinney*

DICK HANLEY

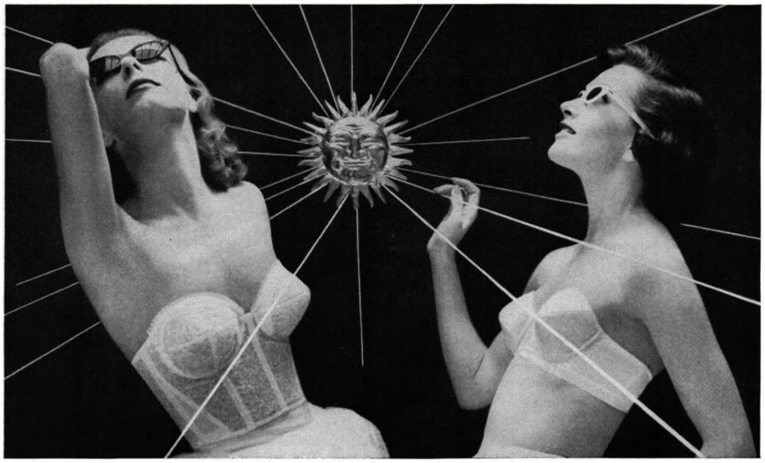
At Columbia University, where Pat is an "A" student, he is not a celebrity. "In fact," he says happily, "nobody pays any attention to me"

#2051. HIGH, ROUND AND HANDSOME—this wisp of a Merry Widow. Pre-shrunk cotton, with embroidered cups; elastic strips at center and in back. White, $2.50.

#2065. WARNER'S FIRST BRA with convertible straps that adjust in seconds to any one of six different fashions; soft embroidered cotton broadcloth. White, $3.50.



Turn a bold shoulder to summer!



#1347. OUR LONG-LINE MERRY WIDOW. Such lovely fit and comfort, made of such loveliness: nylon Alencon-type lace, nylon marquisette. White. $8.50.

#1084. OUR PADDED MERRY WIDOW® gives little girls a flattering build-up. With soft elastic band. In white. $5.95. In black. $6 50. With straps. $5.95.

CARE TO BE CAREFREE, darling? All it takes is a Warner's strapless. This is the bra that leaves you free to have fun. Fun for you may be a fast set of tennis or a slow foxtrot—but wherever you go, your Warner's fits into the picture so beautifully.

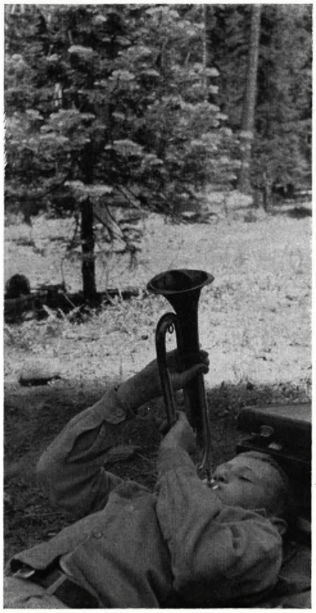
Whatever style you choose, of course, you'll have the last word in comfort. Such things as the easy stretch of elastic in a band, a soft cushion where other bras bind.

And whether you like a *cool plunge* or a *quick dip*—you can be sure there's a Warner strapless for you. Why not try yours today? At your nicest stores here and in Canada.

Strapless Bras
by
WARNER'S®

Fifth graders tramp through the tall timber high in the Sierras on a nature study hike led by an assistant counselor

In the chilly dawn before 7:30 reveille, Carolyn Coburn gets in some reading with her sleeping bag pulled up over her ears



During rest period after lunch, Mike Saputo tootles softly on his bugle. Other students write letters, take a nap or read

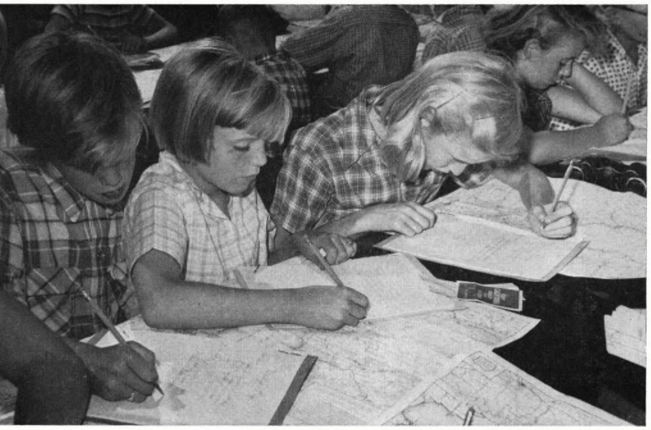
School in the wilds

SCHOOL kids all over the country are taking to the woods with their teachers as part of a new and highly successful program called Outdoor Education. In Orinda, California, a three-week session of school in the wilderness made such a hit with students, teachers and parents that the project is being considered now as a permanent part of the school curriculum, not just a summer extension. A ski lodge high in the Sierras served as headquarters, but most of the time the children studied, slept and lived outdoors.

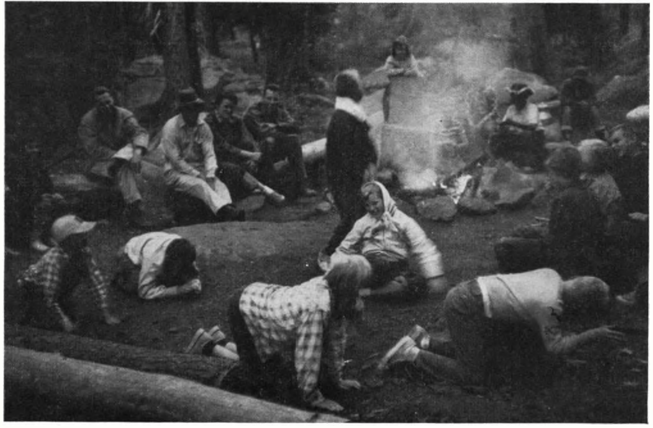
They rambled through the mountains on expeditions, set up their own library, collected and maintained a natural museum. Apart from the singing and games around the evening campfire, there was little recreation as such. "We didn't even take along a softball," Orinda's Superintendent of Schools Joseph Sheaff said.

He feels, however, that the chief benefits of the outdoor education program come from group living and a closer contact between child and teacher. "Usually," Sheaff says, "it takes a good teacher anywhere from two to three months to get acquainted with the students in his class." He and his staff are convinced the three weeks are worth three months of regular school in establishing understanding and cooperation between teacher and student. The total cost is only $15 for each pupil.

WAYNE MILLER/MAGNUM



In the three-week session, fifth graders learn about sciences of map making and map reading. Dining room of the ski lodge doubles as indoor classroom, where teachers discuss field trips and help the students with special projects



At the end of the day, pupils and teachers get together around the glowing campfire to sing songs and play games with a whole wilderness as their parlor. Pantomimists crawling on the ground are acting out "automobile" in session of charades

Continued on page 10

LOTION DEODORANT
ban
IT ROLLS ON

A new kind of deodorant

ban rolls on!

More effective than creams, easier to apply than sprays!*

BAN is a new lotion form of deodorant that actually *rolls on* more effective protection . . . with a little revolving ball in the top of the bottle. This waste-proof, drip-proof applicator automatically spreads on just enough of BAN's pleasing lotion to check perspiration . . . stop odor for a *full* 24 hours. BAN is safe for normal skin . . . won't damage clothing. Get BAN today—wherever fine toiletries are sold—98¢.

*In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 7 out of 10 prefer BAN.

LOTION DEODORANT
ban
IT ROLLS ON

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT
OF BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS
OF BUFFERIN AND IPANA

School in the wilds

continued

Nature studies and KP

Outdoor classroom was anywhere along way during nature study hikes. Counselor McNicholas demonstrates point as kids take notes

David Farmer and Ruth Owen study varieties of fish at the state hatcheries. Fifth graders also visited a ranger station

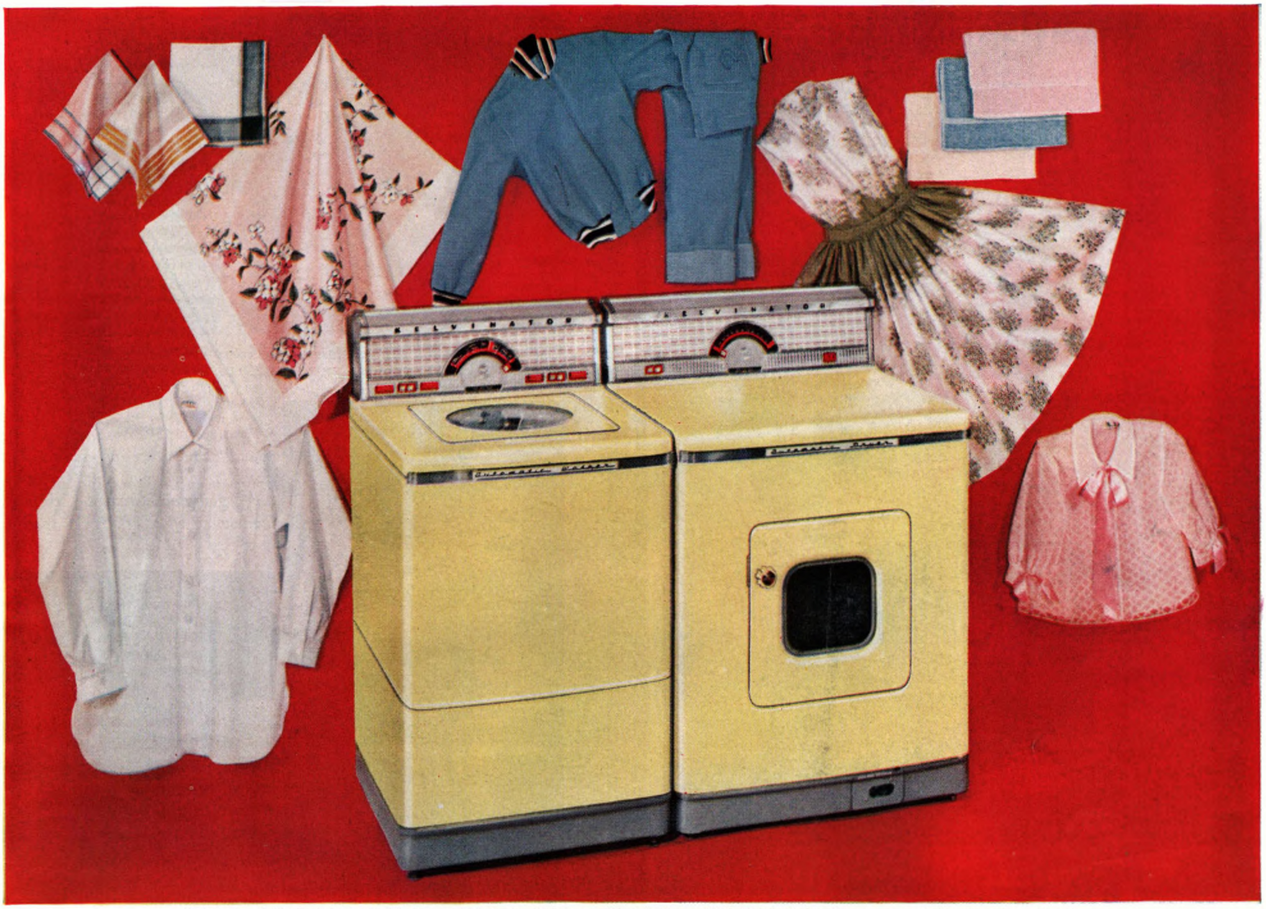
On a field trip to Bliss State Park near Lake Tahoe, students make detailed drawings of the area for later classroom study

Everybody had his share of washing dishes and waiting tables. The young KP teams took to their tasks with quite remarkable lack of complaint

Continued on page 12

No more hand scrubbing shirts! No need to hand launder sheer fabrics!

NOW WASH ALL CLOTHES CLEANER, BRIGHTER AUTOMATICALLY!

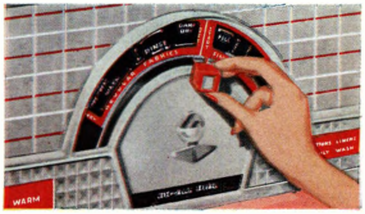


Kelvinator *2-Cycle Automatic Washer and Matching Kelvinator Electric Dryer With Triple Safety Features . . . Safest For Finest Fabrics.*

NEW KELVINATOR AUTOMATIC WASHER WITH 3-WAY AGITATOR

Only washer with all 3 washing actions you need to get clothes really clean!

AUTOMATIC PRE-TREAT
eliminates need for hand scrubbing.



2 SEPARATE AUTOMATIC CYCLES
one for regular fabrics; one for fine fabrics.

Now! Your choice of 3 decorator colors! Match, mix or blend to your kitchen color scheme with Bermuda Pink, Spring Green, Buttercup Yellow—or Classic White. Prove for yourself the vastly superior washing ability of the new 3-Way Agitator. Get a demonstration today at your Kelvinator Dealer's.

NOTHING ELSE LIKE IT IN THE WORLD! An entirely new, different, revolutionary washing principle! Kelvinator's 3-Way Agitator works in a smooth, continuous, off-center motion that gets clothes far cleaner—far more gently!

CIRCULATOR ACTION! Unlike ordinary washers that jerk clothes back and forth, the new Kelvinator agitator moves clothes smoothly in one direction, up, down, around, constantly under water. It's extra thorough, extra gentle!

SHAMPOO ACTION! Unlike other washers that push clothes *away* from agitator, the new Kelvinator constantly brings clothes *in* to the agitator, where every piece is gently rubbed clean by soft rubber fins.

WATER-JET ACTION! Thousands of jets of water per minute leap through holes in the agitator. These sudsy jets loosen dirt, help keep clothes moving, give your clothes the most thorough washing you've ever seen!

Kelvinator

DIVISION OF AMERICAN MOTORS CORPORATION, DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS

Glow from
head to toe

new bathing luxury
in soft water

There's a touch of enchantment about a luxurious, refreshing, sudsful soft water bath that leaves you glowing with well-being! Filtered soft water is free from the harsh hard water elements that redden and roughen your skin and coat it with a sticky film of soap scum. Soft water performs its magic wherever it flows from a faucet . . . for laundry, dishes, cooking or cleaning. See your telephone directory and call for Culligan.

As low as \$3.50* per month

COPR. 1956 CULLIGAN, INC.

With Culligan, there is no equipment to buy. Your Culligan dealer owns the water softener...and he exchanges it for a fresh "sealed" unit at regular intervals. Automatic! All the filtered soft water you need!

*Plus modest original installation. Average rate shown is for one softener exchange per 28 days; additional exchanges average less than \$1.50. Rates vary with local conditions.

You don't have to buy it to try it!

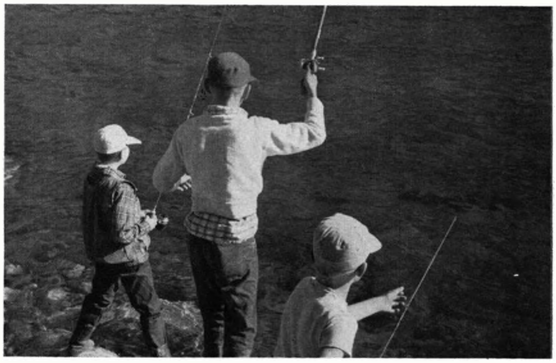
Culligan®

SOFT WATER SERVICE

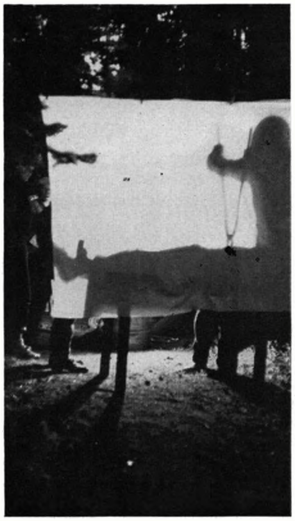
Culligan, Inc. and its franchised, full-line water conditioning dealers in the United States and Canada • Home Office, Northbrook, Illinois

School in the wilds *continued*

Time out for fun



Fishing in one of the lakes close by the camp was included as an educational project but was regarded as strictly fun by both boys and girls



Dumb shows were top entertainment around campfire. "Operation" going on behind the screen had sound effect of sawing wood

All the kids learned to pump up air mattresses, got to be old hands at the art of sleeping outdoors. Equipment required was held at a minimum

Girls kept up appearances without all the comforts of home. Junior Counselor Liz Rogers watches while Carol Gilmore rolls up her hair

HAT, JOHN FREDERICS, JEWELS, VAN CLEEF & ARPELS.

The loveliest glow of all is yours . . . with this new liquid make-up!

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'

"Touch-and-Glow"
LIQUID MAKE-UP
Revlon

'Touch-and-Glow'
1.25 and 1.75 plus tax

Revlon has something new and wonderful for your complexion . . . liquid 'Touch-and-Glow'! It's never masky . . . 'Touch-and-Glow' is light and lovely on your skin. It's never clogging . . . *this* liquid make-up is blended with Lanolite, to beauty-treat your skin every moment you wear it. And with 'Touch-and Glow' there's no made-up look. It's so natural, nobody knows you wear it but you! Find *your* glow among 8 exquisite complexion colors. Wear Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow' for that radiant, youthful look!

The fabulous flattery of candlelight...captured in a liquid make-up!

© [illegible]

Here's why so many people use

ONLY GLEEM...*the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal*

JUST ONE BRUSHING destroys decay- and odor-causing bacteria

MOUTH BACTERIA BEFORE BRUSHING—THESE ARE THE CHIEF CAUSE OF DECAY.

AFTER ONE GLEEM BRUSHING, UP TO 90% OF BACTERIA ARE DESTROYED.

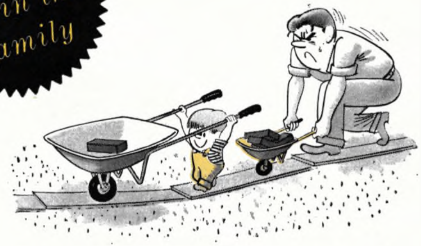
If you could brush after every meal, any good toothpaste would do . . . but if you can't always brush, even though it's best, then you should use Gleem. One Gleem brushing destroys most bacteria . . . gives added resistance to decay. And Gleem's flavor is so wonderful even youngsters like to use it regularly! And for children, regular after-meal brushing is a *proven* way to reduce decay. Remember, there's only *one* Gleem—the toothpaste for people who can't brush after every meal.

Mouth odor stopped all day with *one* Gleem brushing. Scientific tests prove brushing with Gleem before breakfast gives most people *all-day* protection against mouth odor. Start *your* day with Gleem.

"*I can't brush after every meal, so* ***I DEPEND ON GLEEM!***"

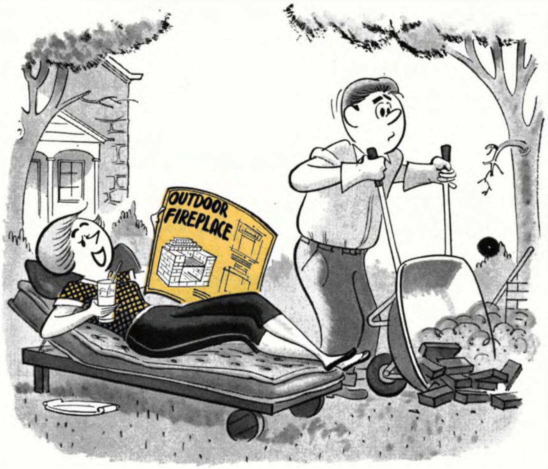
GLEEM
with GL-70
ONLY GLEEM has GL-70 to fight decay!

it's all in the family

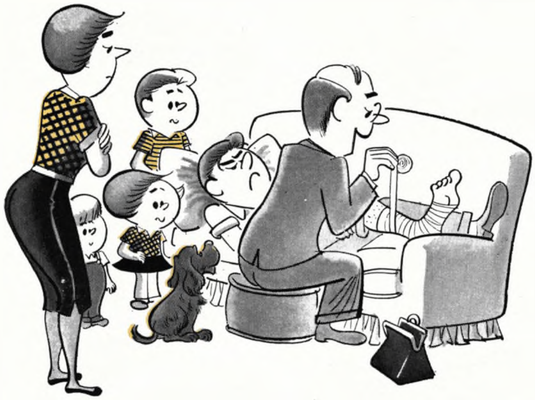


OUTDOOR LIVING

by Stanley and Janice Berenstain



"There are so many wonderful things we'll be able to do once we have a barbecue—enlarge the terrace, put in a dry wall, build a little tool house . . ."



"Yes, sir! Fourth barbecue I've had today"

Continued on page 16

Fabulous Figuring by Formfit

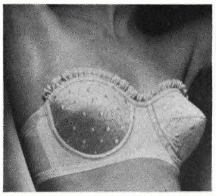
...styled for all your fashion moods

Every outfit you own proclaims your good taste. Definitely, a bra for *each* costume . . . one that creates the just-right outline with assurance-making comfort. That's why you'll prefer Formfit — because Formfit designs specific styles for each of your moods . . . gaytime, daytime and playtime. At fine stores everywhere!

Life by Formfit

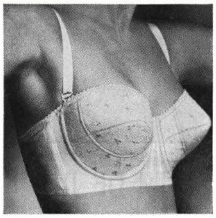
For Gaytime...

You choose a bra to match your festive mood. "Life Romance" Strapless No. 382 in embroidered Nylon. Wired underbust and new "cuddle-stay" for gentle shaping and uplift. White, Sunrise Pink, Alpine Blue, Dawn Black. $5.95



For Daytime...

You choose "Life Confidential" Strapless Bra No. 296. Light foam-rubber brings you to a perfect A, B or C cup size. Wired underbust. Embroidered cotton. $5.00



For Playtime...

You'll wear this bra four ways . . . strapless, halter, off-the-shoulder, regular bandeau. "Life Thrill" Convertible No. 377. Cotton with "set-ins" of foam rubber. Wired underbust. $4.00

Formfit CREATIONS

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK • CANADIAN PLANT, TORONTO

Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN
in lotion form
Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO
WITH LANOLIN
Hollywood Star Special
NOW
$1.59

Cream or Lotion

GET THIS SPECIAL JAR

. . . limited time only!

$2.00 value for only $1.59

"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Dana Wynter. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

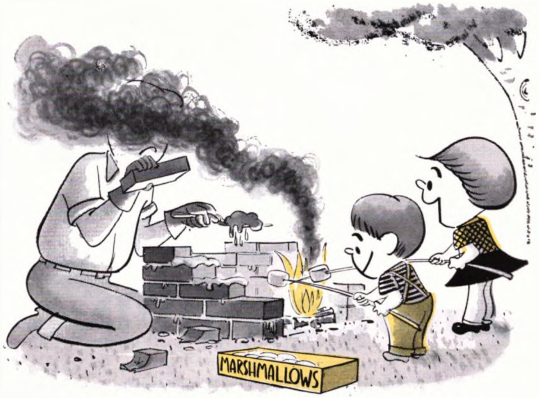
Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Dana Wynter starring in "THE SIXTH OF JUNE"

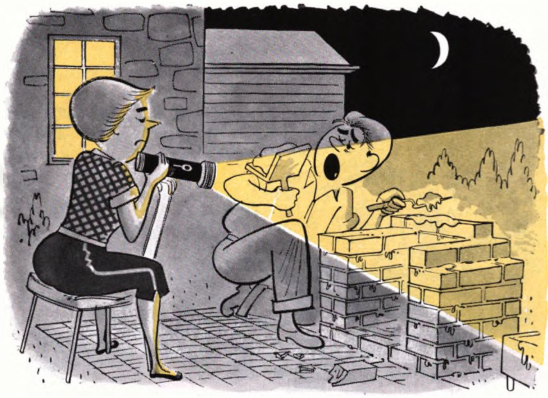
A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

OUTDOOR LIVING *continued*

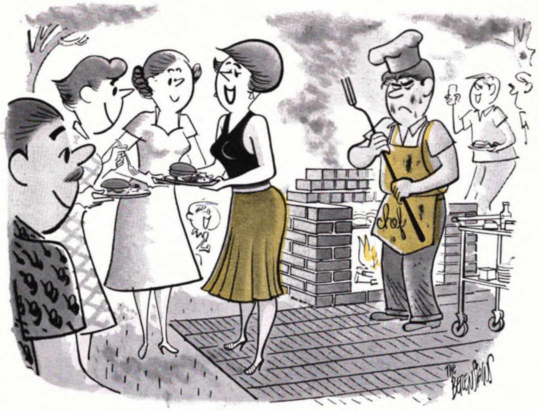


MARSHMALLOWS

"Isn't this fun, Daddy?"



"Figuring my time at the regular bricklayer's hourly rate, we're going to end up saving about seven thousand dollars"



chef
The Berenstains

"Got hold of some plans, ordered a few materials and got to work. It was as simple as that"

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERY! A non-drying spray-set with

no Lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay—the softest way!

New SUPER-SOFT Lustre-Net

the spray-set with lanolin esters!

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness! New Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET is used and recommended by top Hollywood movie stars. It's the softest way imaginable to keep waves and curls beautifully in place—for it contains not one single drop of lacquer!

Actually helps prevent dryness! New Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET contains lanolin esters to discourage dryness and preserve softness in your hair.

Quick-sets hair-do's . . . ends sleeping on pins! Before you go out, just set pin-curls in damp or dry hair. Then spray with Super-Soft LUSTRE-NET. Curls and waves dry in a jiffy, brush out to the soft, shining look you love!

SUPER SOFT
CONTAINS NO LACQUER
Lustre-Net
HAIR CONTROL SPRAY
with LANOLIN Esters!

Makes any pin-curl style set faster, manage easier, last longer!

Arlene Dahl

starring in "SLIGHTLY SCARLET"
A Benedict Bogeaus RKO Production.
Print by Technicolor in Superscope.

THERE ARE 2 LUSTRE-NETS

SUPER SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Contains no lacquer at all. Spray it on regularly after combing your hair-do into place.

SUPER SOFT
Lustre-Net
HAIR CONTROL SPRAY
REGULAR
Lustre-Net
HAIR CONTROL SPRAY

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's. No lacquered look, no lacquer odor. Sets pin-curls in hair when dry.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only $1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Hollywood's favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

get new Lustre-Net

recommended by top Hollywood Movie Stars!

Best thing that can happen to burgers and hot dogs:

Cheez Whiz 'em!

Spoon plenty of Cheez Whiz on a piping hot hamburger, and you've got yourself a cheeseburger that's mighty special. This amazing pasteurized process cheese spread melts right in . . . gives your burger a tantalizing cheddar flavor.

This is just one of many fast cheese tricks you can do with Kraft's Cheez Whiz. Spoon it *into* hot foods, too, (such as macaroni and mashed potatoes)! Heat it for grand cheese sauce! Spread it for snacks and sandwiches!

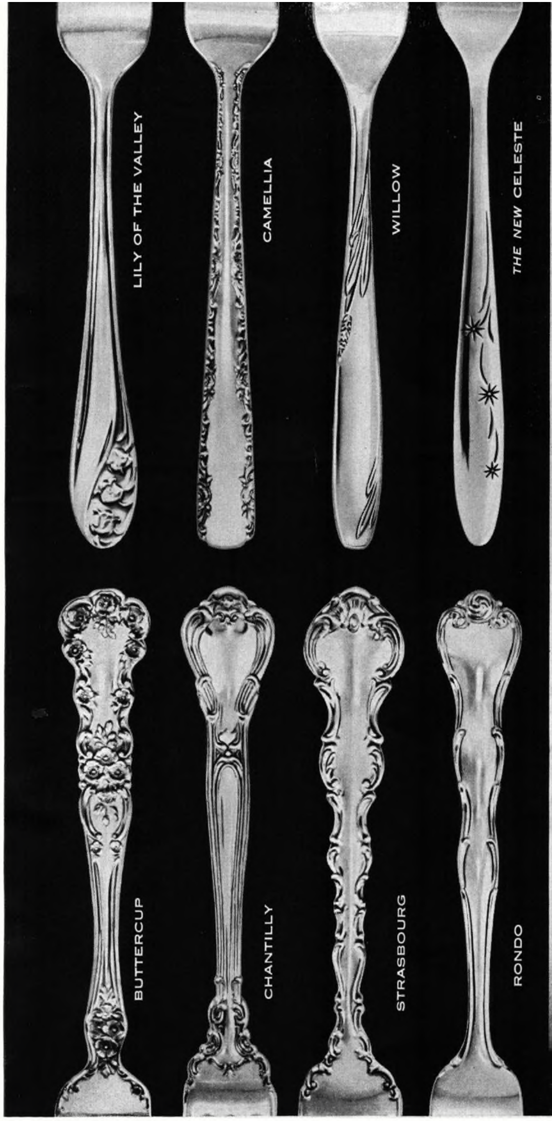
KRAFT'S
Cheez Whiz
For Fast Cheese Treats
A PASTEURIZED PROCESS CHEESE SPREAD
KRAFT FOODS COMPANY • CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
1 LB. NET WGT.

To glorify hot dogs: spread Cheez Whiz generously on the inside of frankfurter buns. Slip steaming hot franks into the buns; their heat *melts* the Cheez Whiz! Garnish with pickles. Great for lunch! Remember Kraft's Cheez Whiz whenever you want to add golden cheese goodness.

NEW!

PIMENTO CHEEZ WHIZ

KRAFT'S
PIMENTO
Cheez Whiz
For Fast Cheese Treats



GOWNS BY JAY THORPE

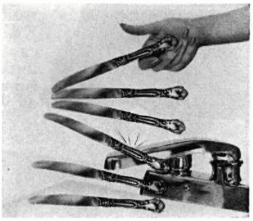
Some things a mother can't tell her daughter...

You can ready her for the typical male habit of forgetting important dates like birthdays and anniversaries. Or warn her against pursuing even an honest difference of opinion in the morning.

But how can you tell her she'll receive from her friends only about *half* the sterling she's expecting? Best to keep quiet and decide this will be *your* gift; not just sterling, but a complete set of Gorham Sterling.

A mother *can* tell her daughter how important a well-set table can be in making a favorable impression. And, of course, mothers for 125 years have known that "Gorham" means the *finest* in solid silver even though it is not so expensive as you might imagine. There are more Gorham patterns to choose from than in any other make—and a Gorham service can be matched or added to even years and years later!

A complete place setting—consisting of knife, fork, spoon, soup spoon, spreader and salad fork—can be purchased for as little as $29.75*. Settings for 8 in an attractive wood chest start as low as $238.* Why not plan to take your daughter to your nearest authorized Gorham jeweler or department store? When she selects the pattern she likes best, you will find convenient budget plans that give you as long as a year to pay. Let her start her new life by living with the best—Gorham Sterling.



A GORHAM EXCLUSIVE . . . *made from a seamless sterling tube, the Gorham knife handle will resist denting if accidentally dropped. It is completely watertight—no seams to open or discolor. Washing in the hottest water will not loosen the blade.*

Gorham STERLING

America's Leading Silversmiths Since 1831

125th Anniversary

*PRICES INCLUDE FEDERAL TAX. PRICE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

© [illegible] BY THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Golden Nuggets of Complete Nourishment!

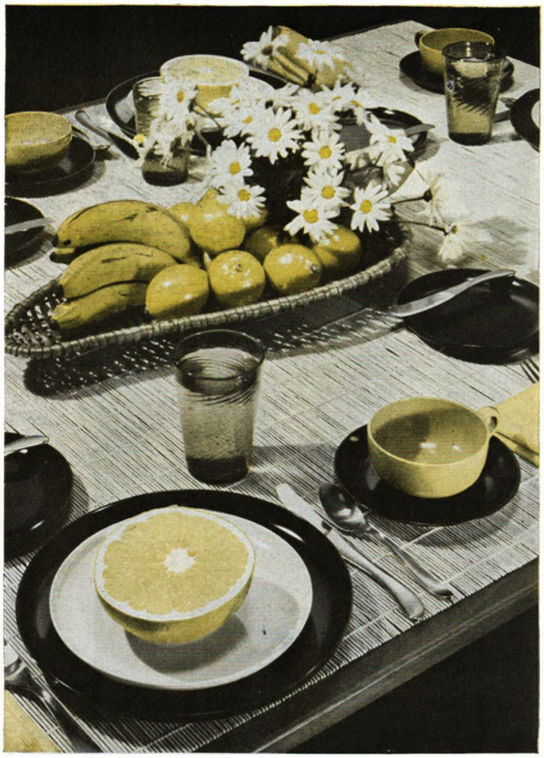
NOW! A dog food that smells meaty, tastes meaty and beats meat for nourishment!

No Coaxing . . . No Leftovers!
Meat alone does not contain all the nourishment dogs need. KEN-L-BISKIT *does*, because it contains meat protein, grain proteins, PLUS vitamins, minerals, and other nutrients. KEN-L-BISKIT is a *complete*, balanced food—all your dog needs for good health. And KEN-L-BISKIT has real meat meal baked right in to give it the meaty aroma that makes dogs eager to eat, and the meaty flavor that keeps them eating. And KEN-L-BISKIT is economical, because a half pound (about 8¢ worth) feeds an average 20-lb. dog all nutrition, all day! Buy KEN-L-BISKIT at your grocer's or pet food shop.

Ken-L BISKIT
A complete dog food for all breeds

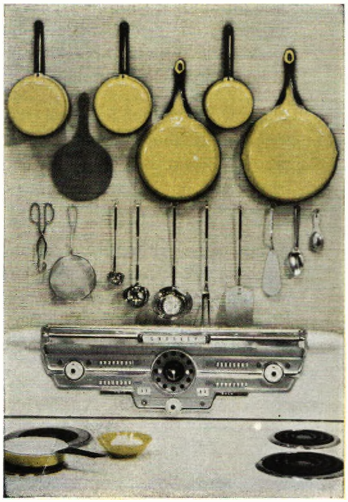
For extra economy buy it in the 4 or 25-lb. sacks.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LAZARNICK

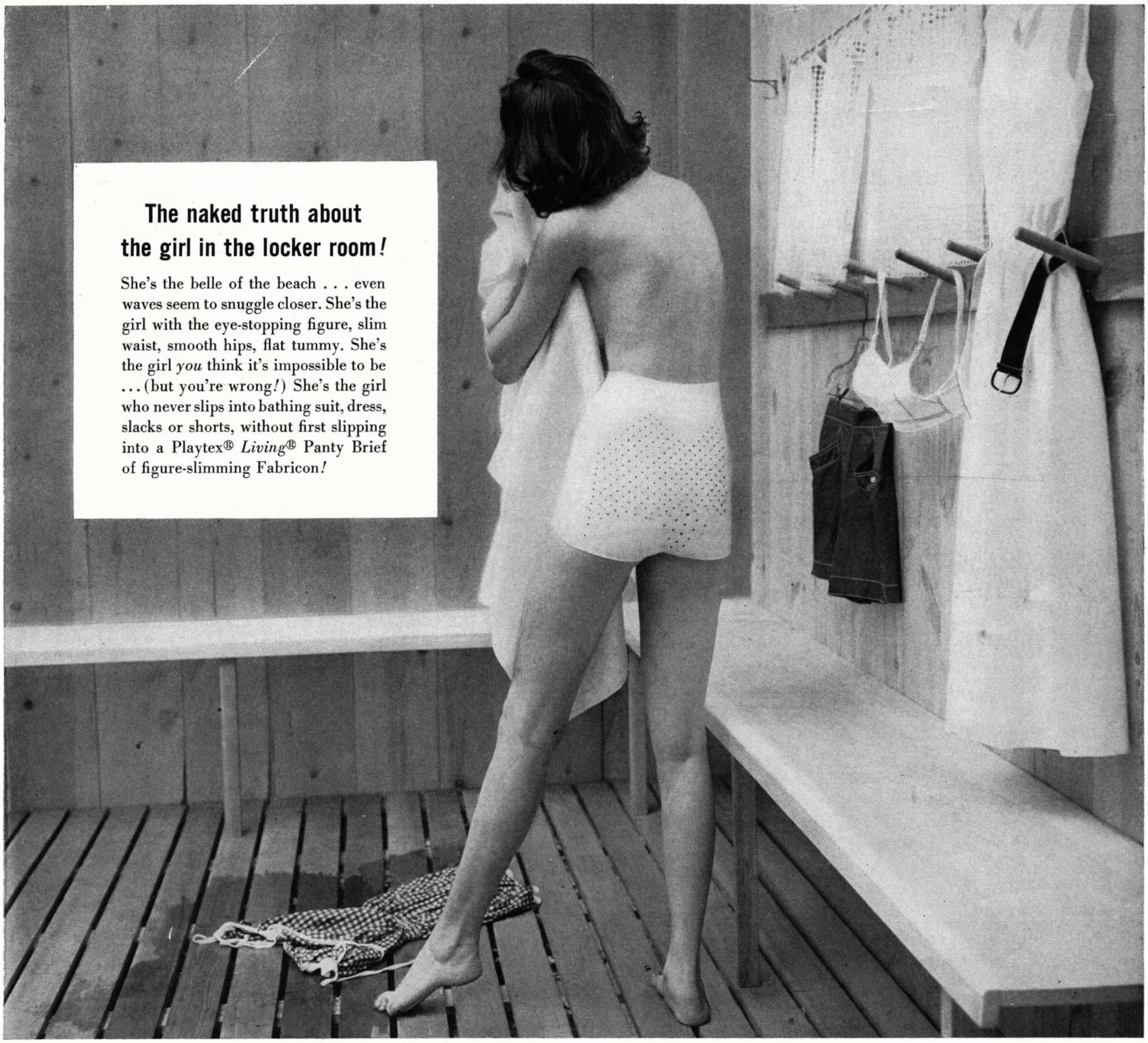

Decorative buffet-table cover is made from ordinary matchstick blind with top and bottom poles removed. Blinds come in a variety of sizes, but are easily cut to fit table and simply hemmed at top and bottom

by Margaret Dana

Bamboo *turns up again as a decorative theme, here in two novel uses of the matchstick blind*


Painted matchstick blind over a Celotex panel adds textural interest to pin-up board above kitchen stove. For added decorative touch, blind can be stenciled to form shadow shapes of utensils

PANS: BELLAIRE
TABLE SETTING: PROLON
STAINLESS STEEL: H. E. LAUFFER



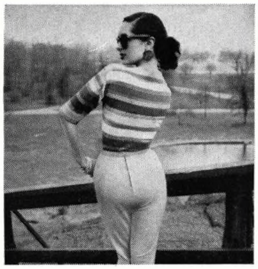
The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

She's the belle of the beach . . . even waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl *you* think it's impossible to be . . . (but you're wrong!) She's the girl who never slips into bathing suit, dress, slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex® *Living*® Panty Brief of figure-slimming Fabricon!

The bra in the picture is the Playtex Living Bra!

From morn to dawn, revealing summer fashions need a Playtex Panty Brief!

Shorts are long on flattery with a Playtex Panty Brief of Fabricon! Amazing "hold-in" power . . . without a seam, stitch or bone to show thru!



Any view of you is super-slim, thanks to your Playtex of super-slimming Fabricon . . . a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex!

Wise night owls (*any* size) slip into a Living® Panty Brief—and take on a glamorous figure *in seconds*...thanks to Fabricon's "hold-in" power!

Playtex
Girdle

THERE'S A PLAYTEX® PANTY BRIEF FOR EVERY FIGURE!

Playtex Lightweight . . . for wonderful control	$4.50
Playtex Magic-Controller*. . "finger" panels for most control	$6.95

Playtex . . . known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM *tube*

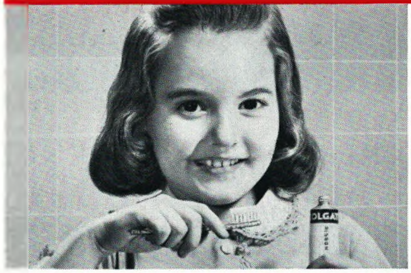
©1956 by International Latex Corp. . . PLAYTEX PARK . . Dover Del ★ In Canada: Playtex Ltd. . . PLAYTEX PARK . . Arnprior, Ont.

* U. S., foreign pat. and pats. pending

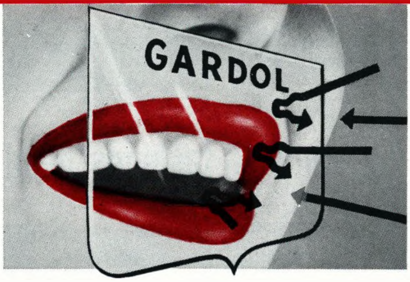
What's New in Colgate Dental Cream that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL!
And no other toothpaste helps protect so many people so effectively and so safely against both bad breath and tooth decay!

HOW COLGATE'S WITH GARDOL FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY!



Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is safe! Safe for children of all ages—even for toddlers under six. Safe to use in all water areas! No other leading toothpaste* can give you long-lasting Gardol protection, with such complete safety for every member of your family! And Colgate's cannot stain or discolor teeth!



Unlike ingredients in other leading toothpastes, Gardol forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights tooth decay all day! Your dentist will tell you how often you should brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!

Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth . . . gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day! And Colgate's famous flavor is preferred by men, women and children the world over!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath
While It
Guards Your Teeth

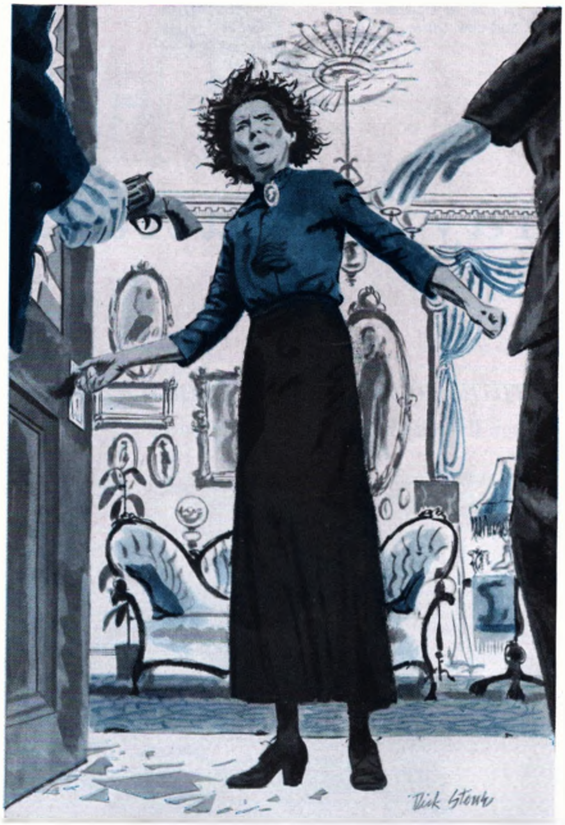
COLGATE
DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL
COLGATE

SAFE for Children of All Ages!
SAFE to Use in All Water Areas!
Cannot stain or discolor teeth!

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

My Aunt Julia

by HENRY PLEASANTS, Jr., M.D.



The door swung wide open. There stood Aunt Julia. . . . I was reminded of a telephone pole with an eagle's nest on top that I once saw in Arizona

IT'S YOUR STORY

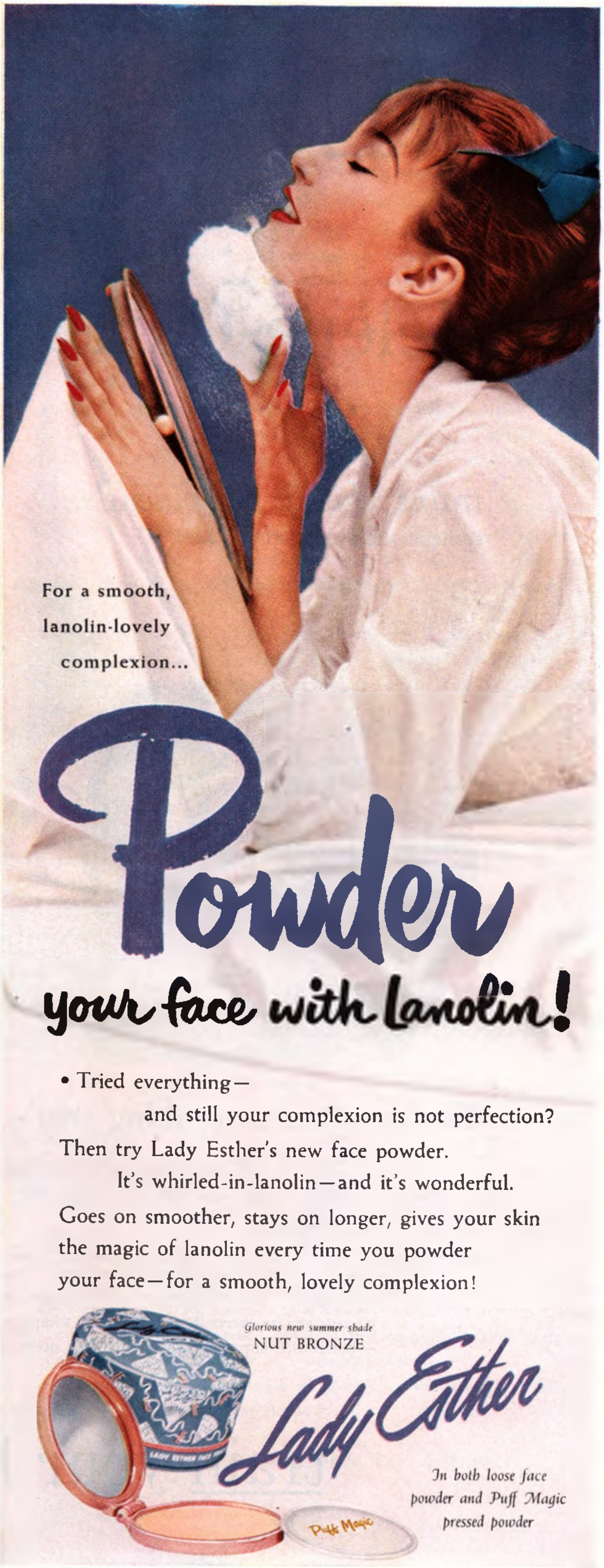
I had never met Aunt Julia, a distant relative on my father's side, nor suspected her existence before I received a letter from her one day. She had seen a review of one of my books, she wrote, and my name had rung a genealogical bell. Her late husband had been the son of one of my grandfather's seven brothers. I had to take her word for it.

The good lady lived in a neighboring state at a considerable distance from my home, but she confided that she had a bad heart and wanted to go over many important things with me before passing on to join her dear husband. As a physician and a relative, I felt I had a dual responsibility where Aunt Julia was concerned. My wife "V" agreed. We spent a large part of a Saturday locating her.

No one we met in Aunt Julia's town knew the lady. Finally, with the help of a postman, we narrowed our search to a rambling frame Victorian mansion set back from the street and surrounded by a small lawn populated with marble cupids and birdbaths that were on strike at the moment. When we rang the doorbell, an austere lady opened the door so promptly that it was obvious she had been watching us combing the neighborhood. We exchanged credentials; yes, this was the place and the person.

Aunt Julia at least was distinctive in appearance. What her age might have been was open to conjecture, probably by everybody except her. She was close to six feet in height and so thin she scarcely cast a shadow. There was, however, a somewhat sinewy element in her ranginess that suggested unlimited resources of physical vigor. Any discussion of her heart condition would have seemed irrelevant.

Her most striking features were almost coal-black, piercing eyes and jet-black hair, drawn tightly back from her high forehead and gathered in a "bun" in back. Looking into Aunt Julia's eyes, *(Continued on page 126)*


For a smooth,
lanolin-lovely
complexion...

Powder your face with lanolin!

- Tried everything—
and still your complexion is not perfection?
Then try Lady Esther's new face powder.
It's whirled-in-lanolin—and it's wonderful.
Goes on smoother, stays on longer, gives your skin
the magic of lanolin every time you powder
your face—for a smooth, lovely complexion!

Glorious new summer shade
NUT BRONZE

Lady Esther

In both loose face
powder and Puff Magic
pressed powder

NEW!

Only Helene Curtis has it!

The exclusive new "control" ingredient that actually trains your hair to stay curled! It's in *all* Helene Curtis Spray Net—*Regular*, *Super Soft*, and new *Ultra*.

REGULAR
SUPER SOFT
Helene Curtis
spray net
ULTRA
SPRAY NET

Helene Curtis Spray Net actually

trains while it sets pincurls...
springier curls that last and last!

trains while it holds your wave...
even fly-away hair stays softly in place!

The most exciting thing that's happened since the permanent wave

SPRAY NET actually *trains* your hair to stay curled—thanks to Helene Curtis' new "control" ingredient. No other hair spray has it!

Use Helene Curtis SPRAY NET to set springier, bouncier pincurls, to hold your hair softly in place. Gradually . . . excitingly . . . your hair actually gets the *habit* of curling—your wave *remembers* its place! It won't happen overnight—but it will happen! Soon your hair needs only gentle reminder-sprays from shampoo to shampoo.

No matter what hair spray you're using now, there's a delightful surprise waiting when you try SPRAY NET with Helene Curtis' new "control" ingredient. It's non-sticky, non-stiffening, enriched with lanolin. And so safe you'll want to use it for little girl's curls.

But the big difference—the wonderful plus: SPRAY NET is the hair spray that actually *trains* your hair.

train your hair with Helene Curtis

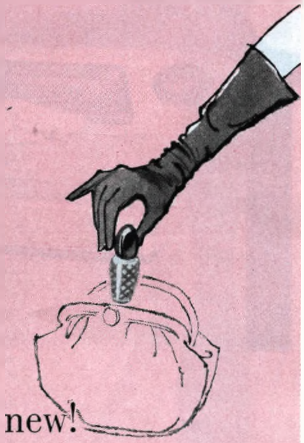
trains your hair!

try it in this beautiful new spray container…
you'll love the delicate new fragrance!

NEW
Helene Curtis
ULTRA
spray net®

Helene Curtis
ULTRA
spray net

Glamourous, gala, absolutely ultra! It's Helene Curtis' new all-purpose hair spray . . . perfect for almost all types of hair, every kind of hair-do. You'll know Helene Curtis ULTRA SPRAY NET by the light-hearted pink of its pretty new plasticized bottle . . . by its fresh and delicate new fragrance. Naturally, ULTRA SPRAY NET also contains the exclusive Helene Curtis "control" ingredient that trains your hair to stay curled. No hair spray is complete without it . . . and only SPRAY NET has it!



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New Purse/Spray, glamourous in black and gold, comes with its own special refiller of new ULTRA SPRAY NET. Holds days of sprays at every filling. With refiller $3.25 value . . .

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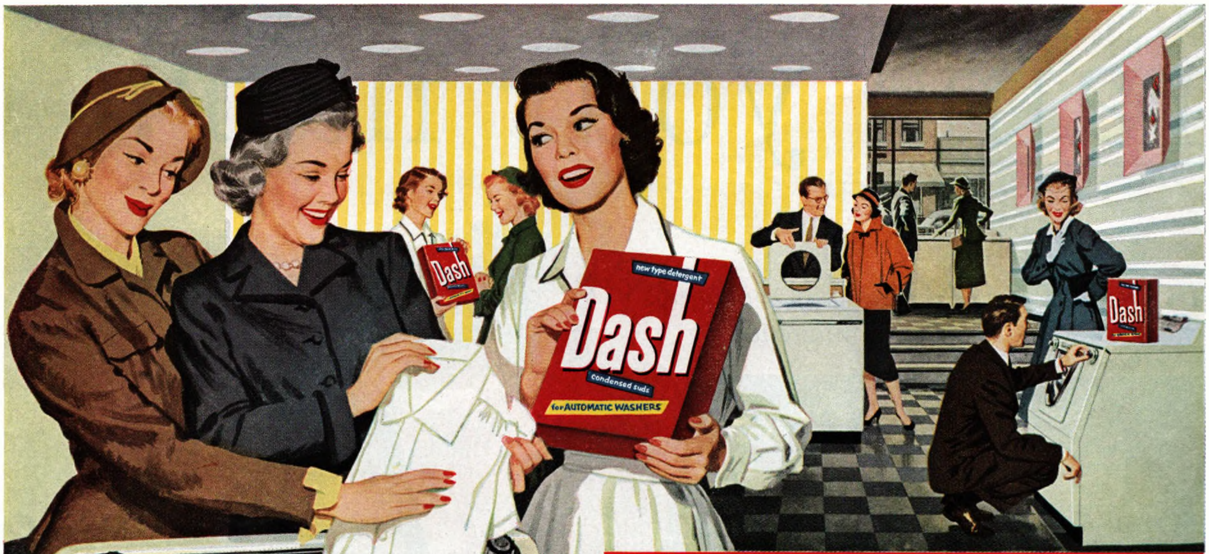
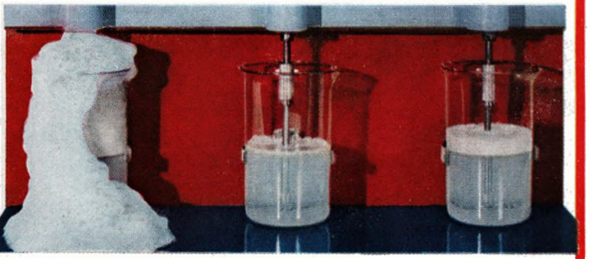
REGULAR AND SUPER SOFT. $1.25, $1.89
NEW ULTRA SPRAY NET, $1.50
all plus tax

spray net

Look, gals! Here's your answer to cleaner automatic washes!



Proof! Only Dash has so much cleaning power "condensed" into the right suds level!



HIGH-SUDSING DETERGENTS	WEAK-SUDSING DETERGENTS	**Dash** "CONDENSED SUDS"
Can smother washing action, cause poor cleaning.	Not enough cleaning power . . . so they can't do a good cleaning job.	More cleaning power, right suds level for best machine action, cleaner clothes.

It's Procter & Gamble's **Dash**!

An entirely new and different detergent—gets clothes cleaner than any other product especially made for automatic washers!

Now! You can get cleaner clothes from your automatic washer . . . because Dash is here! An entirely new detergent . . . different from any other automatic-type product! Dash beats them all for cleaning . . . you'll be thrilled when you see those *cleaner*, whiter Dash washes!

Dash's secret is not just low suds—it's more cleaning power. Dash is the first and only detergent to "condense" *so much cleaning power* into the right suds level for best machine action. With Dash's "Condensed Suds" automatics can wash-rinse at *full speed, full power!*

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Dash FOR AUTOMATIC WASHERS

McCALL'S FRONT PAGE

by Morton Sontheimer

Traffic courts— blot on American justice

Why do thousands of motorists plead guilty when they know they are innocent?

I am sick at my stomach from what is going on here," a New York City magistrate declared not long ago, after presiding at a session in traffic court.

"I have no doubt," continued the indignant jurist, Magistrate James E. LoPiccolo, "that over 40 per cent of the motorists who appear in these courts honestly believe they are innocent, but plead guilty because of the little inconvenience involved.

"I feel so strongly about this I wish I would never be assigned to a traffic court where such miscarriages of justice are perpetuated."

Magistrate LoPiccolo's feelings are stronger, perhaps, than those of many judges, but he is not exaggerating the facts. A very large number of motorists who believe they are innocent of the traffic violations charged to them plead guilty when they get to court. Why? Because this is quicker, more comfortable and in some cases even less expensive than pleading not guilty.

At the very least, a driver who pleads not guilty must make one extra appearance in court that he could avoid by pleading guilty. While the guilty driver can pay his fine and go home, the innocent one usually must obtain a date for a hearing when the accusing officer can be present. For the person who works or the mother who has no one to stay with her children, this is more than what Magistrate LoPiccolo refers to as a "little inconvenience."

As if further to discourage not-guilty pleas, most courts make those who insist on their innocence wait until all the other cases are finished. That pretty much assures the loss of two half-days in court. But there is no assurance that will be all. Occasionally a motorist has to return to court two, three or four more times because the officer who issued the ticket fails to appear and the court continues the case. A workingman I interviewed told me he lost three days' pay and brought two witnesses to court to sit around for two days without being called before he won an acquittal.

In Rochester, a secretary who pleaded not guilty and received a trial date returned to find that the arresting officer was not there. The court dismissed the charge. A few days later, however, she was served with a new summons. The officer had given the court a good excuse for having failed to appear, so the judge reopened the case. She was convicted.

Many motorists plead guilty when they believe that they are innocent, but woe betide the man who admits this in court. Charles Friedman, a salesman of Ozone Park, New York, found out what can happen if you do. Charged with passing a red light in New York City, he first entered a plea of not guilty. When he learned what this would cost him in hours lost from work, he decided to change the plea to guilty. "I can't afford it," he told the judge. "After all, Your Honor, you get paid for the day; I don't."

The next thing he knew he was handcuffed, carted off, stripped, examined, deprived of his wallet and money and jailed. He finally was able to send a message to the New York Automobile Association. The association supplied $500 bail and got him free after four hours. He had to return the next day for his money and wallet. A month later he was required to appear in court again on the original charge. This time he pleaded guilty quietly and paid a five-dollar fine.

Sometimes a citizen caught up in the traffic enforcement net doesn't even get a chance to plead not guilty. Reports have reached the American Automobile Association of a Florida justice of the peace who told an arrested motorist, "Not guilty don't go here. Pay up or go to jail." A Pennsylvania justice refused to accept a plea of not guilty because "it's Sunday and I can't administer the oath. Better pay up."

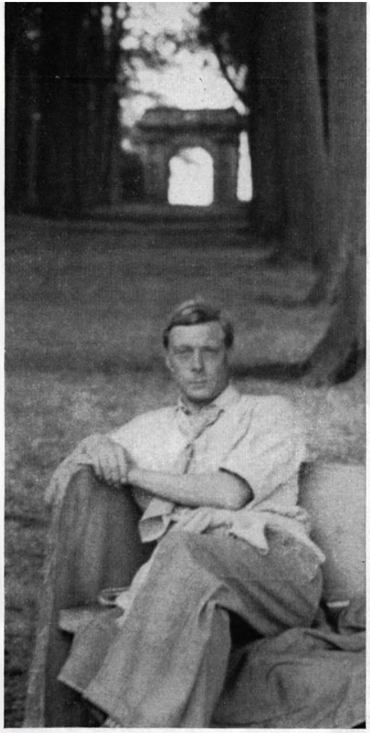
A California judge told a woman charged with reckless driving, "You're guilty or you wouldn't be here." Of course, if that were so there would be little need for a judge. But this underlying attitude is apparent in many courtrooms. It amounts to almost a working partnership between the police and the supposedly impartial court. And, indeed, many traffic courts actually operate in police stations, a fact deplored by the American Bar Association.

A surprising number of people don't even realize they are entitled to plead not guilty or fight an unfair charge. Some pay their fines without knowing the charge. "Violation of Article 5" scrawled on a traffic ticket is not very enlightening.

(Continued on page 58)

The autobiography of the Duchess of Windsor

THE 44 DAYS THAT ROCKED AN EMPIRE



"I know what I'm doing. You don't

PART 4 By the time the cruise aboard the "Rosaura" was ended, September was nearly over. The Prince had a long-standing engagement to join his father and his mother for the launching of the "Queen Mary" on the River Clyde. Our whole party motored to Lake Como, where we stayed for a week. Then we went to Arona to board the "Orient Express" for Paris. From there the Prince and Jack Aird flew back to London, leaving the rest of us to do a little shopping in Paris.

On the night of September 26, 1934, Aunt Bessie and I boarded the "Manhattan" at Le Havre, she to return to the United States, while I would get off at Southampton. Although the Prince had vanished with a gay wave of the hand. the spell of the cruise lingered on. Whatever had happened, if indeed anything really had, seemed altogether unreal. Was I allowing myself to drift into a dangerous situation? Or had it all been only a Mediterranean summer night's dream?

My always perceptive aunt must have sensed my underlying preoccupation. As we were having dinner, she asked in what she hoped would appear an offhand way, "Wallis, isn't the Prince rather taken with you?"

I knew my aunt all too well. She was certainly not what is sometimes called the interfering type of relation. With the single exception of registering her strong objection to my divorce from Win Spencer, she had never attempted to direct my life or to proffer gratuitous advice. This question, I knew, could only have come from a deep concern for me.

"Whatever makes you think that?" I asked.

"These old eyes aren't so old that they can't see what's in his every glance."

(Continued on page 31)

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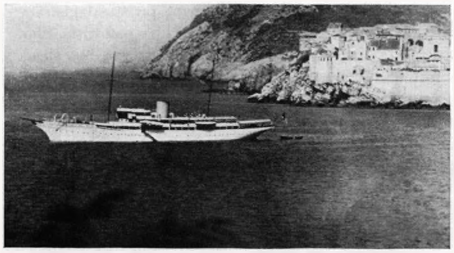
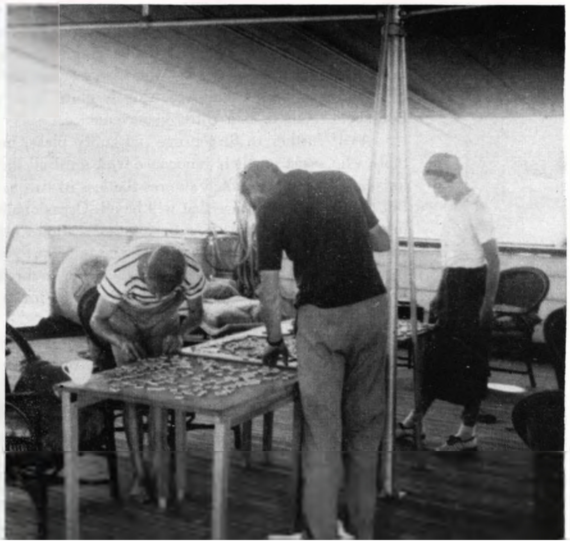
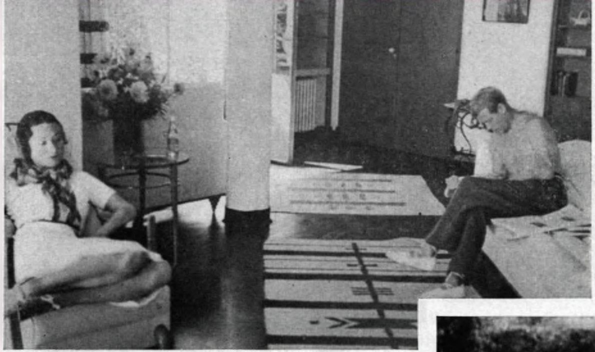


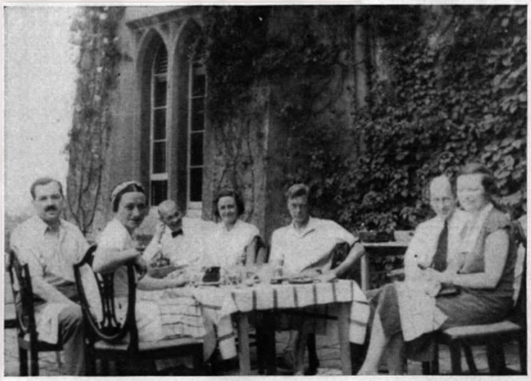
Edward was King when he and several friends—among them Mrs. Simpson — cruised Mediterranean in 1936 on "Nahlin." First view of yacht made Duchess realize "as never before the pleasure and power that attended a king." Jigsaw puzzles, below, diverted them between ports



Wallis and Prince were good friends when they photographed each other at Lord Rothermere's in 1935. Prince preferred Fort Belvedere but enjoyed weekends at famous English homes

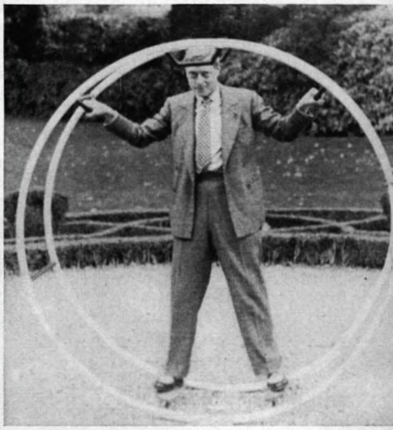


Fort Belvedere holidays were "weekend vacations" with half-dozen close friends. "He wasn't prepared for outdoor eating," says Duchess. "Note the mahogany dining-room chairs"

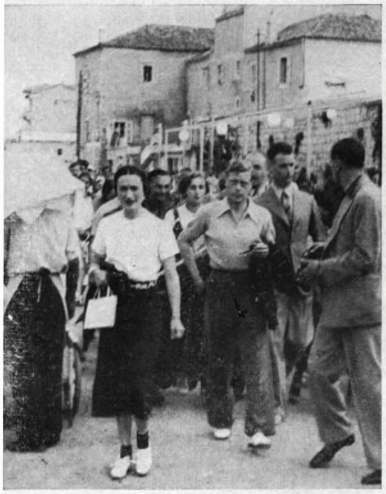


The Prince spent August, 1935, at villa near Cannes, Wallis' second house party on Continent with him. "I look positively seasick in this snapshot," she says

"This terrifying gadget belonging to Lady Mendl is supposed to make the blood rush to your head. Of course the Duke had to try it. He tries everything"



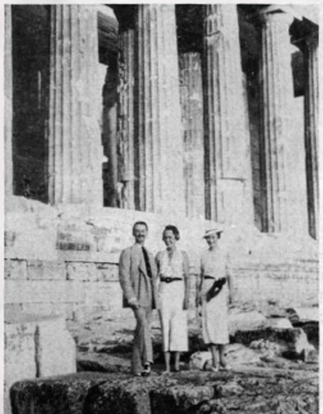
have to worry about me," I told Aunt Bessie. "This is all just fun"



Mornings in the hot Mediterranean sun "we would stop off at little beaches for a swim. I'm burning my legs and David is burning his back. It was the last time we tried that"

By this time Wallis and the King found "our feelings had ceased to be our private secret; they were becoming the property of the whole world." In every Adriatic town gay crowds greeted them

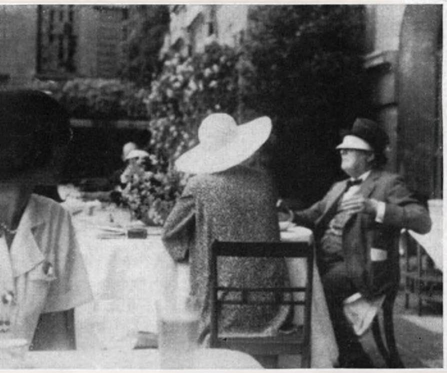
In Athens "we did very extensive sightseeing." The King took this picture of Wallis with his equerry, Jack Aird ("he's clowning"), and Katherine Rogers



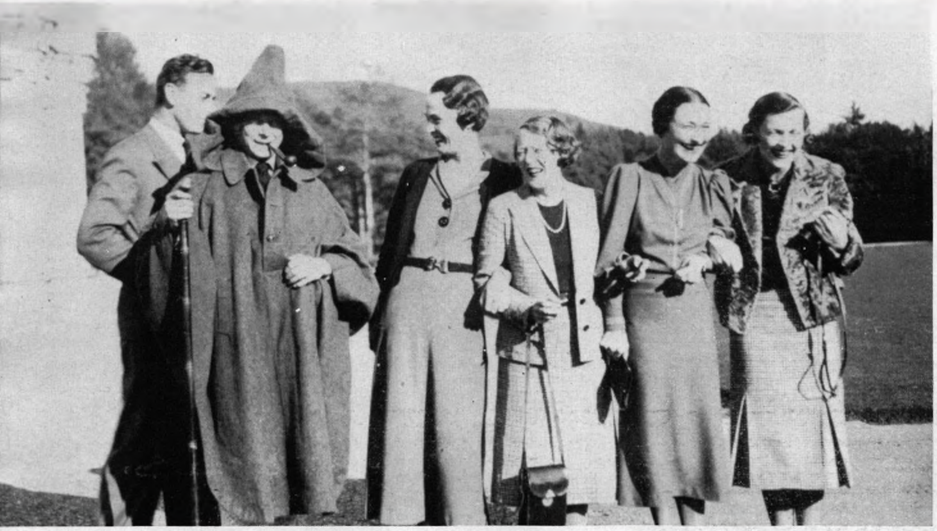
Quiet picnics brought relief from hubbub of their visits to towns. Enthusiastic greetings of natives stunned Wallis, but David explained: "These simple people believe a king is in love with you"

Cruises often ended in Vienna, with golf at the Rothschilds' at Enzesfeld, nearby. "The grounds were so big that the Duke and Baroness drove to the private links in a carriage—touch of the Old World!"

Lunch at Blenheim. "I don't know what Sir Winston concocted for an eyeshade, but it worked." The Duchess once beat Winston Churchill at gin rummy. "He's a good player. I don't think he liked it"

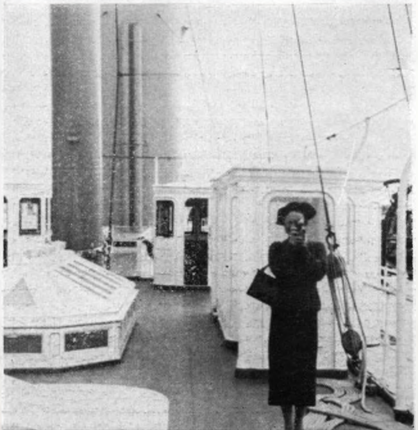


The Prince wrote a "haunting" melody for bagpipes, but his father told him: "If you can't play proper Highland music, you'd better give up piping. Leave this art to the Highlanders"



"The Duke buys costumes everywhere he goes." Here it's a loden, "a warm Austrian raincoat, good in all weather." In this photo, taken at Balmoral when the Duke was King, Lord Mountbatten — "the handsomest of men" — is at left, his wife at right. With them are Katherine Rogers and Gladys Buist

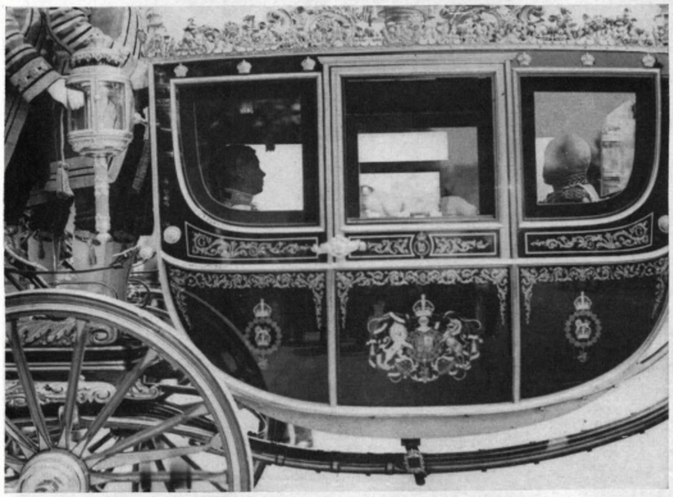
"This is the only time I saw the Royal yacht, the 'Victoria and Albert'—luxurious, but very old-fashioned. We were staying with the Mountbattens near Southampton. We took pictures of each other and his came out, but I'm afraid mine didn't"



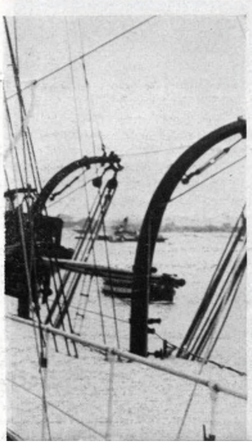
With Aunt Bessie Merryman and Herman Rogers "we explored the Italian Lakes, tipped the caretaker to let us picnic at Toscanini's villa"

Atatürk lent his train to King for Istanbul-to-Paris trip. At one point two kings operated it: Boris of Bulgaria, third from left, was the engineer and Edward blew the whistle

In London the King, here driving to a levee at St. James's Palace, dutifully performed his official functions. Of this photograph the Duchess says, "He looked so very lonely"



PHOTOPRESS



Wallis hoped that on holiday in Kitzbuehel, Austria, she wouldn't "have to entrust my life to two sticks of unmanageable hickory"

Duchess of Windsor continued

Aunt Bessie's forthrightness shook me. I did not know what to say, nor did I know what I really thought. Was the Prince really attracted to me — or was he only attracted by the enchanted weeks that we had shared together amid romantic surroundings away from his world, and away from mine?

"Aunt Bessie," I finally answered, "I would like to think that he is truly fond of me."

My aunt looked hard at me. "Isn't all this very dangerous for you? If you let yourself enjoy this kind of life it will make you very restless and dissatisfied with everything you've ever known before."

"You don't know what you're talking about," I said. With true Montague arrogance I added, "I'm having a marvelous time. It's all great fun. You don't have to worry about me — I know what I'm doing."

My aunt sighed. "Very well, have it your own way. But I tell you that wiser people than you have been carried away and I can see no happy outcome to such a situation."

On this foreboding note we finished our dinner, leaving me with much unsaid and far more still unresolved in my own mind. My common sense could not believe that the illusion created by the past weeks was anything more than that — but my not-so-common sense could argue equally that the emotion I had sensed in him, however ephemeral, could not really be an illusion. As I well knew, and as, within the limits of masculine discretion, the Prince had told me, there had been several attachments, and even infatuations, before our meeting.

Searching my mind, I could find no good reason why this most glamorous of men should be seriously attracted to me. I certainly was no beauty, and he had the pick of the beautiful women of the world. I certainly was no longer very young. In fact, in my own country I would have been considered securely on the shelf.

The only reason I could ascribe for his interest in me, such as it was, was perhaps my American independence of spirit, my directness, what I should like to think is a sense of humor and of fun, and — well, my breezy curiosity about him and everything concerning him. Perhaps it was this naturalness of attitude that had first astonished, then finally amused him. Too, he was lonely, and perhaps I had been one of the few to penetrate the heart of his sense of separateness. Beyond this point my speculations could not carry me; there was nothing else that was real or tangible to nourish them.

I had no difficulty in explaining to myself the nature of the Prince's appeal for me. He was the open sesame to a new and glittering world that excited me as nothing in my life had ever done before. For all his natural simplicity, his genuine abhorrence of ostentation, there was nevertheless about him — even in his most carefree and informal guise — an unmistakable aura of power and authority. His slightest wish seemed always to be translated instantly into the most impressive kind of reality. Trains were held; yachts materialized; the most elegant suites in the finest hotels were flung open; airplanes stood waiting. What impressed me most of all was how all this could be brought to pass without apparent effort: the calm assumption that this was the natural order of things. That evening, turning over these matters in my mind, it seemed unbelievable that I, Wallis Warfield of Baltimore, Maryland, could be part of this enchanted world. It seemed so incredible that it produced in me a dreamy state of happy and unheeding acceptance.

Ernest was at Southampton with the car to meet me. In reply to his questions about my trip I said, "I can't describe it. All I can say is that it was like being given a visa to Graustark."

Ernest looked at me quizzically. "It sounds to me," he said, "more like a trip behind the Looking Glass. Or, better yet, an excursion into the realm of Peter Pan's Never-Never Land."

From then on the Prince was "Peter Pan" to Ernest. He meant no disrespect; Ernest genuinely

(Continued on page 132)

THE WOMAN WHO

Rags was only a mongrel—

a lolloping pooch of a dog—

but sometimes it seemed to Rose

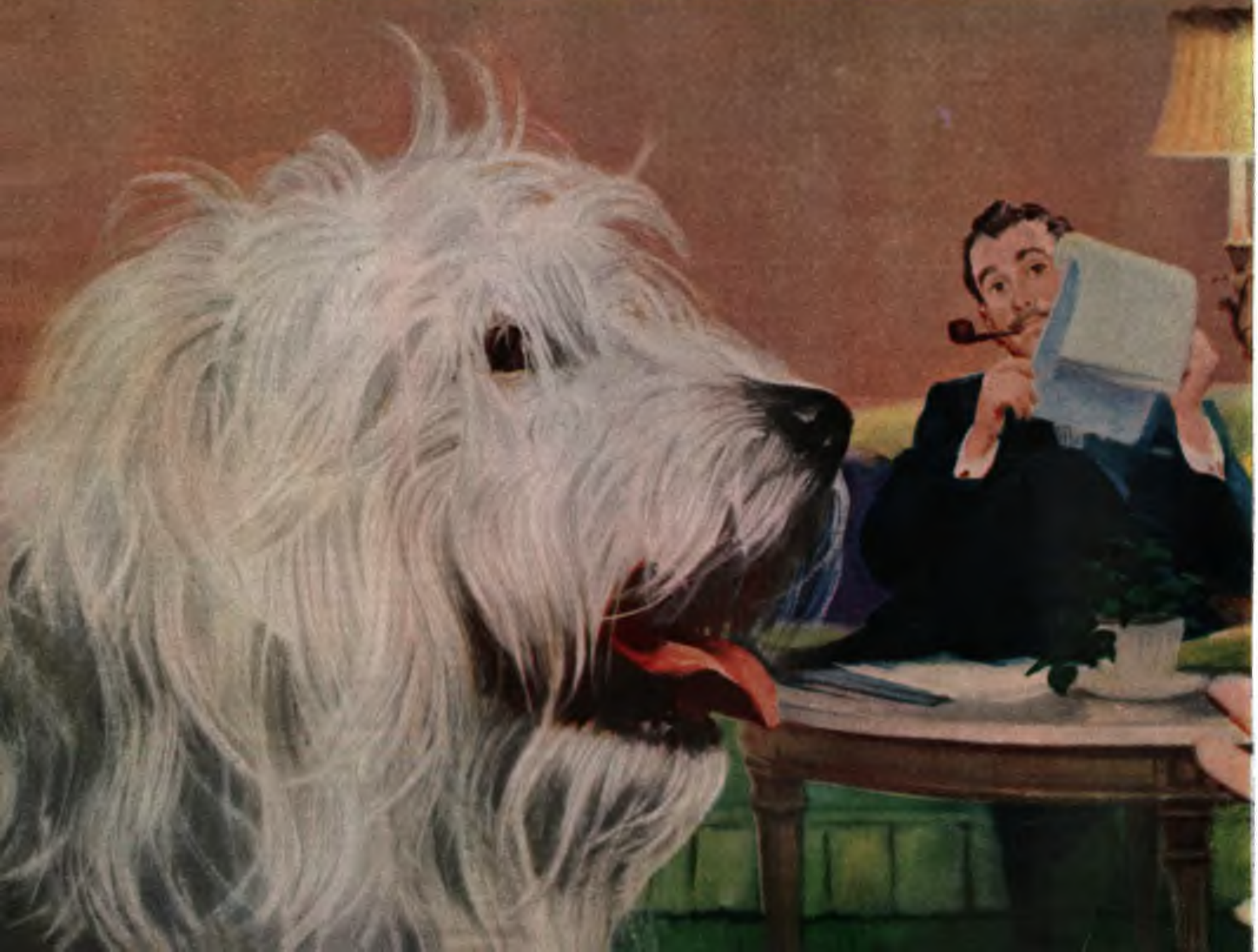
that he was the only one

in the whole house she could talk to

by Lyn Arnold

Rose Hennessey practically never stopped talking. She was a pretty woman, with a pretty, soft voice, so that you did not mind the talk much — there was no need to listen to it. Tom, her husband, usually let her talk out whatever it was (one was never completely sure), and if it seemed to him that somewhere hidden beneath the waves of words there was something that needed an answer — on a matter of cash or whom should be asked in for drinks this weekend — he would finally smile and stop her and ask: "Now, darling, what *is* it that you're trying to say?" It was not always easy to tell, because Rose rarely finished a sentence.

"Addie," she would say, going into the kitchen, "about the dining-room table. I noticed it last night, it was when we were having the fish — don't let me order sole again for a while, I think Mr. Hennessey's tired of it, men are funny about food, if you give



TALKED TOO MUCH

them something they're not used to often they're quite put out, but if you go on serving the things they like they get tired of them. . . . Really I think we should try something else for the table, there's a new kind of polish I think — I read in the newspaper, you put it on and you wipe it off and you don't have to polish at all, I can't quite see how it works but perhaps we should try it. Of course, I don't believe everything that I read in the newspapers, but this was advertisements — perhaps they are different, though after all they are trying to sell you something, perhaps you ought to believe them less, yet that seems so distrustful. . . . And a lemon meringue pie tonight. Mr. Hennessey always likes that. . . ."

Naturally Addie did not listen to all this. By now she had got to the stage where she heard only the operative phrases. "Do the table, new polish," she would say reassuringly. "Pie, no fish."

Everybody was very fond of Rose, and few people got impatient with her. Indeed, the only person who got impatient was Zoë, her daughter, and as Zoë was not quite 19 and in a great rush to get on with the business of living, this was understandable.

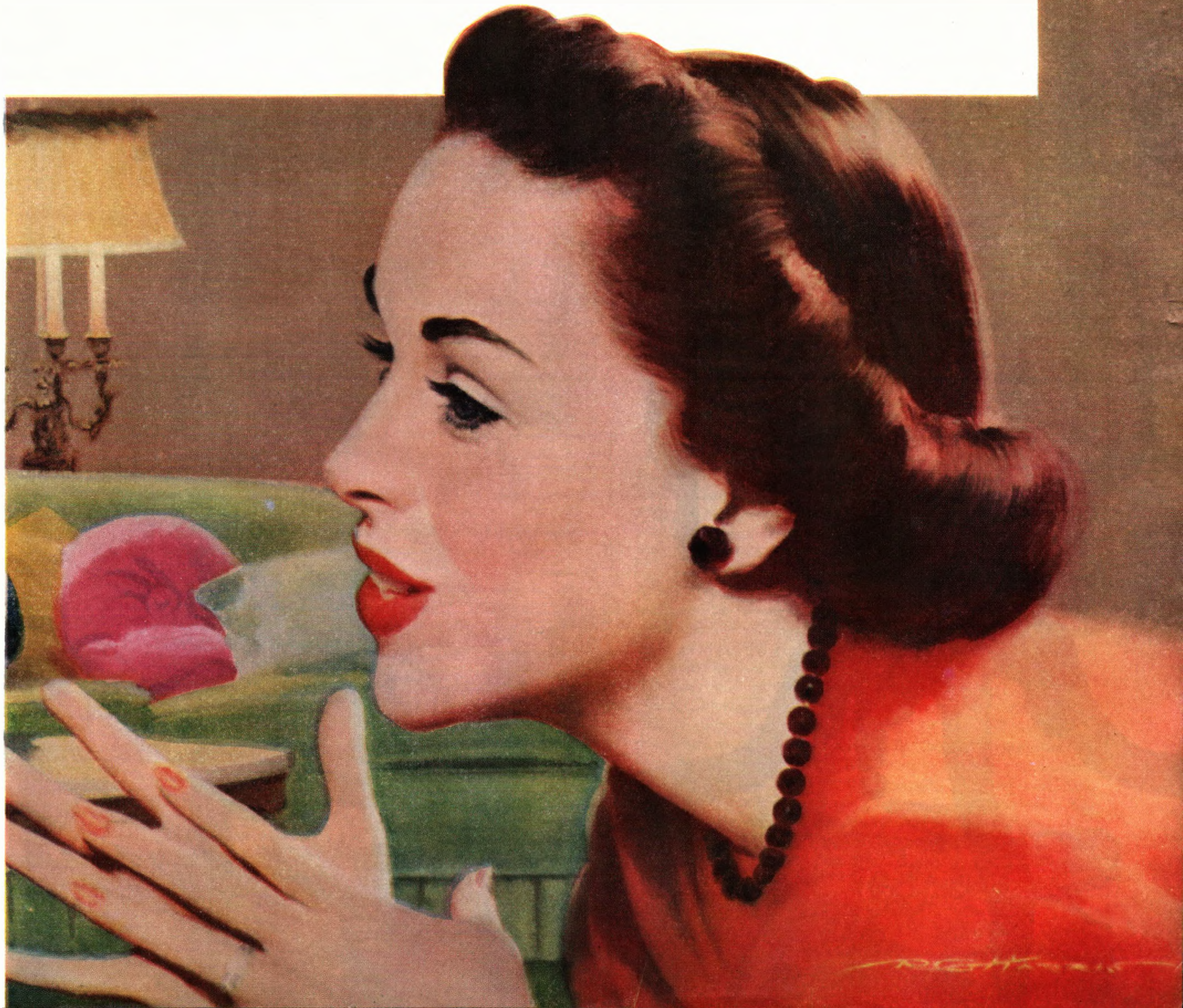
Zoë was pressed for time. All day long she painted away — as Tom said, "for dear life"— at an art school; she also, he added, seemed to go in for a good deal of dear life outside art school.

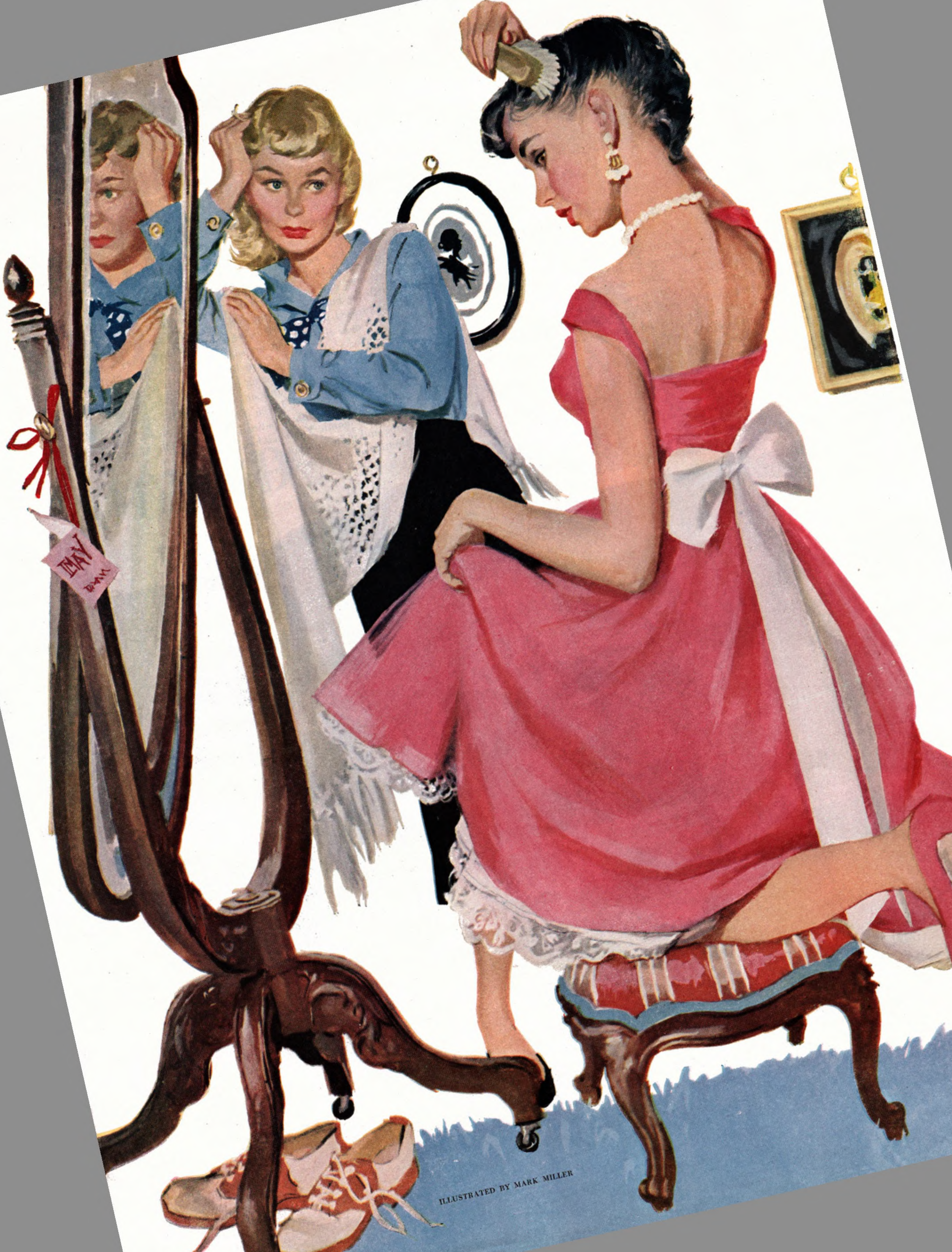
Sometimes, when Zoë was dressing to go out for the evening, Rose would come into her room and sit on the bed and say, "Oh, darling, *what* a nice dress — have I seen it before?"

Zoë would bite her lip with impatience and say: "Oh, Mother darling, I made it last month. You *must* have seen it."

But, smiling and quite unrebuked, Rose would go on: "Dresses are so much prettier now than they were

(Continued on page 144)





ILLUSTRATED BY MARK MILLER

THE Strange Mother

For Lily, growing up was a gay and carefree time. For Martha, it was a time of heartbreak. She knew her mother hated her

When Martha finished dressing, she checked the long-distance operator again, who told her, "The circuits are still busy. I will call you."

She moved around the apartment restlessly, unable to relax, wondering why after all this time her mother would call her. The switchboard operator had handed her the message a half-hour ago and Martha's heart had stopped for a flashing instant when she read: "Call your mother when you get in."

She had had an exhausting day in the market, buying and renting props for the next day's shooting, but she had returned home exhilarated because she had made some interesting finds, and had had nothing more on her mind than the pleasant problem of what to wear for her dinner date with Jacques Bernais.

The telephone message knocked everything else out of her mind, and it was nervewracking now to have to wait to find the reason for the call.

She went to the large hall closet, rummaged around on a top shelf that she called the "file and forget department," found a basket and carried it back to the living room. She sat on the black-and-white-striped sofa, placing the basket before her on the antique-mirror top of the ebony coffee table. It was an old-fashioned sweet-grass basket, and it looked ridiculously out of place in its chic surroundings.

With the smell of the sweet grass strong in her nostrils, choking her with a kind of painful nostalgia, she wondered what had prompted her to buy the basket, wondered what kind of quirk it was in her that would make her want to remind herself of something so distressing.

She closed her eyes. She could see her mother in the straight-backed chair beside the round mahogany table in the sitting room, under the drop lamp that shed an aura of yellow light on her dark gray hair and the sewing in her lap, and the sweet-grass basket on the table with its neat assortment of sewing aids.

She had seen this basket—or, rather, smelled it first—in the little Japanese shop where she had gone one afternoon to buy the straw matting and fish kites and parasol lanterns that were to be used as background for a series of color fashion shots. She had been trying to decide how many of the magenta and how many of the charcoal and citron paper fish to buy when the scent of the sweet grass hit her suddenly.

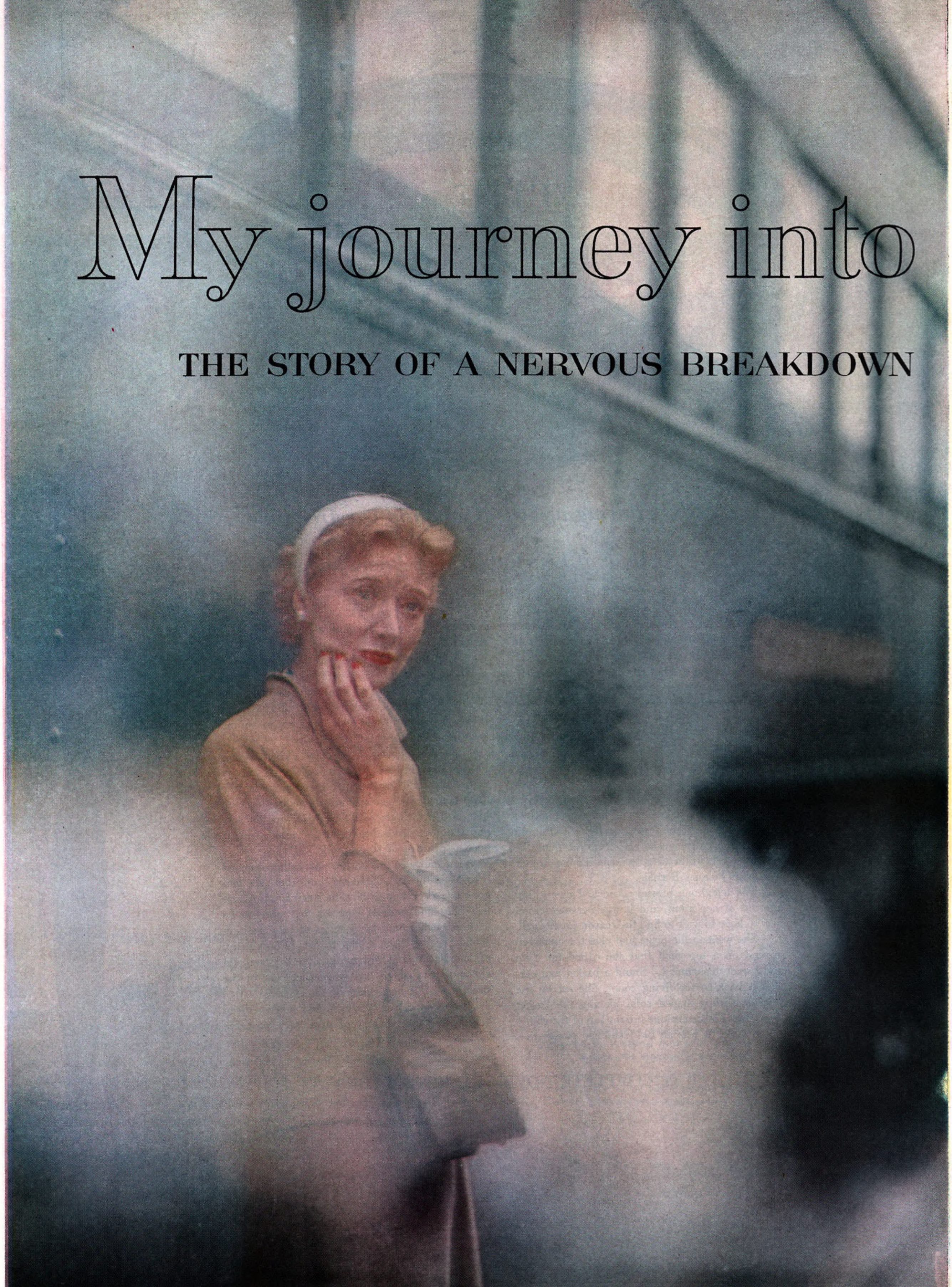
She had closed her eyes and taken a deep breath, and the memory of that last time came back; she could hear *(Continued on page 106)*

A COMPLETE NOVEL BY RUTH LYONS

*"You ought to be glad she's that concerned about you," Martha said. "She probably wouldn't care if I **never** came home"*

My journey into

THE STORY OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN



life

I boarded the train and surrendered my one-way ticket to the conductor. A private mental hospital was at the end of the line for me. That was a little over a year ago. I was an embittered, disillusioned woman in her mid-forties, licking her scars and wounds. I was full of hate and rage. Worse, I carried a whole wasteland of loneliness inside me, an awful, chilly isolation from my fellow beings. I was fleeing in dismal and despairing retreat from life, routed by unseen and unknown forces which were destroying me.

This story will tell what happened to turn the tide. Who can put a price tag on the miracle of rebirth? I am only trying to make a down payment on the lifelong debt I owe to our new science of psychiatry.

Haughtily I had refused to let anyone accompany me. I was not in need of a keeper. I was not being committed, but going of my own free will, and I could leave whenever I wished.

To pass the interminable hours on the train, I studied a booklet about the hospital — Austen Riggs Center in Stockbridge, Massachusetts. On the first page was a statement of purposes: "Diagnosis and treatment of maladjusted persons; Research into the origin, nature and treatment of psychopathology; Advanced training of psychiatrists . . ."

I looked up from the booklet, sighed and stared out the train window.

Maladjusted was such a dainty word for the way I felt. After sharing bed and board with my husband for 22 years, I was completely shut out of his thoughts and activities. Even my simple-minded belief in his fidelity was shattered. By his own admission, he had lied to me and cheated with other women almost from the moment we were married. Now, having brought up our son and daughter and seen them off to college, I was of no more value or importance to him than his discarded old raincoat left hanging in the hall closet. I was a castoff ready for the rummage sale, no longer needed or desired except at second- or third-hand and at bargain prices. I had no direction and no purpose and no faith. Yes, I had to agree that I was maladjusted.

I read on. I was not going to be locked up, fenced in or physically restrained in any way. I could pass in, out and through the town as I wished. The Center was an open hospital and took only patients who were not too ill emotionally or physically to live like free people. Therefore drug addicts, alcoholics, psychopaths and suicidal risks were not admitted. Neither were those under 18, or of subnormal intelligence, or with psychosomatic disorders requiring constant medical care.

Well, then, what kinds of patients did get admitted? Who were these privileged few, amounting to only 41 patients when the Center was operating at full capacity?

Apparently you couldn't be violently sick, just sort of sick enough. I had tried to heal myself. I attended church but I could no longer pray except to move my lips in automatic response. The faith I had known all my life had deserted me. Or I had deserted it. I could not tell. I tried to talk to my minister but I could not break up the log jam in my heart and mind.

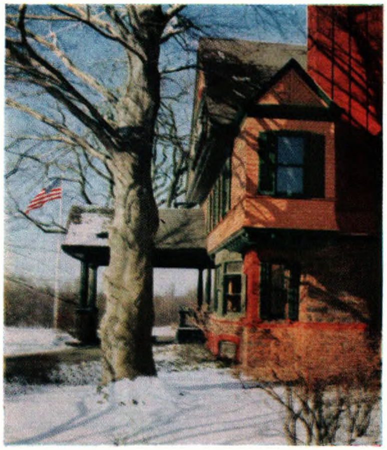
At the first faint indications of menopause, I leaped on the back of a perfect alibi for my moodiness and restlessness and depression. But I was physically strong and vigorous. Doctors turned me away with the suggestion that I take a trip somewhere or try to entertain more.

The rod and the staff I found to comfort me was drink. I don't know when it was that I began to drink not merely at

(Continued on page 90)

by Phyllis Gerard with Terry Morris

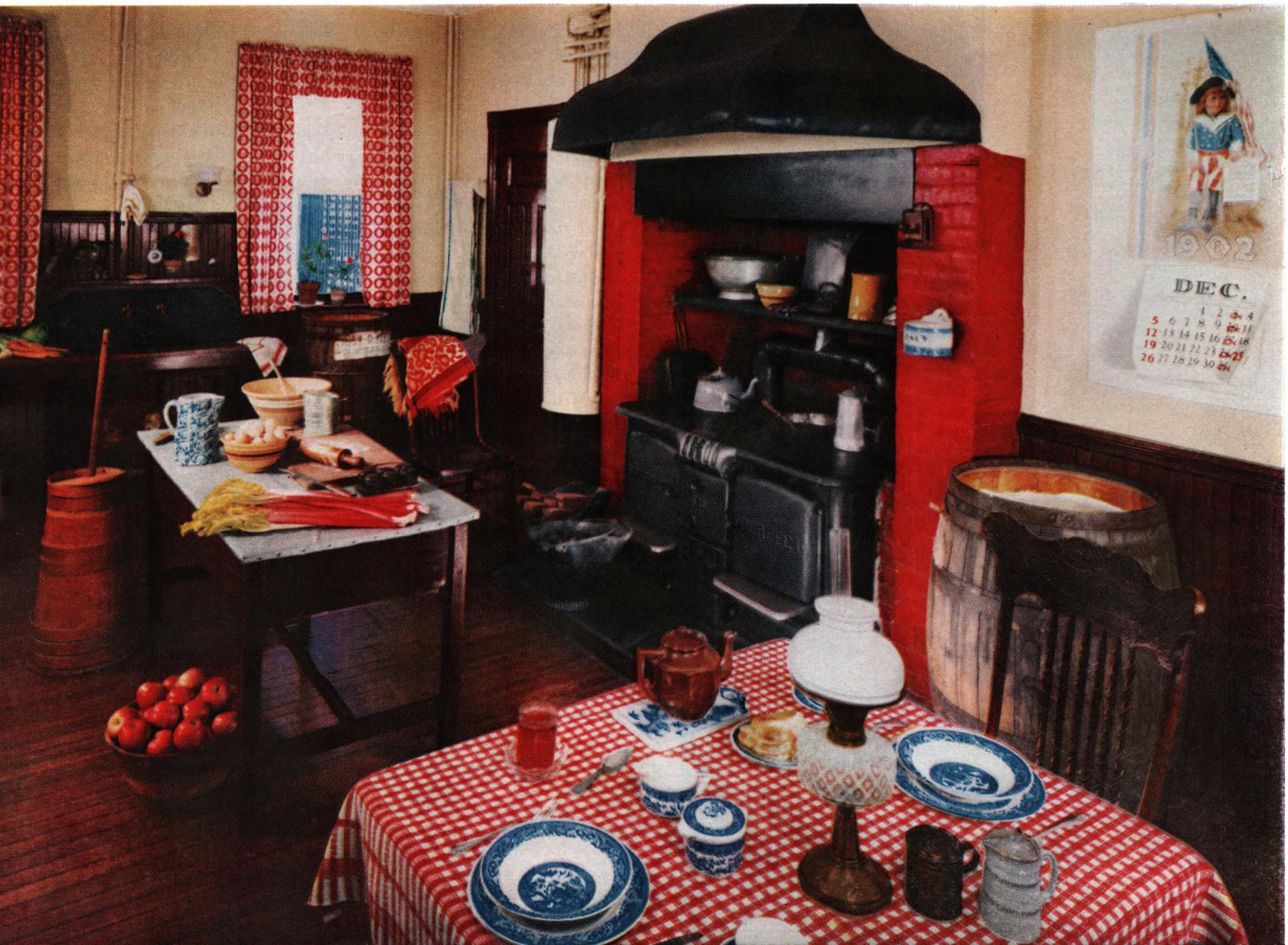
PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON



Roosevelt house at Sagamore Hill looks out across a sweep of shaded lawn to Long Island's Oyster Bay. Since 1953, the house has been open to the public

GOOD LIVING AT TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S

The old home at Sagamore Hill still pulses with the spirited personality of one of the happiest, liveliest and most colorful families in our history. McCall's paid a recent visit there, to set the tables and show the foods characterizing their comfortable, country way of living in the nineties



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by Hermann Hagedorn

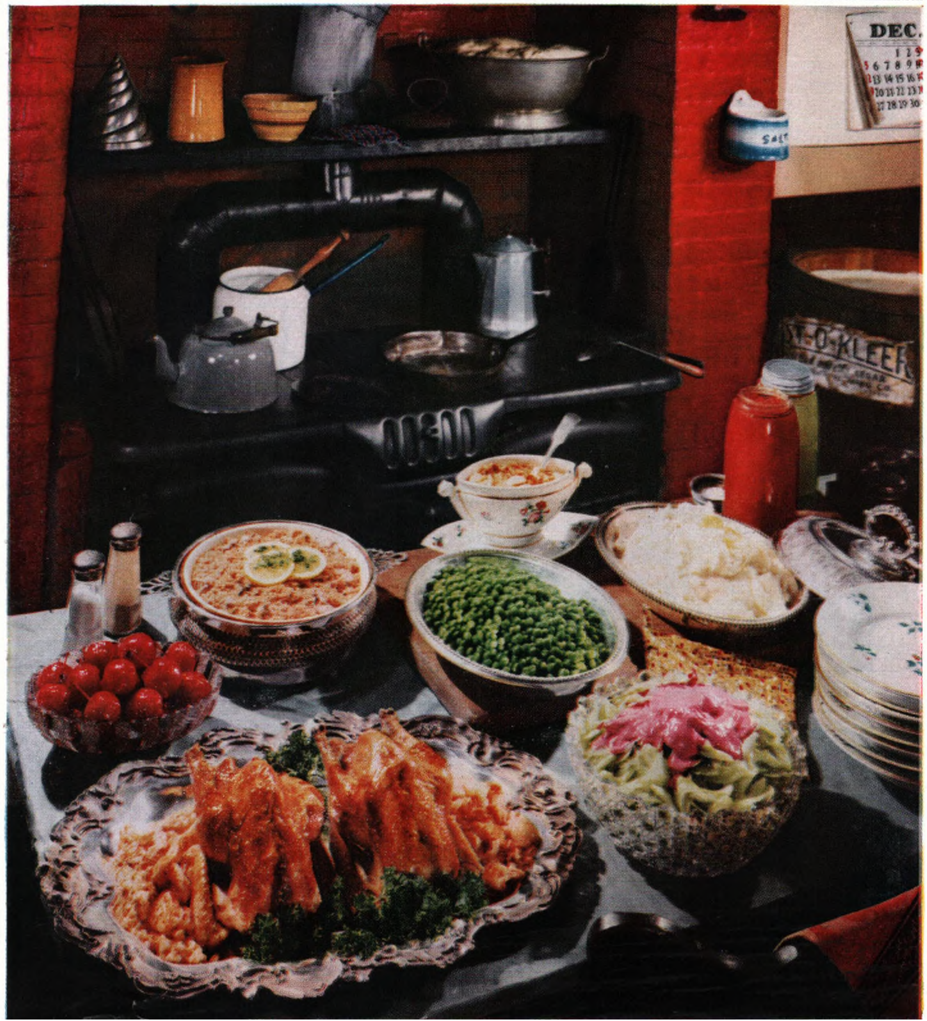
An Englishman, writing in a British newspaper about his visit to President Theodore Roosevelt at Sagamore Hill, commented on the food he had had for luncheon: a cup of bouillon, lamb chops with peas and potatoes, watermelon for dessert. That was all. But, he wrote, it was the "best meal" he had had in America, and you gather that he wasn't casting any reflections on the other American meals he had taken.

Another foreigner had a different view of the Sagamore Hill cuisine. Russian Count Serge Witte, too, remembered a luncheon at Sagamore Hill. It was "more than simple," he wrote in his memoirs, "and for a European almost indigestible."

The Roosevelts' elder daughter, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, "Princess Alice" of the White House days—and still, with her exuberance and her sparkling wit, a major magnet in Washington society—is inclined to agree with the Count. Looking back to her childhood, she remembers the food at Sagamore as "excessively" simple. "We never had anything at Sagamore that was enticing. It was adequate—just sort of 'gentlefolk's food' as it would have been called in those days; but no elaborations. Father used to say *(Continued on next page)*

"Good food and plenty of it." Preserving and pickling were on a lavish scale (especially canned tomatoes, a favorite with T.R.). The Pear Jam, Rhubarb-Orange Jam, Mother's Steamed Pudding, Clove Cake and Apple Custard are from Roosevelt cookbooks. ***Recipes on page 86***

GEORGE LAZARNICK



FAMILY DINNER AT SAGAMORE HILL

*Scalloped Oysters**
*Chicken à la Stanford White**
Green Peas *Fluffy Mashed Potatoes*
*Celery Cardinale**
*Two-Crust Lemon Pie**

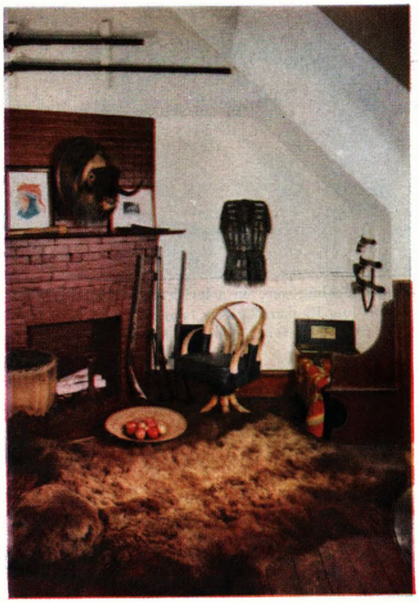
**Recipes on page 86*

The Roosevelt family, in a rare moment of repose, had its picture taken on the lawn

Facing page: The kitchen, though in use until 1948, was never modernized. With bread rising in the warmth of the old coal range, with flour and sugar barrels handy for big bakings, churn at hand for butter-making (thanks to family cows) and fine abundance of field and orchard for the laden table (this page), it appears almost exactly as in the 90s

TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S

Stamp of T.R. — the Rough Rider, rover, student, explorer and, above all, family man—is indelibly printed everywhere



Third-floor gun room was T.R. hideaway where *The Rough Riders* was written. Head of musk ox looks down benignly on Alaska brown-bear skin. Blanket on bench was worn by Geronimo at time of his capture, and Remington portrait of that chieftain is on mantel. On wall is Philippine armor made of caribou horn, beneath it is a cattle-horn chair from Western admirers

that he liked coarse food and plenty of it. Mother didn't seem to take much interest in it except to feed us healthily."

Childhood memories, however vivid, can be misleading, spotlighting a single lump in a dish of mashed potatoes and building it into a devastating generalization. The Floating Island which Mrs. Longworth remembers as "insipid" and "horrible," her sister Ethel—now Mrs. Richard Derby of Oyster Bay—recalls as beyond any in goodness.

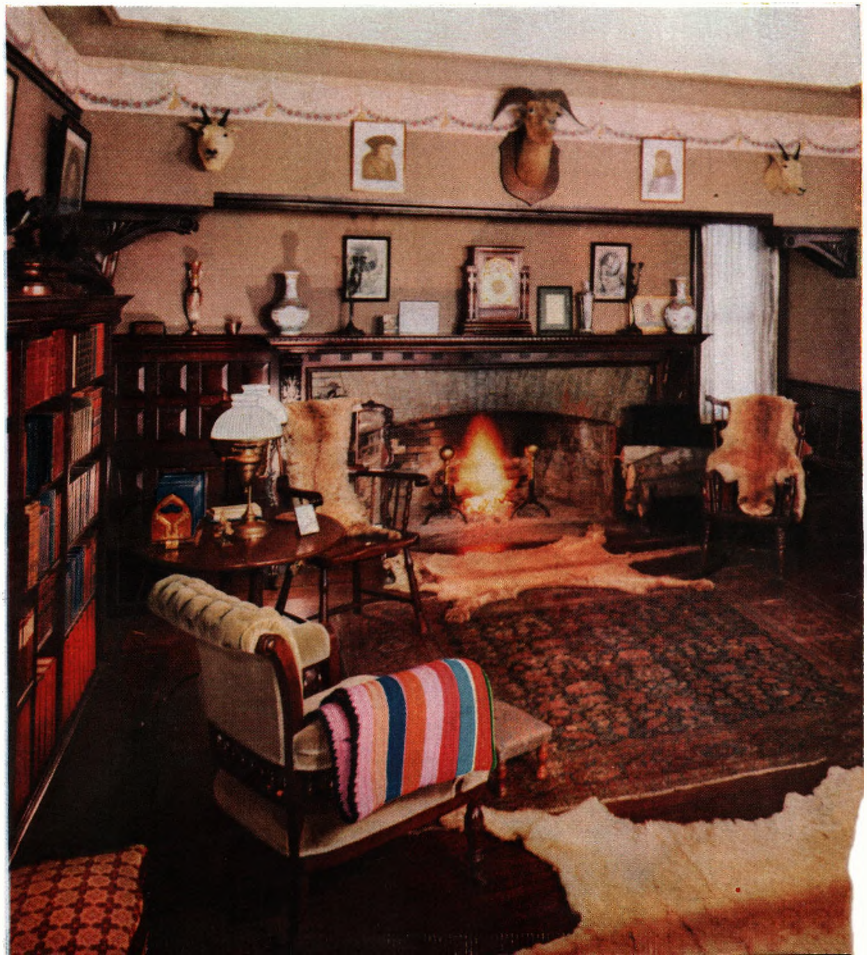
A simple American home with simple American food: Roast beef, roast chicken, chicken fricassee with rice around it, mutton, fish; milk in abundance from Sagamore cows, eggs from Sagamore hens, vegetables from the Sagamore garden; Yorkshire pudding with the roast beef; eggplant, fried in slices, restored to its natural shape, with spaghetti and tomato between the layers and cut like a birthday cake. Says Mrs. Longworth: "Large dishes of macaroni with cheese on top float into my mind. Good, solid, sustaining things. You were told to eat your vegetables. Spinach! Loads of spinach. Great, big, green spinach, not delicately prepared and disguised — never disguised." Stewed tomatoes were a major item. Mr. Roosevelt had developed the taste in the Bad Lands of Dakota where the body, absorbing alkali, cried out for the acid of canned tomatoes.

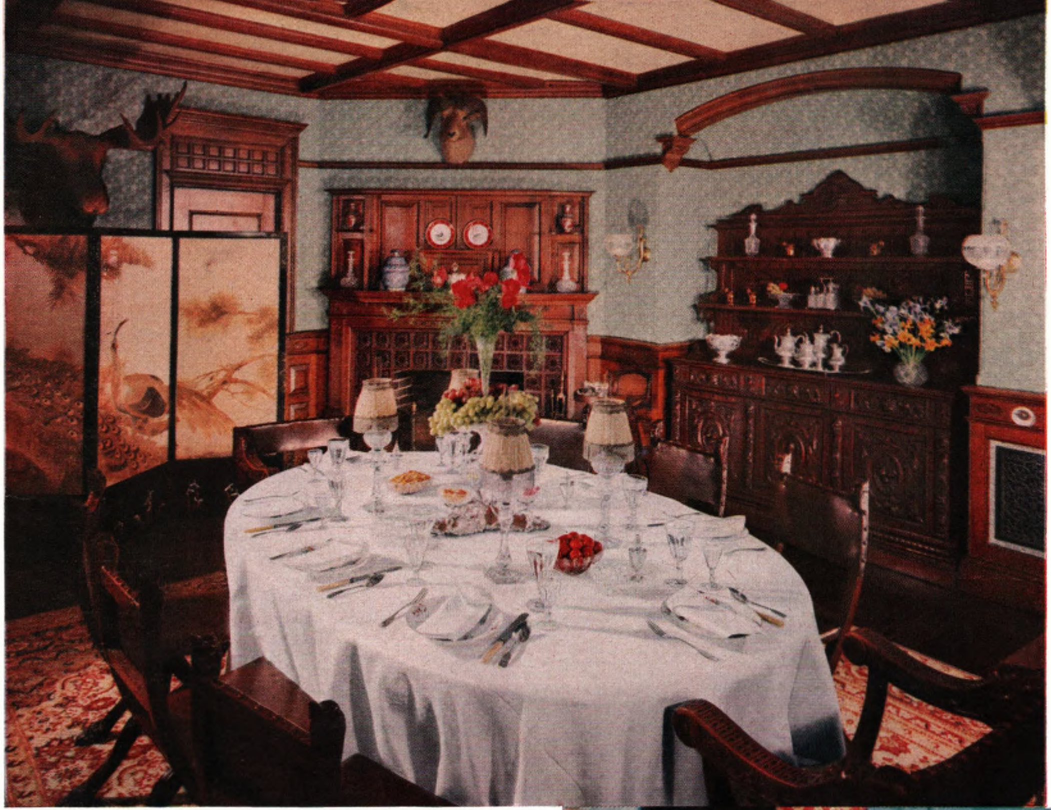
Occasionally there were oysters. "Raw oysters," Mrs. Longworth recalls, "would be rather a treat, an elaboration." "Don't ever forget the clams!" Mrs. Derby interposes. "The clams we dug ourselves. We were always digging clams. And all the queer kinds of fish we caught that all had to be served, and Mother dutifully felt she had to taste because we had caught them; the minnows that we called smelts; and the eels we got in Eel Creek! How Mother hated the eels!"

"At Thanksgiving, of course, we had turkey and little pigs." Again Mrs. Longworth speaks. "*Delicious* little pigs. I'm beginning to like the things in my recollection now more than I did then!"

There was fruit in quantity from Sagamore Hill's own trees; strawberries *(Continued on page 42)*

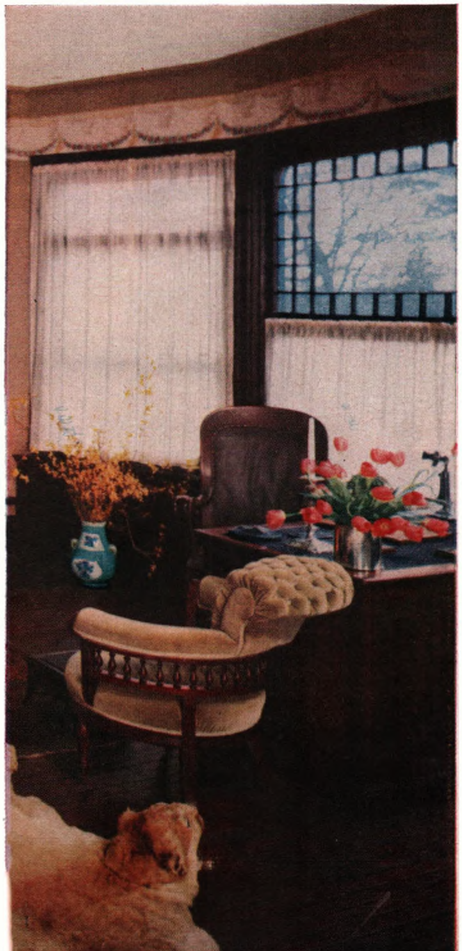
Roosevelt at his desk in library (shown right)

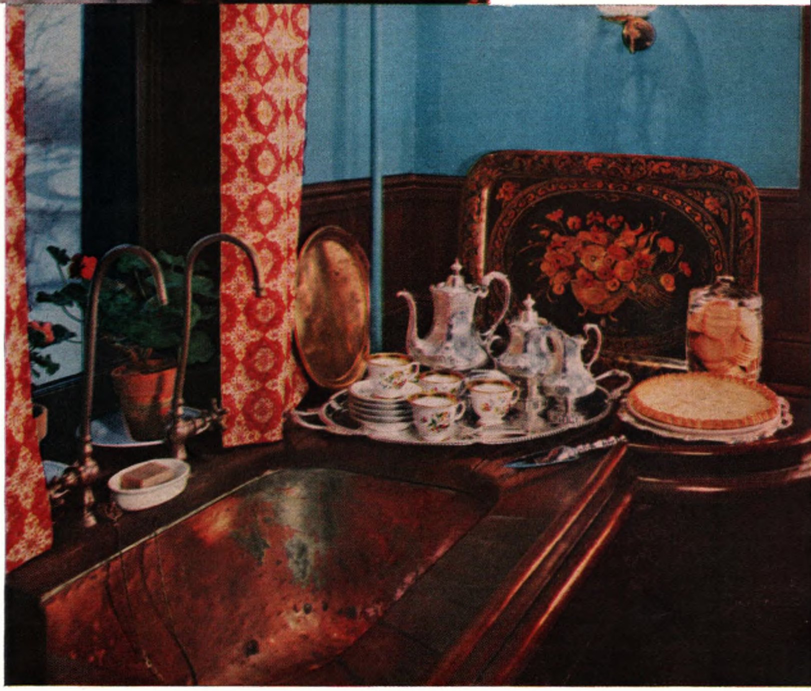




Roosevelt house was one of the most talked-about in America, and dining room is one good reason why. Italian oak furniture was bought on honeymoon trip to Florence. Plates on mantel were part of Roosevelts' White House service. Silk embroidered screen was gift from the Empress of Japan, and moosehead over it, a T.R. trophy

GEORGE LAZARNICK





The pantry, kept locked when the children were small to forestall raiding, held the only telephone, not installed until Mr. Roosevelt became President. The coffee service is monogrammed M.B. for Martha Bullock, Mr. Roosevelt's mother. *Recipes for Two-Crust Lemon Pie and Jumbles page 86*

Said Roosevelt: "At Sagamore Hill we love a great many things—birds and trees and books, and all things beautiful, and horses and rifles and children and hard work and the joy of life." This exuberant range of interests is nowhere better displayed than in the library, which T.R. used as office: a cheerful potpourri of hunting trophies and animal skins, Remington sculptures, family portraits and mementoes of the years spent in the White House

TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S

Roosevelt Centennial will be observed throughout 1958. His home reflects the warm, vital personality that makes him a man to celebrate

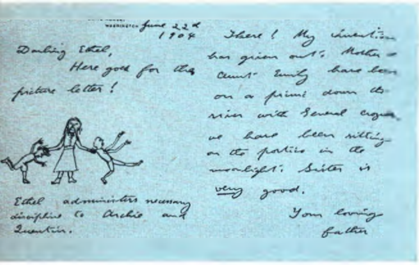
Hitherto unpublished photo of T.R. in action was made by Nick Lazarnick, father of the photographer who did this story

too that were Sagamore's own. "Father loved piling vast quantities of cream on peaches and strawberries," Mrs. Longworth remembers. The ice cream was homemade and something quite special in quality. "Always, at dinner, there was wine, invariably wine — sherry, Madeira, perhaps claret. It was just as natural to have wine as to have bread. Either you took it or you didn't take it, but it was always there.

"After dinner there were finger bowls and in them little leaves of verbena or rose geranium which Father would crumple in his fingers with exquisite pleasure. He loved that sort of thing. I can still see him crumpling the leaf of verbena."

Mrs. Roosevelt managed her household without ever seeming to bestir herself, and kept her children clean and comfortable and well fed. "An excellent atmosphere for children to grow up in," Mrs. Longworth comments, "because there was no feeling of uncertainty. You had your 'coarse food and plenty of it'—it was just there — breakfast, dinner, supper — and the same thing next day; with pillow fights and obstacle walks providing the spice, all very simple and cheerful."

The servants were mostly Irish. There were never less than six—a cook, waitress, chambermaid, lady's maid, laundress and a nurse, plus an assistant nurse for years, and a seamstress, in and out. Their combined wages amounted to $150 a month or less. There was Annie O'Rourke, whom Ethel Derby remembers, 50 years after, as a "wonderful Irish presence with her blue eyes and big white apron"; there were the shy sisters, Mary and Rose McKenna, and Mary Sweeney and Bridget Turbidy, and dean of them all, Mary Ledwith, known as "Mame," a faithful, devoted and perennially difficult Irishwoman who had held Mrs. Roosevelt in her arms when she was a baby and could never quite believe that her mistress was not her baby still. Whenever Mrs. Roosevelt reprimanded her—and Mame was inclined to regard anything less than complete approbation as a reprimand—she would retire to her bedroom, read her prayerbook and tearfully ask how her "little girl" could ever speak to her like that! It was a moment of huge excitement for the children when a mouse was found drowned in the glass in which at night Mame kept her false teeth.



June 22d 1904

Darling Ethel,

Here goes for the picture letter!

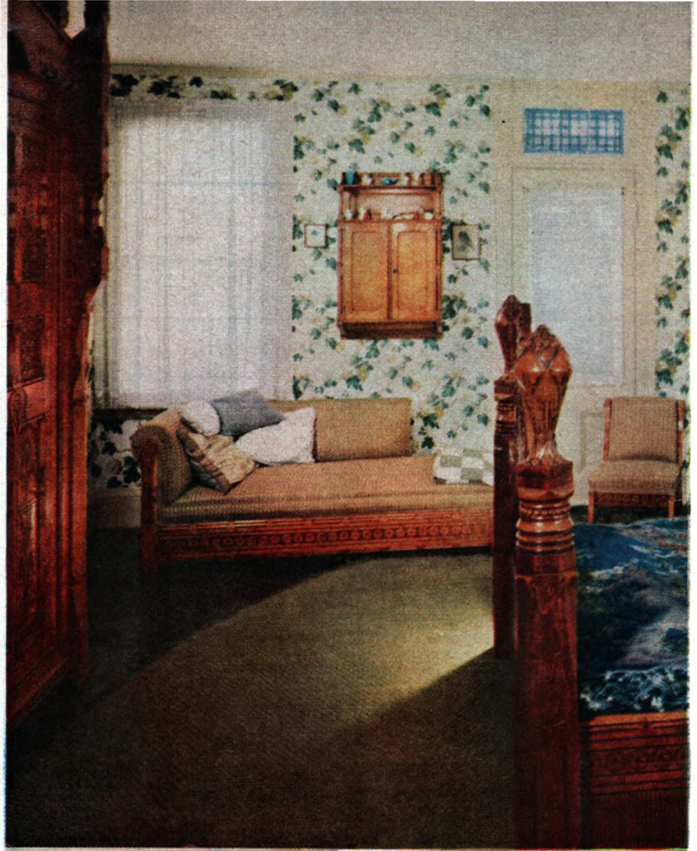
Ethel administers necessary discipline to Archie and Quentin.

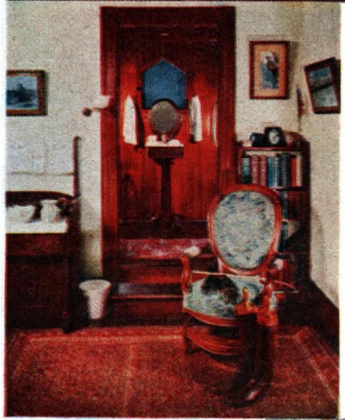
There! My invention has given out. Mother and Aunt Emily have been on a picnic down the river with several cousins. We have been sitting on the portico in the moonlight. Sister is very good.

Your loving father

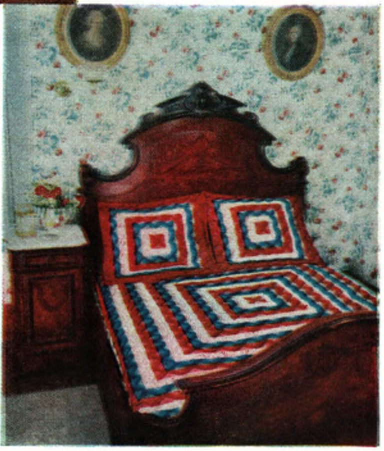
Mrs. Roosevelt's serene mastery had much to do with the peace of the household, but the respect that the servants had for "the family" contributed even more. Under the ebullience and gaiety, the Roosevelts had "class" in the best sense: dignity, mutual consideration, a recognition of

(Continued on page 84)



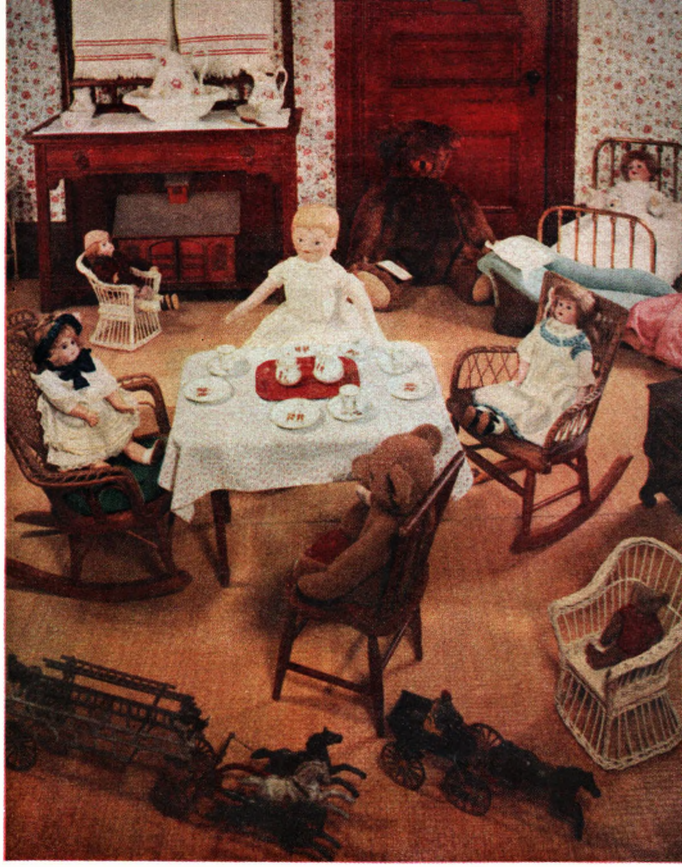


Master bedroom was family meeting place. Here children assembled Christmas morning for stocking-opening ceremony. Vast bed and wardrobe, lounge and chairs were prize-winners at the Philadelphia Centennial of 1876, a gift of T.R.'s father. Embroidered silk bedspread was present from the Dowager Empress of China. Left, President's dressing room, shaving stand. Towel monograms read "R of S" for Sagamore



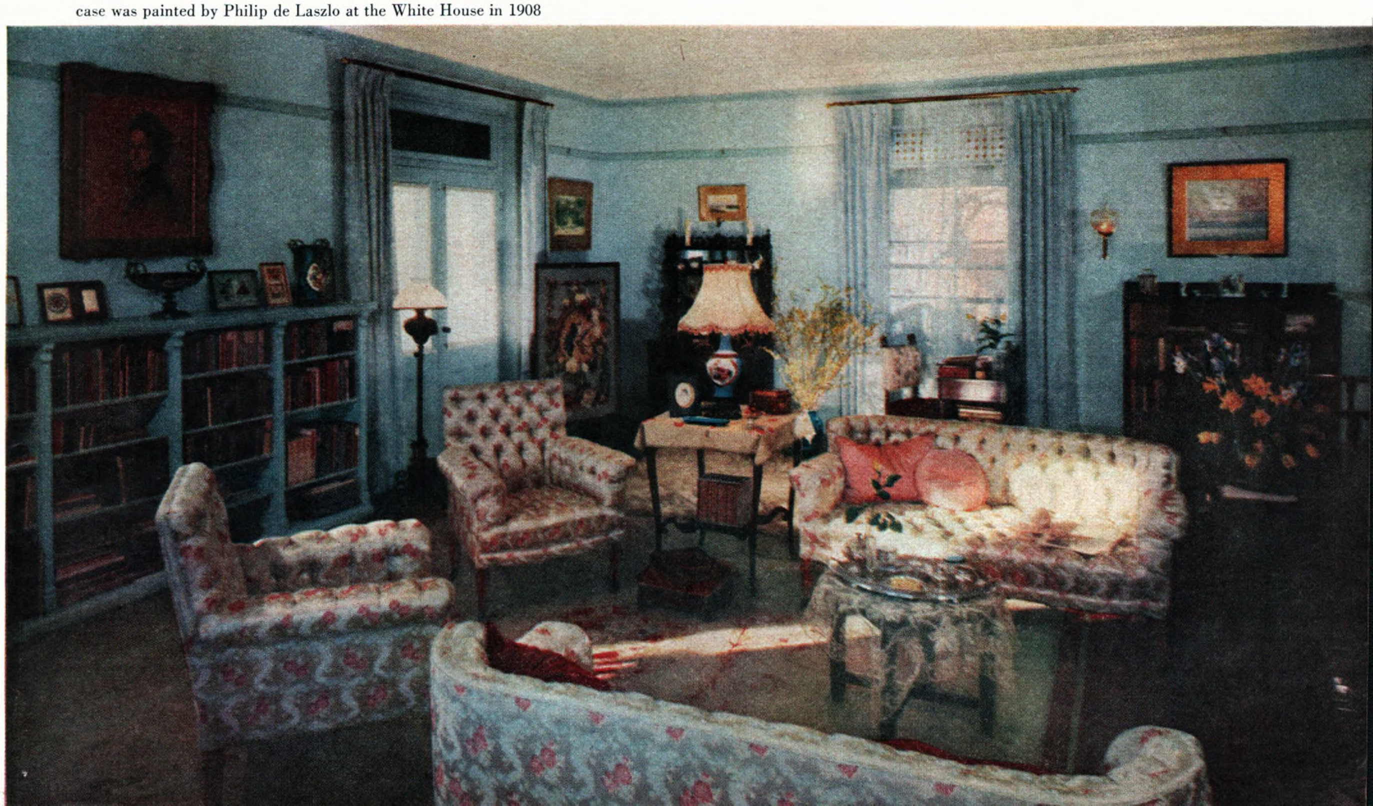
Guest-room bed came from Roosevelts' New York house, is covered with woven-ribbon spread presented while family was in White House. Martha Washington's picture is set slightly higher than George's to make room for bed lamp

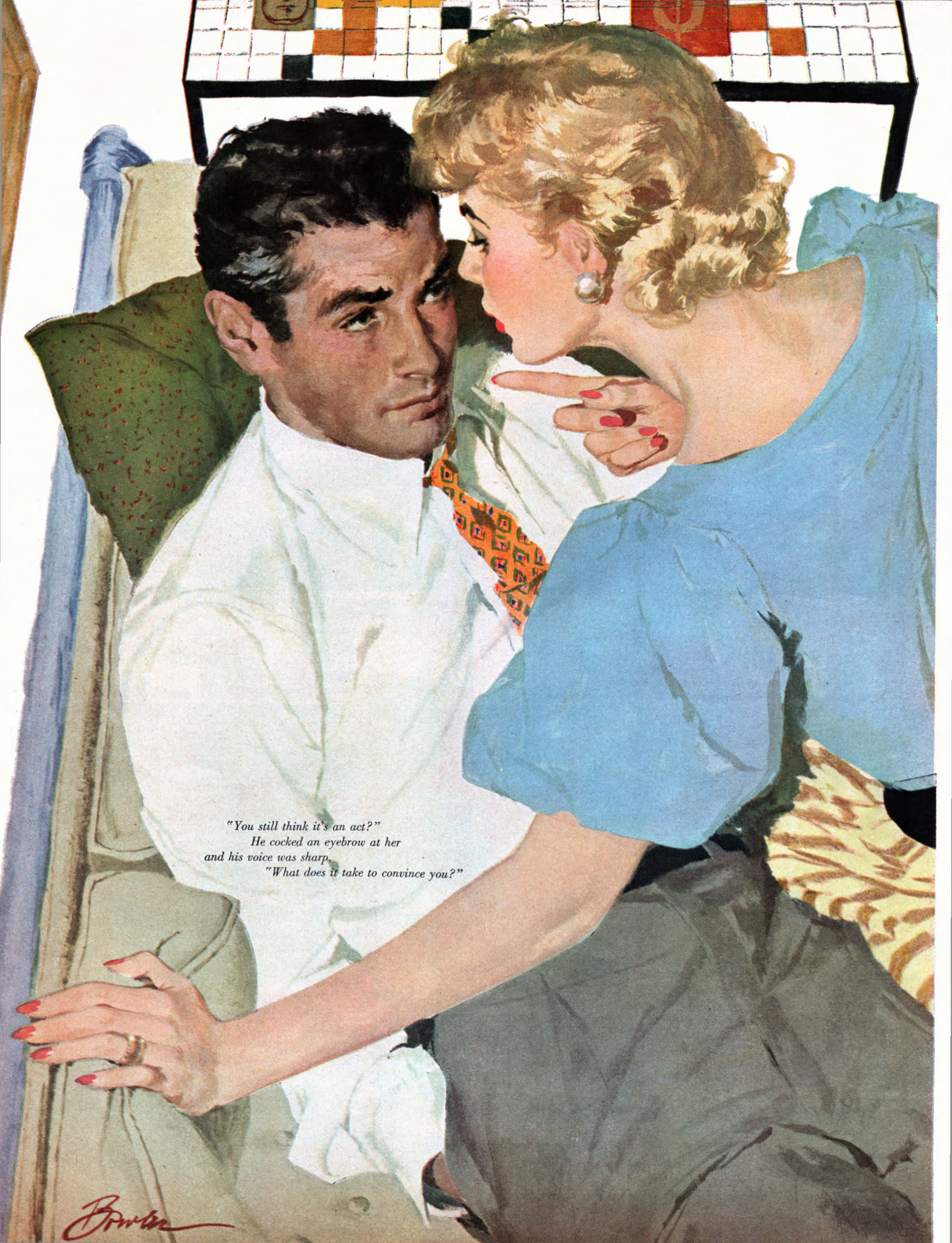
GEORGE LAZARNICK



Nursery is stocked with the childhood treasures of the Roosevelt brood, notably the Teddy bears, a toy invented in their childhood and named for their famous father. Big doll, known as "Clara doll," first belonged to Mrs. Roosevelt's mother

Most feminine room in the house is Mrs. Roosevelt's drawing room, but even here there's a touch of the wilderness—a polar-bear rug, gift of Admiral Peary. Portrait of Mrs. Roosevelt over bookcase was painted by Philip de Laszlo at the White House in 1908





"You still think it's an act?"
He cocked an eyebrow at her
and his voice was sharp.
"What does it take to convince you?"

by ROBERT CRAIG

Somebody else's dream

To help him, she would have to speak slowly and with honesty. He was not a man easy to fool

As she gathered her family's clothes off the line, Janice felt as if they were still holding the sunshine. She was happy at the bright cleanliness. A gang of crows yelled in the top of the tall pine while she unpinned her husband's shirts. Gregory's shirts were big and they looked to her like a row of men standing on their hands. The small sun-back dresses reminded her it was time to get Mary's school clothes together again. When she picked off the ragged blue jeans, an uneasiness drifted over her. Mickey was just seven years old, yellow-haired like his sister, pug-nosed and peppered with freckles. Something about his daring worried her.

That was when she heard the phone ring. She ran into the kitchen and snatched it up.

"Hello!"

"Oh, Janice, dear, I—I don't know what to say. I'm so sorry! So terribly sorry!" It was Gladys Norton. They phoned each other so often they didn't have to say who was calling.

"Sorry about what, Gladys?"

"About Gregory, Janice. John just phoned and told me Greg had been fired again. He wants to know if there's anything he can do to help."

For a moment the world seemed to stop. It was as if the crows couldn't call their raucous words at each other, as if the insects could not sing and the air could not move. She made herself smile.

"Gladys," she said, as if she were keeping back a joke, "I don't want to talk about it right now. Maybe I can tell you tomorrow." Her light words were an instinctive defense, a glittering curtain behind which she hid. "My pot roast smells as if it's burning, honey—I'll call you tomorrow. 'Bye."

She hung up slowly. "Oh, God, no! Please, no!" she whispered, and her fingers picked up a cigarette as if by doing so they could still her frightened mind. She went through the house and into her bedroom. She stood beside the double bed, holding the plans of her life around her as if they were scanty clothes and she were naked in public. But it was no use. Life as she and Gregory had *(Continued on page 68)*

by Helen McCully

Ice-Cream Soda Desserts

Everybody loves ice-cream sodas, but who, before McCall's, ever thought of serving them for dessert? Since we're sure it's an idea that will appeal to all ages, we present twelve delicious recipes suggesting them as a new and fun way to finish a meal.

With more than two hundred different ice-cream flavors on the market, the variety of sodas you can make, right in your own home, is limited only by the extent of your imagination.

PURPLE COW

Arrange 3 scoops of vanilla ice cream in a large glass. Pour 2 tablespoons of grape juice concentrate over ice cream, fill glass with ginger ale and give it a good stir.

ORANGE FIZZ

Drop 2 scoops of orange sherbet and a scoop of vanilla ice cream in alternate layers in a large glass. Spoon 2 teaspoons orange marmalade on top and fill the glass with ginger ale. Stir well.

TROPICAL FIZZ

Pile 2 scoops of lime or orange sherbet and 1 scoop lemon sherbet in a large glass. Pour in 1 tablespoon lemonade concentrate and enough carbonated water to fill the glass. Stir well.

APRICOT FIZZ

Layer 2 scoops of vanilla ice cream and 3 canned apricot halves in a large glass. Pour in about 2 tablespoons apricot syrup (drained from apricots) and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Fill glass to the top with carbonated water.

MELON-BALL SODA

Layer 3 scoops of vanilla ice cream and ½ cup melon balls (fresh or frozen) in a large glass. Add 2 tablespoons pineapple juice concentrate and fill glass to the top with lemon soda water. Stir well.

CHOCOLATE-PEPPERMINT SODA

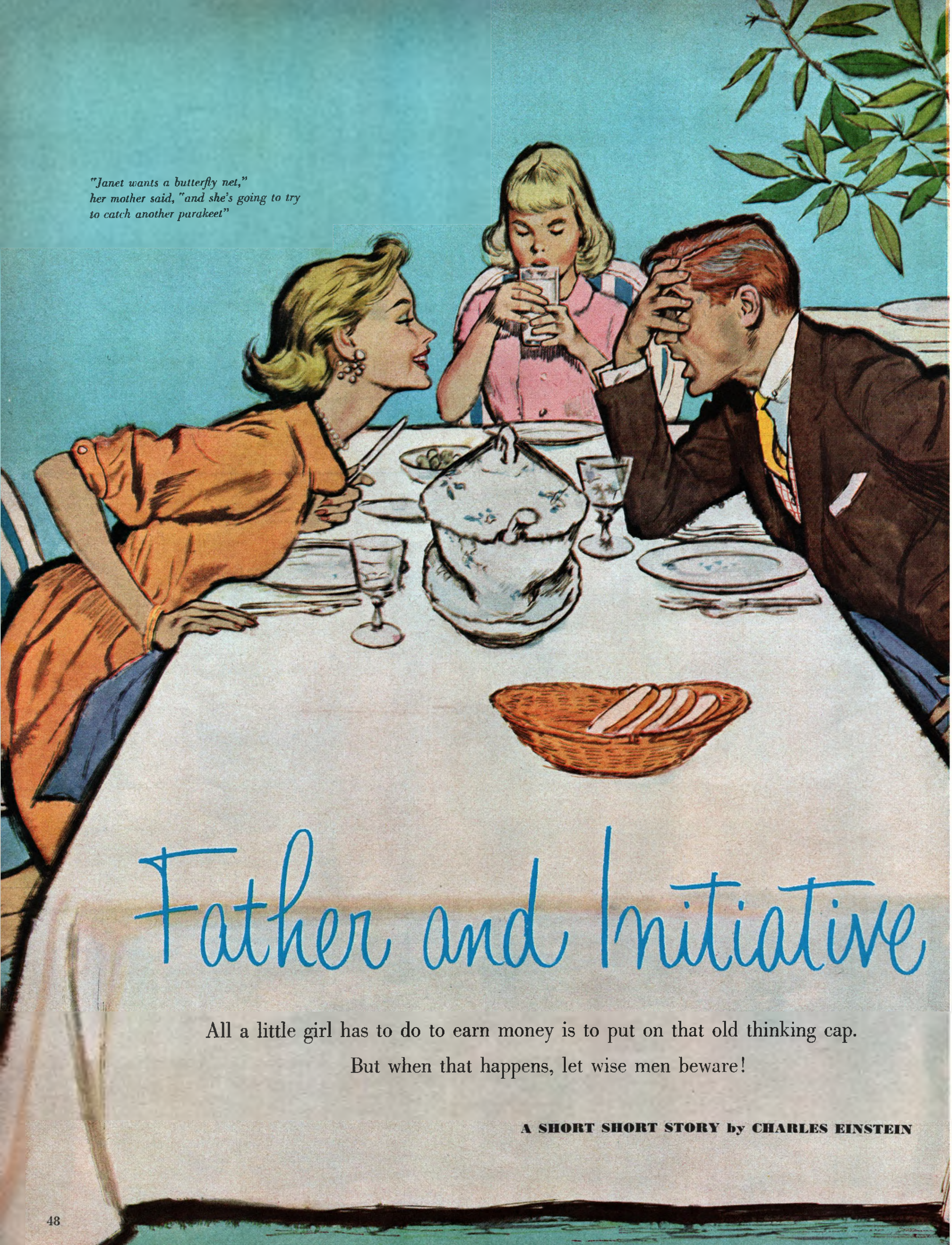
Put 2 scoops of vanilla ice cream and 1 of chocolate in alternate layers in a large glass. Pour in 1 tablespoon crème de menthe and fill the glass up to the brim with ginger ale. Stir well.

Recipes continued on page 102

Bottom row, reading left to right:
Purple Cow, Orange Fizz, Tropical Fizz, Apricot Fizz

All others, reading left to right:
Melon-Ball Soda, Chocolate-Peppermint Soda,
Mocha Fizz, Blueberry Soda, Pineapple-Rum Soda,
Double Strawberry Soda, Pink Lemonade Fizz, Maple-Nut Soda

GEORGE LAZARNICK



"Janet wants a butterfly net," her mother said, "and she's going to try to catch another parakeet"

Father and Initiative

All a little girl has to do to earn money is to put on that old thinking cap. But when that happens, let wise men beware!

A SHORT SHORT STORY by CHARLES EINSTEIN

"Use a little initiative," Gerald Robbins said to his daughter Janet. "That's a new word for you. *I-n-i-t-i-a-t-i-v-e.* It means don't always be asking Daddy for money."

"I need 50 cents," Janet said. She was eight years old. "For a butterfly net."

"It figures," Gerald Robbins said to his wife. The three of them were at the dinner table. "Sooner or later somebody had to show up with a butterfly net around here. What does she want it for?"

"Henry," Janet's mother said. Henry was the Robbinses' parakeet. "Janet thinks Henry needs a friend, so she wants a butterfly net to catch another parakeet."

"Henry doesn't need a friend," Gerald Robbins said. "He has his mirror." He and Henry did not get along.

"But if I caught one," Janet persisted, "wouldn't that be in-in—"

"Initiative," her mother said.

"No," her father said. He had had a tough day at the office. "The kind of initiative we're talking about has to do with money. The purpose of money in this world is not to buy butterfly nets."

Janet said, "Not even if you really want one?"

"All right. If you *really* want one, then you should be willing to go out and earn the money. Use a little initiative. Just put on the old thinking cap, that's all." He smiled winningly at his daughter. "When I was a kid, you know what I did to earn money? I put on jumping exhibitions. All the kids in the neighborhood would come to see me. Why, before I was even in junior high school I could jump 16, 17 feet. Now, *there* was initiative. Putting a talent to work."

Janet said, "How far is 17 feet?"

"About three times as long as I am," her father said. There was a squawk from the living room. "One of these days I'm going to slam that bird."

Gerald was late getting home from work the next evening, and Janet was already in bed. Mrs. Robbins had supper ready and there was a look in her eye.

"Before I show you something," she said, "I want you to know you brought it on yourself."

Gerald looked at his wife warily. "Did she go out and catch another parakeet? Isn't Henry bad enough?"

"Nothing like that," his wife said. "I'm talking about what you told her about putting a talent to work. Remember, you gave her the example of how you used to put on jumping exhibitions?"

Gerald Robbins buttered a piece of bread. "That was only an example. I didn't mean she should decide to give jumping exhibitions. It just so happened that in my case I was a good jumper."

"Yes," his wife said. "Old Initiative Robbins, they call him. Read this. Every kid in the neighborhood got one."

She exhibited a small, jaggedly torn piece of paper; there was writing on it—the unmistakable handwriting of Janet Robbins:

ADMITANCE 2 CENTS
SEE MY FATHER JUMP OFF THE ROOF
SATURDAY 2 PM
JANET ROBBINS

Gerald Robbins put down his piece of bread. "All right," he said. "Big joke. Big gag. Ha ha."

"Ha ha, yourself," his wife said. "Janet's serious."

"Oh, she's serious. She really thinks I'm going to do it."

"You told her you could. You said you could jump 17 feet when you were in grammar school."

"*Broad* jump," Gerald said. "I was talking about the *measurement!*"

"And today she *took* the measurement. It's only 15 feet from the roof to the ground, so you ought to make it with plenty to spare."

"Listen," Gerald Robbins said to his wife, "I don't know what goes on around this house. I may jump off the roof any day now, but when I do, there aren't going to be any 40 kids watching me go."

"Day after tomorrow is Saturday," his wife said. "Maybe you'd better think about it. Remember, you're a hero to your little girl. All the kids in the neighborhood are coming to see what a wonderful daddy she has. The only daddy in town who can jump off a roof."

There was a noise from the other room. "I'm warning you," Gerald Robbins said to his wife. "Shut that bird up."

"You'll think of something," his wife said. "I have complete faith in you."

To his own eternal surprise, Gerald Robbins did think of something. He did not think of it until the eleventh hour. One-forty-five P.M. Saturday, 15 minutes before jump time, found him sitting woefully in his living room. Henry the parakeet jabbered at him. Outside, Janet Robbins was blithely collecting tickets.

Mrs. Robbins came into the room. "Okay, Steve Brodie," she said. "All set for the deep six?"

"Fire!" Henry squawked. It was the only word he knew.

"Fire!" Gerald Robbins repeated. His eyes took on an eerie light. "I've got it!" He sprang to the telephone, covered the mouthpiece with a handkerchief, then dialed a number.

"Hello," he husked out. "Fire department? Better take a run up to 110 Hillside. Some talk about a fella jumping off a roof." Then he hung up.

His wife stared at him. "What was that?"

"The way out!" Gerald Robbins trumpeted. "It's against the law to jump off the roof. The fire department will come and restrain me."

"Why the handkerchief over the phone?"

"So they wouldn't know who it was. Think I want them to think I'm a nut or something?"

"No-o-o," his wife said thoughtfully. "But why'd you call the fire department? Why not the police?"

"You call the ones with the ladder," Gerald explained. "Old Initiative Robbins. If it's against the law, it's against the law. Even kids can understand that. But at least it doesn't show her old man up to be a—a—"

"—coward," his wife said.

The door chimes sounded. Mrs. Robbins went to answer it, and when she came back there were three men with her. "Darling," she said to her husband, "you know the boys from the fire department."

"They certainly got here fa— Oh!" Gerald smiled weakly. "Certainly. Hello, Dan. Hello, boys."

Dan Kane, the local fire chief, looked a little embarrassed. "Tell you the truth, Mr. Robbins," he said, "we hustled up here in the truck 'cause the word came in somebody was going to jump off your roof. Matter of fact, there was a whole mob of kids out front, so when we drove up with the truck I told them, I said, 'Nobody's going to jump off any roof. It's against the law.' Then we come in and find you sitting here. The whole thing's dopey. I owe you an apology."

Gerald said, "You told them it was against the law?"

"Yeah," the fire chief said. "Only I shouldn't have said nothing to nobody. There's nobody on the roof."

Gerald Robbins flashed a look of triumph at his wife. "Boys," he said, "someday I'll tell you a story. About initiative. Meanwhile, join me in a beer. If you've got the time, that is."

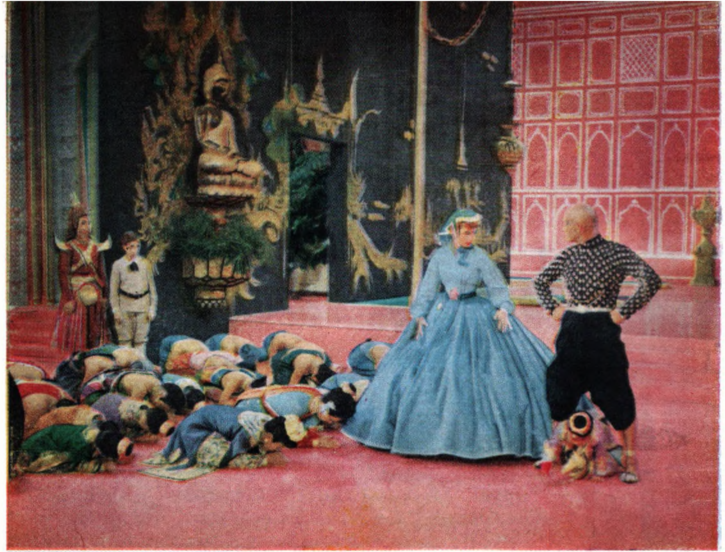
"We'll make the time," Dan Kane said. "It'll give those kids out there a chance to play on the fire truck."

"Kids love that, don't they?" Gerald's wife said.

"Sure do," the chief said. "Even when your daughter makes them pay two cents each to do it." THE END

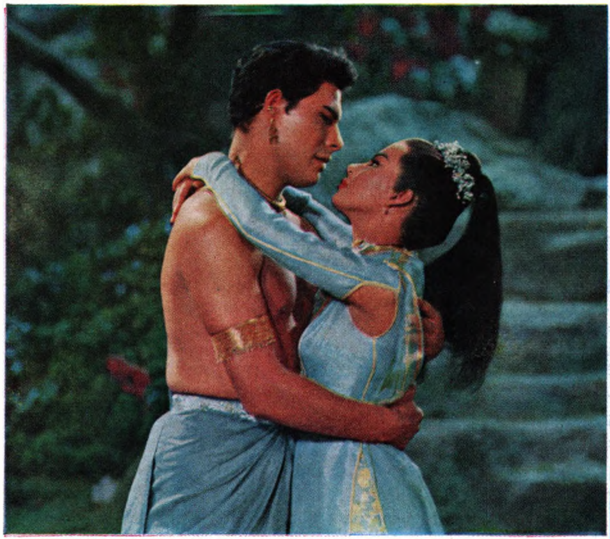
THE KING AND I...

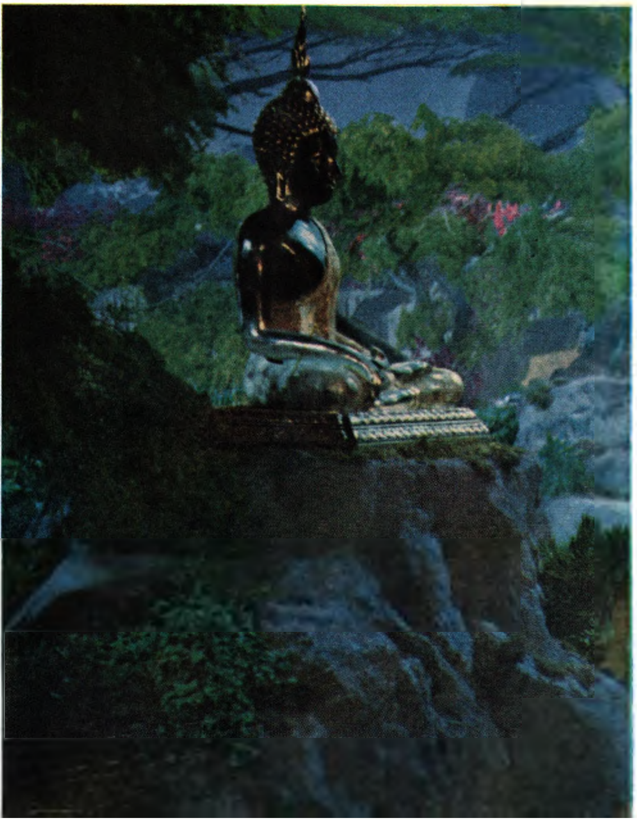
... in all its lavish elegance brings to the screen the story of a lusty Oriental monarch and a prim Victorian schoolteacher



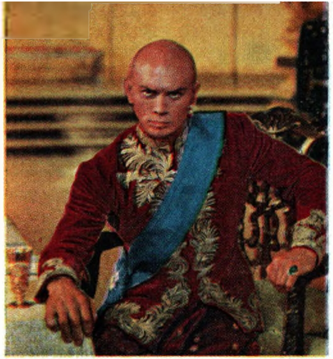
Many who saw Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The King and I* on Broadway a few seasons ago were convinced that it was the most beautiful musical show they had ever experienced. Now, at a cost of nearly $7,000,000, Twentieth Century-Fox has adapted the show to CinemaScope 55. The new production is filled with "mosts": Most costly, most research, most colorful scenery, most appealing songs. The throne room fills the largest indoor set ever used, with walls papered in gold leaf. The throne is a gold-encrusted copy of one used in Siam in the 1850s. The reception hall is studded with 100,000 sparkling crystals. And the king himself has more children than any movie monarch ever before—18 who appear in the picture, and 67 more whose mothers are no longer in royal favor.

The opulence of the royal palace and the barbarity of the King (Yul Brynner), amaze and dismay Anna (Deborah Kerr), who's never met a man with so many wives and children. She threatens to leave Siam because she'll have to live in the harem. But the King convinces her that it is her duty to bring what is "good in Western culture" to his family and people

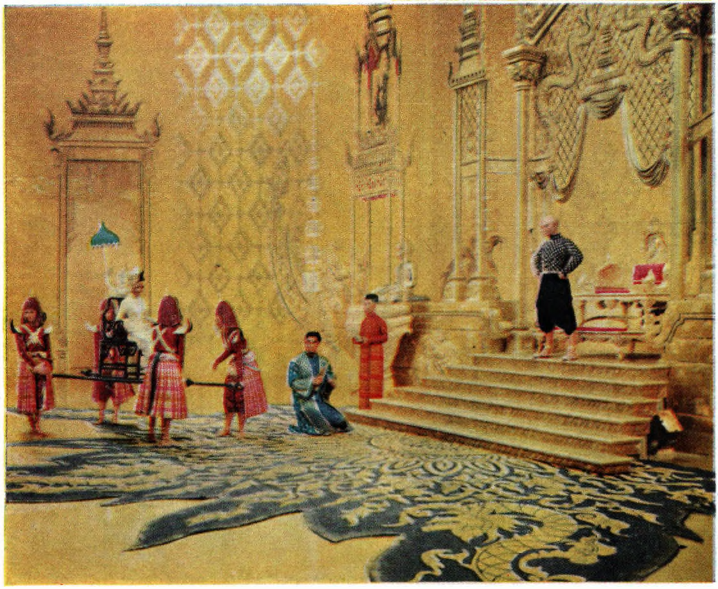


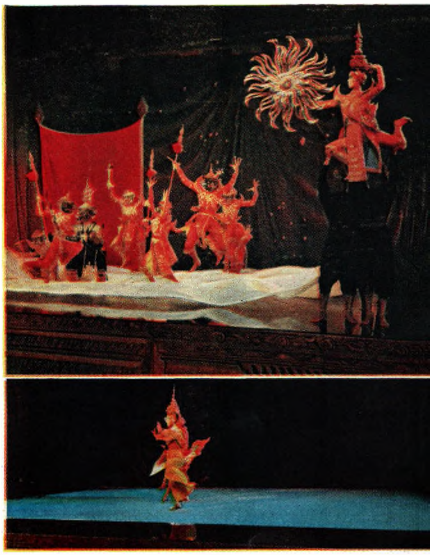


In the lovely soft dark garden of the harem, Tuptim and her lover, Lun Tha (Carlos Rivas), defy the King and, at the risk of their lives, plot their escape. Nothing Anna can do will save them. This is moonlit setting for two of show's most beautiful songs: "Hello, Young Lovers" and "We Kiss in a Shadow

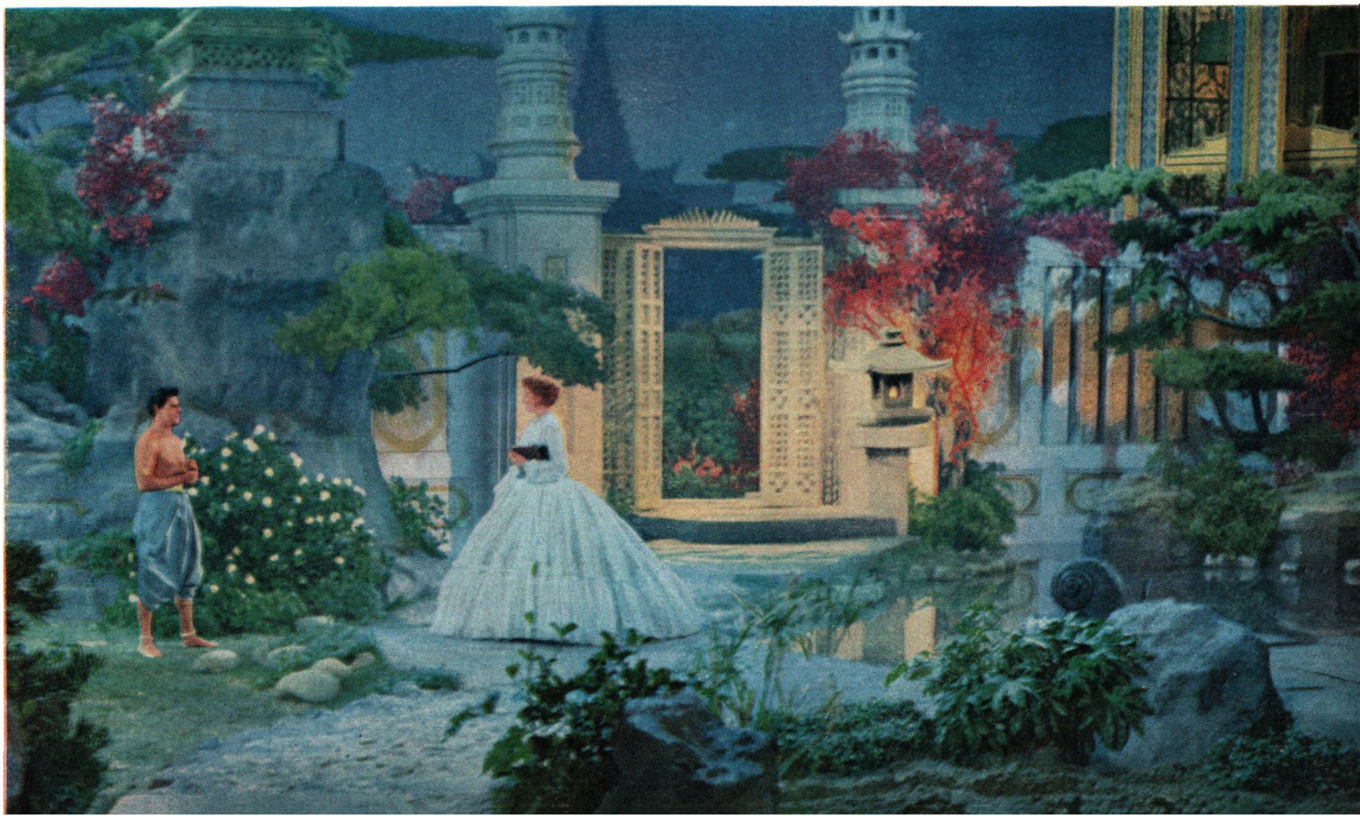


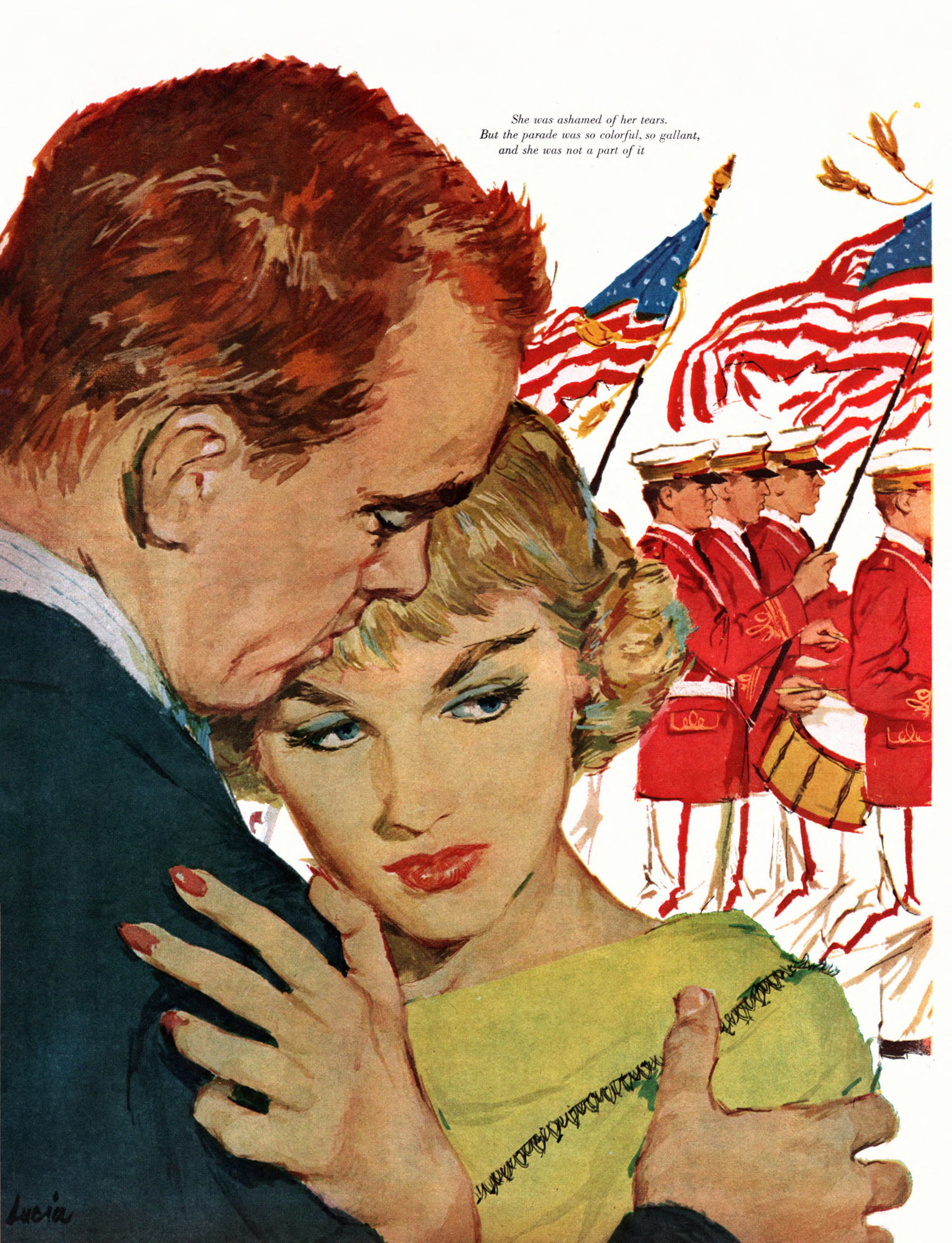
Her first glimpse of throne room, where King receives Tuptim (Rita Moreno), his newest wife, overpowers Anna. Later she finds him to be an admirer of President Lincoln. He fancies he's enlightened because he has printing press





"The Small House of Uncle Thomas" is a Siamese version of Uncle Tom's Cabin *staged by Tuptim to shame King into letting her go. Buddha saves Eliza from wicked Simon of Legree, upper right, by having sun melt ice*





She was ashamed of her tears.
But the parade was so colorful, so gallant,
and she was not a part of it

In time a girl recovers from a tragic love affair—

especially if she's all of seventeen and has

a very dear friend

by LOIS MONTROSS

ALISON knew she was lovely in the cool dress that matched the primrose color of her hair. But, hearing the sound of drums in the distance, she felt discontented. She fumbled with the tiny catch of a fraternity pin, put it aside and took off the little string of pearls. She felt overdressed. She longed to be wearing the high white boots, the satin shorts and tight, sleeveless jacket with its double row of brass buttons.

She went down to the veranda and there was Rusty prancing about and snapping his fingers while her father sat reading a newspaper editorial aloud. Neither man minded what the other was doing—the situation was perfectly pleasant—yet she found herself saying to Rusty, "Rude character!"

"Glip me no glips," he said.

"If that's slang," she said, "take it back where you bought it."

"I didn't buy it. I invented it." He drew her to him and she danced a few reluctant steps, not wanting to get mussed up and hot. She hadn't seen Rusty since he'd been home on Christmas vacation, but it seemed that in only six months he had grown even taller and more angular. His hair, if possible, was rustier.

The sound of the far-off drums had an urgency that made her heart beat faster. "Do let's hurry!" she cried.

"No hurry," said her father. "Your mother isn't ready yet." He looked at his wrist watch. "Only a quarter of three. The bands are just warming up."

"Who cares about the old band concert anyhow!" Rusty's eyebrows rose in faunlike peaks, very comical and supercilious.

Alison was so angrily impatient that she nearly burst into tears. She didn't want to miss seeing Mr. Leopardi for a single moment. The turn of his head, the movement of his shoulders, the lift of his authoritative hand— She ran down the porch steps and Rusty followed her.

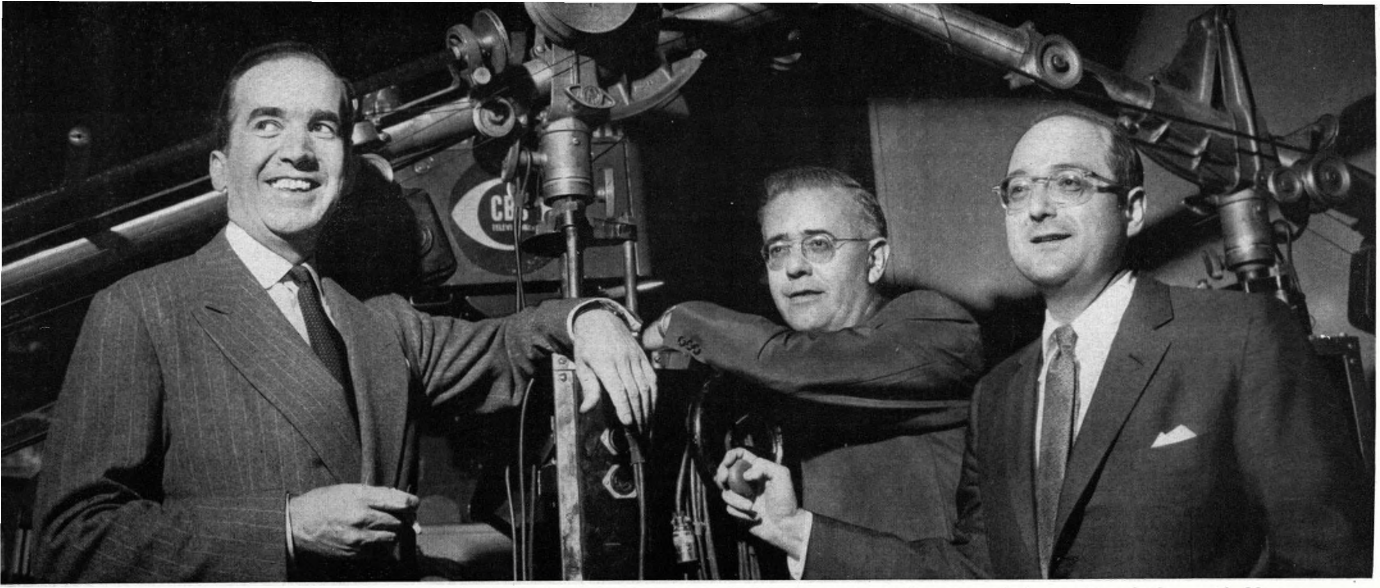
"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "You act different."

"I am different," she said with sad exaltation. She took quick, marching strides along the sidewalk, swinging her hips with graceful rhythm.

Rusty said, "If you think you're not my girl any more, just tell me and I'll give you a good beating." He fell back a pace to thump his chest and roar like a gorilla.

"Oh, cut it out."

He had always been so sure of her. In high school everybody had taken it for granted that she was Rusty's private property; they were asked everywhere together. He *(Continued on page 78)*



Setting up two "Person to Person" visits a week is like baking two cakes in two kitchens at once, say Zousmer and Aaron, pictured above with Murrow

They take the rap for Murrow

The men who run "Person to Person" boast they have more or less wrecked 200 homes since they went on the air

by SAM BOAL

ONE afternoon last autumn John Gunther, author of the *Inside* books, was staring out the window of his New York town house, worrying mildly about his appearance that night on Edward R. Murrow's television show "Person to Person." Suddenly he noticed things were happening in the street outside.

A massive Columbia Broadcasting System truck, followed by a smaller pickup, was pulling up to the curb. What seemed like a regiment of men leaped out and rapidly began piling up TV equipment on the sidewalk. Gunther went downstairs to open the front door.

A pleasant-faced man said politely, "We're from 'Person to Person.' May we start bringing in the equipment?" Gunther nodded, and 13 "Person to Person" technicians started for the door.

The technicians carried into the house—three floors of it—just over $125,000 worth of gear. There were about 300 separate items, including five miles of cable, 35 floodlights, three cameras, a microwave transmitter, three dollies, and three wireless microphones with dual-diversity receiving systems. Also a roll of cellulose tape, a pack of safety pins and their own ashtrays.

"What's going on down there?" Mrs. Gunther called from an upper floor.

"Oh, nothing," her husband replied. "Just D day."

Shortly a young man named Jesse Zousmer, who is coproducer of the show and a friend of Gunther, appeared on the scene.

"Look here, Jesse," Gunther said. "I've survived two major wars and a few minor skirmishes. I've written 18 books and I've traveled maybe 700,000 miles. I've lived through a lot." He gestured toward the mounting impedimenta in his living room. "But I wonder, Jesse—will I survive this?"

(Continued on page 143)

Murrow interviewed Jayne and Audrey Meadows in a bare apartment. Their new furniture had not arrived

"Why am I so nervous?" Bob Hope asked in the middle of broadcast. He and family posed with "Person to Person" crew

Marlon Brando insisted on wearing a "batty" spit curl. When no one objected he removed it. Drummer Jack Costanzo appeared with him

Groucho Marx and his daughter Melinda sang a hilarious duet

Visit to Marilyn Monroe drew huge audience. Later she posed for the program photographers

4 new ways to cook chicken!

No doubt about it—chicken's just about everybody's favorite food. And here are four new ways to make it better, tastier — with Campbell's Soup! Planning a company supper on a busy day? Soup-bake your chicken for golden-good eating. No basting! No watching! Or build a party supper around a wonderful new chicken pie or casserole. Want a barbecue dinner—indoors or out? Lively tomato-spiced chicken's the dish for you! There isn't a recipe here someone wouldn't love to come home to — tonight!

Campbell's
CONDENSED
CREAM OF
CHICKEN
SOUP

CHICKEN AND RICE CASSEROLE. In a 1½-quart casserole, blend 1 can Cream of Chicken Soup and ½ cup milk. Stir in 5-ounce can Swanson Boned Chicken, 3 cups cooked rice, 1 cup shredded process cheese, 1 cup cooked peas and ¼ cup chopped pimiento. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. 6 servings. Makes a wonderful party dish.

Campbell's
CONDENSED
CREAM OF
CELERY
SOUP

EASIEST BAKED CHICKEN. Thaw 2 packages Swanson Frozen Chicken Parts; put in shallow baking dish. Blend 1 can Cream of Celery Soup with 1 minced clove garlic; pour over chicken. Sprinkle 1 tablespoon chopped parsley and dash of paprika on top. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour or until chicken is tender. 6-8 servings. Good!

Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

TOMATO BARBECUED CHICKEN. Thaw 2 packages Swanson Frozen Chicken Parts; brown in 2 tbs. butter or margarine. Stir in 1 can Tomato Soup, ¼ cup sweet pickle relish, ¼ cup chopped onion, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1 tablespoon each vinegar and Worcestershire sauce. Cover; simmer about 1 hour or until chicken is tender. 6-8 servings.

Campbell's
CONDENSED
CREAM OF
MUSHROOM
SOUP

CHICKEN CORN-BREAD PIE. Cook ½ cup chopped onion in 2 tbs. shortening: add 1 can Cream of Mushroom Soup, ¼ cup milk, 5-oz. can Swanson Boned Chicken, ½ cup cooked green beans in 9-inch pie pan. Mix 1 12-oz. package corn-muffin mix; spoon half batter on top of pie and use rest for muffins. Bake at 400°F. about 25 minutes. 4 servings.

Good cooks cook

with Campbell's Soups

Candy Jones
BEAUTY DIRECTOR,
CONOVER SCHOOL, NEW YORK
says

"Watch your skin thrive on Cashmere Bouquet Soap!"

"Fun-in-the-sun is no fun for your skin! After swimming and sunning be sure to give your skin 3-way beauty care with Cashmere Bouquet," says Candy Jones.

Cleans cleaner than creams. Your skin is so much cleaner when you beauty-wash with mild Cashmere Bouquet!

Stimulates with no astringent sting, when you stroke Cashmere Bouquet's mild lather over your skin.

Softens without lotion stickiness. Leaves normal, dry or oily skin naturally softer, smoother, lovelier!

Give your skin this 3-way beauty care!

You can forget about greasy cleansing creams, sticky lotions, and stinging astringents! Because now, with just a cake of Cashmere Bouquet Soap, you can give your skin the beauty care of famous Conover students. This wonderful 3-way beauty care actually *cleans cleaner than creams . . . stimulates gently, softens and smooths your skin, too.* Just like using a whole row of beauty products . . . but so much quicker and easier. Start today and watch *your* skin thrive!

Cashmere Bouquet
TOILET SOAP

REGULAR
OR BIG BATH SIZE

Club Notes From All Over

by Christine Sadler

"We get down to earth and stay there," claims the Men's Garden Club of Montgomery County, Md. Members are interested in outdoor gardening only—no flower arrangements, please! A popular feature each May is "swap night," when they exchange unusual varieties of plants.

Although for years health officials recommended chlorinating the water in Chester, Vt., townspeople took no action until the League of Women Voters set out to publicize the fact that contaminated water was a serious health hazard. Their campaign paid off when chlorination was voted in.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY: "Country Affair," a home and garden tour with fashion show and refreshments, netted $5,000 for the Junior League of Oakland, Calif.... American Woman's Club of Bombay, India, raises $15,000 annually for 75 philanthropic organizations. . . . A mammoth spring sale of good books, sheet music and records—old and new—keeps them circulating and raises $5,000 in scholarship money for the College Women's Club of Montclair, N. J. . . . To help Catholic foreign relief (which last year totaled $119,000,000 worth of supplies) the Dubuque, Ia., Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women sold doll shoes as convention souvenirs to provide new shoes for Viet Nam children.

Club bylaws often are as complex as gobbledygook, but those of the Women's Club of Unalakleet, Alaska, include two simple provisions for Eskimo members: to obey their husbands and bathe the children every Saturday night.

Hankering to dabble in oils? *Painting,* a start-from-scratch booklet, tells how to set up a studio group. Send 45 cents to American Association of University Women, 1634 Eye Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.

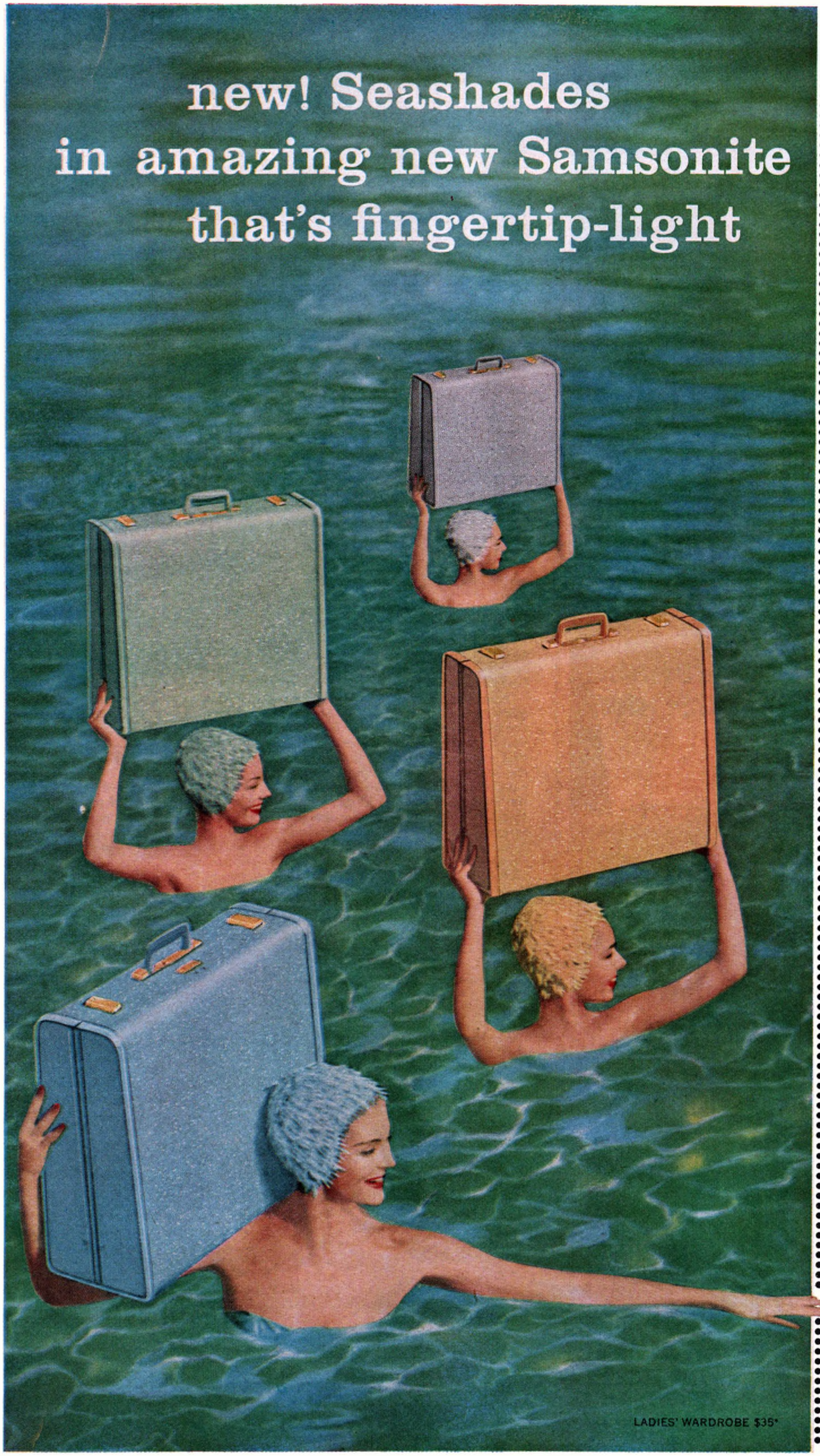
"Flower ladies" of the Greenbriar Hills Garden Club in Kirkwood, Mo., bring the out-of-doors in to youngsters at Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children with weekly lessons in flower arranging. Club members find that brightly painted tuna and sardine cans with pinholders make excellent vases for short-stemmed flowers.

TO THE PUBLIC, WITH LOVE: Everything from dish towels to a gas range was given to the new community center at a kitchen shower sponsored by the Home Demonstration Club of Mineral Wells, Miss. . . . Children in Moorcroft, Wyo., have their ups and downs on a slide placed in the park by the Civic and Culture Club.... Red-blooded Optimists of Green Bay, Wis., contributed 100 per cent to the Red Cross Bloodmobile. Opti-Mrs. signed up the donors. . . . Indiana Junior Club members, with 1,867 husbands and 3,282 children to care for, last year gave 5,624 hours and nearly $10,000 to club projects.... KP is fun at the YMCA Boys' Home since Des Moines, Ia., Pilots donated an automatic potato peeler.... The Wisconsin American Legion Auxiliary built a $20,000 greenhouse at the VA hospital at Tomah, where patients grow flowers and vegetables.

Interested in good silver? It's possible to borrow an elegant collection of old pieces to exhibit with local heirlooms. This is not for every club—it involves shipping, insurance costs and a dealer tie-in—but it can be rewarding. Write to: Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Mass.

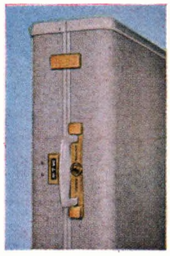
TONGUE-IN-CHEEK DEPARTMENT: Don't come to club meetings on time, hog all the credit, form cliques—and you'll be the perfect club-buster, say Hanford, Calif., Business and Professional Women, who prepared a list of "Thirteen Ways To Wreck a Club" as a what-not-to-do reminder.

School children 7 to 14 are introduced to foreign lands without ever leaving Omaha, Nebr., thanks to the Junior League. Gifted youngsters hear a weekly guest discuss her native land at the Joslyn Art Museum, then view the art of that country, sing its songs and sample its food.



Out of the sea came magnesium . . . Out of magnesium's magic lightness came Ultralite Samsonite Luggage . . . Out of Samsonite's vision comes a new dimension in beauty: Seashades

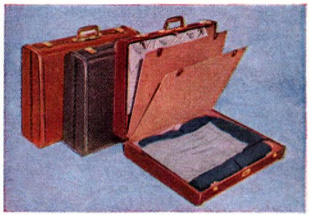
Ultralite Samsonite, the fingertip-light marvel of the luggage world, made with the magic of magnesium, now comes to you in a richly fashioned quartet of striking beauty-finishes.



Sea Blue, Green, Sand, and Grey. Each one more beautiful than the next, each one more practical than you'd ever believe.

They look like rich fabrics flecked with metal. Actually they're a new tough vinyl that never seems to wear or scuff, that wipes clean with a damp cloth, that won't ever stain or fade.

All Ultralite Samsonite cases, flight tested by United Air Lines, have new trigger-action locks that open and close with push-button ease...smart new balanced handles...tongue-in-groove closures to keep out dust and dampness. All are fingertip-light, yet strong enough to stand on! Beauty Case $22.50*, O'Nite Case $25*, Ladies' Wardrobe $35* (above). Below, Men's Two-Suiter, $35.00*.



Ultralite finishes for Men include Pilot Tan, Jet Grey, and Rocket Brown (above), ...also Vapor White for women (not shown). See it...lift it...own the luggage of tomorrow that's fingertip-light!

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Samsonite
Luggage

also makers of Streamlite Samsonite Luggage, from $15 to $35*
Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado
*Plus existing taxes. Prices higher outside continental U. S.

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Special — for a limited time . . . a gift of Shulton Toilet Water packaged with regular-size Dusting Powder . . . at the price of the Dusting Powders alone.

SHULTON
New York • Toronto

Traffic courts

Continued from page 27

There may be 11 sections and 21 subsections, all dealing with "right of way," in Article 5. Traffic laws in most states are such a patchwork that even lawyers get confused by them.

Portland, Oregon, is one of the rare places that recognize this problem. Each defendant who appears in traffic court there receives a leaflet setting forth his rights, including the right to have the charge explained to him, to plead not guilty and receive a prompt trial, to cross-examine the arresting officer and any other witnesses against him, to have a lawyer and to appeal the judge's decision. It also explains in advance the court procedure.

This is a far cry from another West Coast traffic court I visited, where in one hour and ten minutes the judge heard 128 cases without once saying anything but the amount of the fine. He finally interrupted his monotonous refrain with a reply to a motorist who wanted a continuance in order to bring in a witness. The reply was: "No."

For a model of much that traffic courts should not be, you could hardly find a more outstanding example than Philadelphia.

What motorists face in the city where American democracy began might best be viewed through the eyes of a GI bride from Germany who lives in Philadelphia. Mrs. Effie Gernay, as I'll call her (she asked me not to use her real name), has been in this country five years. She speaks excellent English and drives the family car.

When Mrs. Gernay received a summons for ignoring a stop sign she told the policeman, and later her husband, that it was a case of mistaken identity, that another car passed the sign but she stopped. The policeman, who had caught up with her two blocks from the sign, said, "Tell it to the judge." Her husband said, "Pay the fine and forget it." But Mrs. Gernay, with Teutonic determination, set out to find justice. She dressed her two children, Heidi, 2, and Peter, 4, and went to court.

She was a little shocked when she climbed the creaking stairs and entered the courtroom. It was dingy and hot and a couple of big, clattering fans seemed only to thicken the air with tobacco smoke. Strips of peeling paint hung from the ceilings. The walls were filthy, the floor bare and worn. As she waited for her case to be called, she struggled with Heidi, who kept trying to slip off the hard bench and pick up the cigar butts on the floor.

Though her seat was near the front, Mrs. Gernay could hear nothing of the cases that preceded hers. They were carried on in confidential tones with the magistrate. All during the proceedings a procession of men, mostly with cigars, kept going and coming, carrying on low conversations with the clerks and policemen and the magistrate himself.

When her case was called she tried to explain the circumstances, but the magistrate interrupted. "You plead not guilty?"

"I—I guess so."

"You guess so? Either you're guilty or not."

"I'm not."

"Well, we'll see about that. I'll have the officer in court." And he set a date for her to return.

Next time she thought it best to hire a baby-sitter. When her case came up, it was her word against the officer's. The magistrate believed the officer. Now came a surprise. Mrs. Gernay had understood the fine for ignoring a stop sign was five dollars. That was correct as far as it went, but in Philadelphia there is also a charge of ten dollars costs for the trial. Mrs. Gernay paid fifteen dollars for an offense she didn't commit. Needless to say, she does not have a very good impression of American justice.

Her impression would be even poorer, however, if she knew that of approximately 2,000 traffic cases listed in Philadelphia every day by the police, only about 200 ever appear in traffic court. What happens to all the other cases is anyone's guess. "We assume," a Philadelphia lawyer told me, shaking his head hopelessly, "that they're fixed."

Philadelphia is one of the few cities in America where a magistrate—and he hears the city's traffic cases—needs no special qualifications. He doesn't have to know the law or even be a lawyer.

But Philadelphia, in many aspects of its traffic-court operation, is not the least bit unique. A motorist may have just as exasperating a time as Mrs. Gernay in most other American communities.

Some judges contend that if autoists are "encouraged to plead not guilty," as they put it, the number of trials would make it impossible to run the courts. Even if this policy causes the innocent to suffer moderate inconvenience, the argument goes, they are only a small proportion of traffic-court defendants. "The chances are," one chief magistrate told me, "that if a motorist isn't guilty of the offense as charged, he has been guilty in the past when no officer stopped him."

James P. Economos, Director of the American Bar Association Traffic Court Program, finds such arguments contrary to two important American traditions—that a person is innocent until proved guilty and that the burden of proof should be on the accuser.

Apart from legal ideals, is it necessary, even from a practical position, to make it so much easier to plead guilty than not guilty in our traffic courts today? Is it really necessary for a motorist who says he's innocent to spend twice as much time in court as a motorist who pleads guilty?

A number of communities have discovered it is not. They have solved the problem by permitting the motorist pleading not guilty to write or phone for a trial date instead of spending a whole day in court waiting to have the date set.

An even more direct system is a plan known as "The Officer's Day in Court." Ordinarily the policeman writes a ticket calling for a motorist to be in court on a certain arbitrarily chosen date. Since he is issuing tickets for appearances every day the court is in session, obviously he cannot appear every time one of his cases comes up. To get around this, New Orleans and Chicago now assign each officer a day in court at intervals of two or three times a month. All the tickets an officer writes are for motorists to appear on the officer's own day in court. Thus, when a defendant wishes to plead not guilty, he can have a hearing as soon as his name is called—the officer is there to testify.

Since all traffic policemen, even at the present time, have to come to court at intervals for the few persevering characters who refuse to plead guilty, it takes little or no more of their time to be there on a regular schedule.

But traffic-court reform shouldn't stop there, according to James Economos. Even the guilty shouldn't have to pay a greater penalty than the law provides, and when a motorist has to lose undue time from job or housework, that is an added penalty.

Much of the needless waiting imposed on those who do come before the judge results from the lazy system of summoning everyone to be in court at the same time, usually nine o'clock in the morning. Scheduling cases for appearance at different hours of the day eliminates needless waiting and clears up a lot of the congestion and confusion found in so many traffic courts. Night sessions also are fairer to working people. And many mothers can get to court without paying baby-sitter fees when their husbands or school-age children are home at night.

Objections to night traffic court and multiple sessions often come from judges who don't like the added hours or the night work. And it is true that municipal frugality results in an unfair work load for some conscientious judges. But it is usually the less conscientious, those who mount the bench late every morning, keeping a courtroom full of people waiting, who are most intolerant of motorists' explanations or contested actions. The Bar Association's Traffic Court Program reports one midwestern city where the judges race to see who can wind up court first and repair to a local club.

In Detroit and Chicago, where traffic judges were particularly overburdened, the city relieved the situation by setting up traffic-court referees who listen to both sides of disputed cases and rendered a decision, which can be appealed to the traffic-court judge.

None of these solutions, however, helps the traveling motorist who is unlucky enough to run afoul of the law out in the country. The rural traffic-court system is a horse and buggy relic totally unsuited to an age when people may range 500 miles from home in a day.

The bulk of the traffic cases in rural areas are heard by untrained justices of the peace—who in many instances are paid only for convictions! Despite Supreme Court legislation to improve this outmoded system, the states have been slow to make improvements. Twenty per cent of these traffic-court justices of the peace in a recent questionnaire revealed that they did not even have a copy of the traffic laws they were to enforce.

Another rural practice is posting bail until a later date, when the motorist must return for his hearing. "As a practical matter," declares George Warren, of the National Committee on Traffic Law Enforcement, "this results, in a great many instances, in what can be termed 'legalized blackmail,' for the return trip would be more expensive than the forfeiture of the bond, and as a result the driver will give up the money posted, although he may feel he was innocent. . . . Under our doctrine of innocence until otherwise proved it is inconsistent to punish accused violators by considerable inconvenience prior to trial."

IT HAS been estimated that every eighth person in our cities comes before traffic court every year. Even your right to drive may depend on the court's fairness—or lack of it. With more and more states adopting the point system for taking up operators' licenses, as little as three minor convictions in 18 months can cost you your license in some localities. Then it is too late to argue that you were not guilty of some traffic offense last year but paid the fine because it was easier.

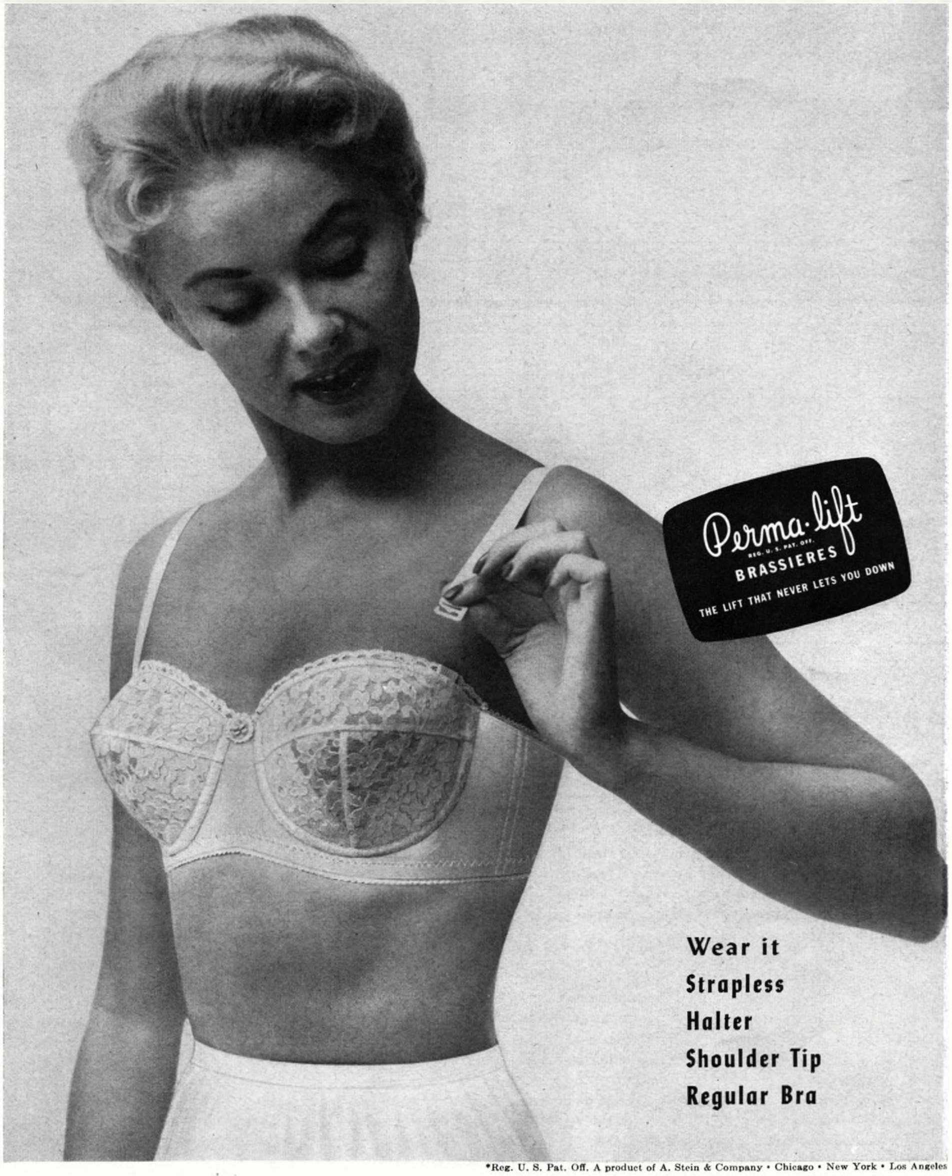
The American Bar Association has been urging women's clubs and other interested groups to go to traffic court as visitors, not as violators, and determine for themselves whether the courts are up to decent standards. There are some good traffic courts in this country, thanks in part to the Bar Association's traffic-court program, but by every survey in the last 25 years the majority fail to meet ordinary requirements.

If only on the basis of what the motoring public pays in fines and taxes, it is entitled to clean, decent courtrooms and centrally located courthouses. The public might even reasonably expect parking facilities somewhere near the court. As it is, most motorists who drive to court run the risk of having a parking ticket added to the counts already against them.

Traffic court produces $9 million a year for the City of New York, $5 million for Los Angeles, $4 million for Chicago and for Detroit, $1 million for Philadelphia and $6 hundred thousand for St. Louis. The size of the revenue alone works against the motorist. There is a tendency not to interfere with a system that yields such a handsome profit, and especially not to do anything that would cut down convictions.

As one councilman in a southern city remarked when confronted with proposals to improve the traffic-court system, "Let's not be in any hurry to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

THE same attitude in a New England town led a harassed traffic judge to say to me, "In this undersized, disreputable courtroom, with inadequate facilities and staff, I'm frank to admit I don't dispense justice; I dispense with it." THE END



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Eleanor Roosevelt

if you ask me

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER MARTIN

Q ***Do you share Harry Truman's feeling that Stevenson needlessly sacrificed millions of votes by not making the right overtures to Democratic political leaders?***

President Truman is a politician. I am not. I would not state my judgment against his and I would surmise that even Mr. Stevenson might not have been as familiar with political requirements in his first campaign as President Truman. Whether millions of votes were needlessly sacrificed, however, is an opinion which can be neither proved nor disproved and therefore I am afraid it is one of those things we had better cease arguing about.

Q ***I should like to use as text for a memorial service in my small church in North Carolina your husband's favorite Bible passage. Could you tell me what it was?***

Corinthians I, Chapter 13, which begins: "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Q ***Do any of your grandchildren go to schools where there are Negro students? Do they play with Negro children?***

I have no idea. A number of my grandchildren go to public schools and many have been to universities where I am sure there is complete integration. Among the younger children, if there were Negroes in their classes, I don't think they would even notice it. Most of my grandchildren, I am quite sure, have played with Negro children at some time.

Q ***You said recently in McCall's that your poor opinion of Mr. Nixon was due largely to the campaign he conducted while running for the Senate. I am unfamiliar with his activities at that time. Could you tell me exactly what he did that you objected to?***

Yes. He gave the impression that he was convinced his opponent, Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas, was a Communist. He knew she was not, just as well as anyone else who had watched her career in Congress. He could easily have found out from people who knew her personally what her political views were, but he chose to believe the worst because it fitted into the pattern which he felt would help him to win his election. That does not seem to me a good way to act politically or privately.

Q ***Does a President of the United States have to pay his own hospital bills while in office? Do you carry any hospital insurance and did your husband?***

The President of the United States does not have to pay hospital bills, since he goes to government hospitals. I never carried any hospital insurance and I don't think my husband did either, but if I were young I would carry it today.

Q ***If you had the time and opportunity to teach in a college for a year, what college would you prefer and what subject would you like to teach?***

I would like to teach either American history or American literature. I have no preference as to the college because I have never had enough experience with any of them to know what the differences among them might be.

Q ***In our club we were discussing the meaning of the term "lady" and one woman said, "Well, Mrs. Roosevelt, by my definition, is a lady." Another answered indignantly: "Oh, no. She's much too real a person." We'd be interested in your own reaction to the term. Are you pleased to be considered a "lady"?***

I don't really see why a lady can't be a real person! That again, however, is a question of definition. From my point of view being a lady means that you are genuinely yourself, that you do not try to make believe you are something you are not and that you act with kindness and consideration for others as you go about your daily routine of life.

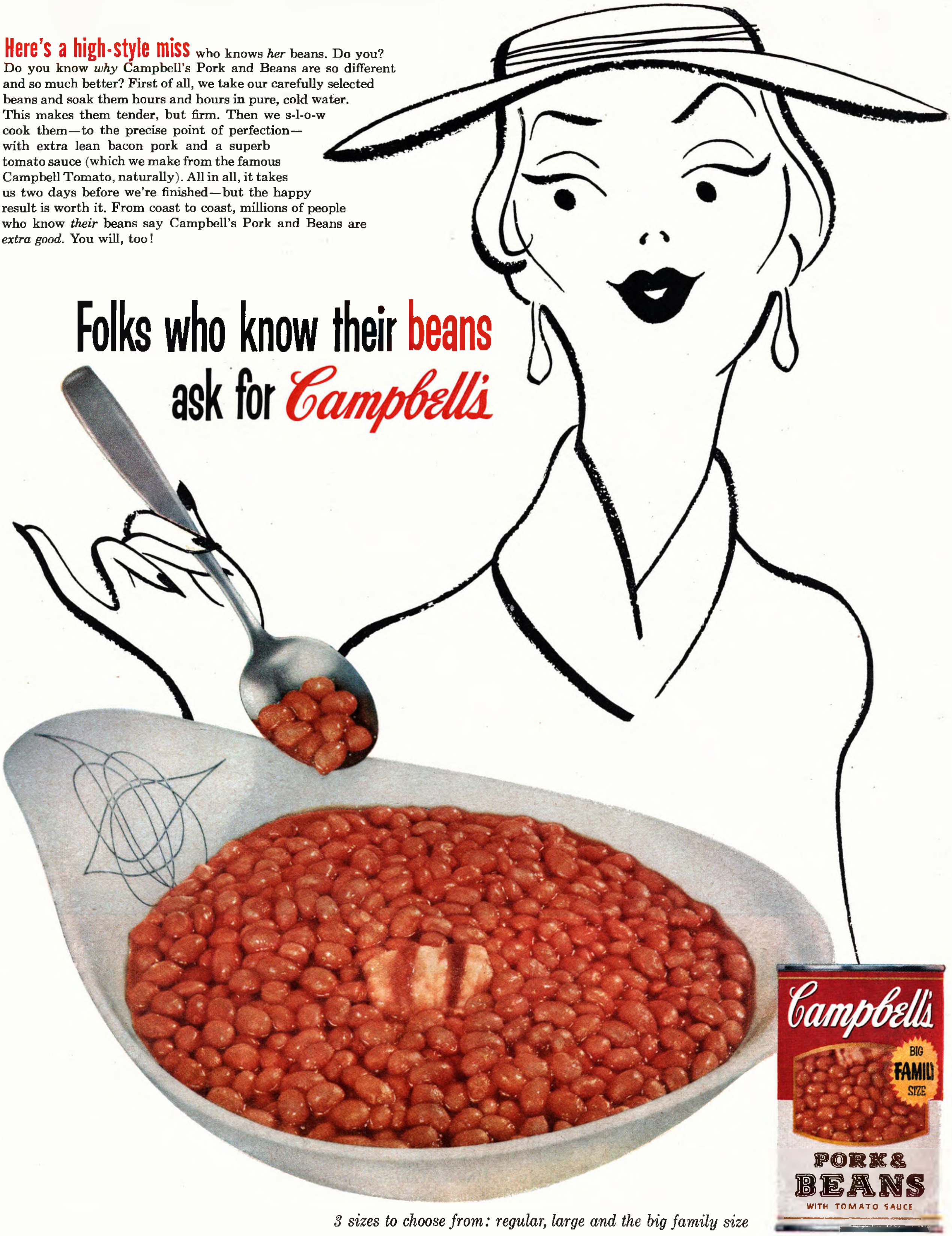
Q ***I am writing an essay on your husband for my high-school history class. Will you tell me what book you consider to be the most fair and comprehensive biography of him?***

No comprehensive biography has ever been written. There are two volumes by Frank Freidel, however, that cover the early phases of my husband's life and career. These I think are very comprehensive as far as they go. Mr. Freidel is continuing his work and will soon publish a third volume. When finished, this biography will be a comprehensive one, I believe.

Address letters to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, care of McCall's, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, New York

Here's a high-style miss who knows *her* beans. Do you? Do you know *why* Campbell's Pork and Beans are so different and so much better? First of all, we take our carefully selected beans and soak them hours and hours in pure, cold water. This makes them tender, but firm. Then we s-l-o-w cook them—to the precise point of perfection—with extra lean bacon pork and a superb tomato sauce (which we make from the famous Campbell Tomato, naturally). All in all, it takes us two days before we're finished—but the happy result is worth it. From coast to coast, millions of people who know *their* beans say Campbell's Pork and Beans are *extra good.* You will, too!

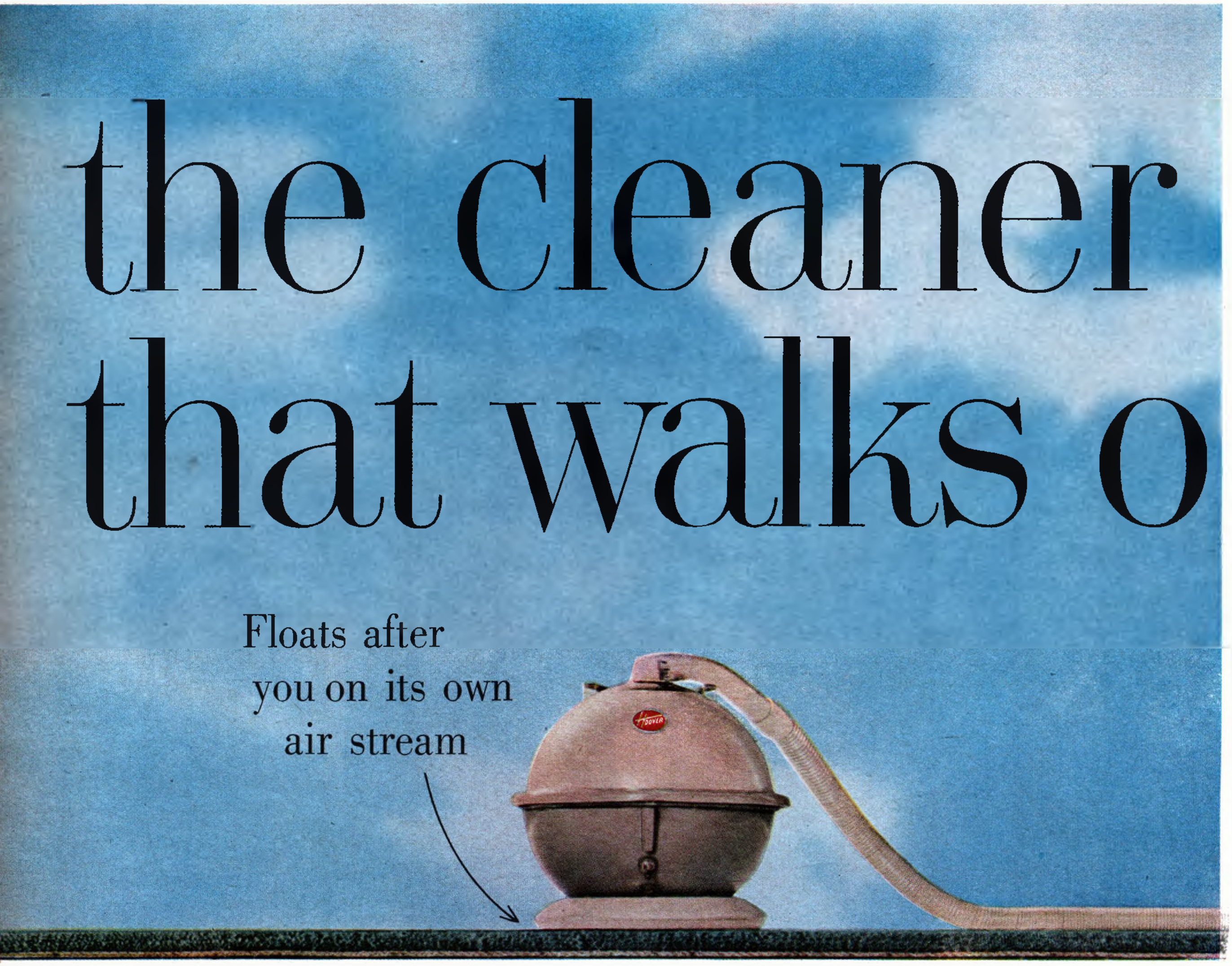
Folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's



3 sizes to choose from: regular, large and the big family size

NEW HOOVER *Conste*

the cleaner that walks o



New airborne cleaner follows you around the house under its own power

no pulling
no tugging

Now Hoover has come up with something so amazing that you have to see it to believe it. It's a new cleaner that travels from room to room *by air*. Through its unique air lift, the new Constellation glides after you under its own airpower. You do nothing but guide the rolling nozzle. Your Hoover does the rest—following along behind you wherever you go. Stop in and see the new Hoover Constellation. $97.50 at your dealer's. The one and only cleaner that walks on air. Also available in Canada.

llation

n air!
Glides before you on its own quiet wheels

Ordinary hose reaches only this far.

Exclusive double-stretch hose cleans twice the area of any other cleaner

At the business end of the hose, you have Hoover's exclusive telescoping wand—and the new 3-wheel nozzle.

No more tiresome pushing — thi new nozzle coasts over rugs an floors with one-third the usual effort

HOOVER®

FINE APPLIANCES

. . . around the house, around the world

McCall's

teacher of the year

Our nation's success and survival may rest with unsung heroes like Richard Nelson

> *It is undeniable... that with science assuming a role of ever-increasing importance in our lives, the science teacher of today exercises an extraordinary influence...*
>
> DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER
> *President of the United States*

NOT long ago, when 300 high-school seniors, chosen most likely to succeed as research scientists of the future, were asked to name "the one person most influential in the development of my career," almost two-thirds of them answered, "My science teacher."

The significance of that fact is worth marking in a period of education that has been termed "the cold war of the science classrooms." In naming Richard M. Nelson of Kalispell, Montana, as Teacher of the Year, McCALL'S proudly pays tribute to the science-teaching profession and its vital contributions to our national welfare and growth—present, past and future.

Mr. Nelson, a bachelor of 30, has dynamically demonstrated that his responsibilities toward his students are governed by his responsibilities toward society as a whole. It is his conviction that to teach is to make a subject a current experience, one that a teenager can become intensely interested in and develop an affection for.

As a high-school student in Denver, Richard Nelson had decided to major in drama when he entered the University of Denver, but he was guided to a love for science by his father, Dr. Alfred C. Nelson, a professor of chemical engineering at the university. As far as Flathead County, Montana, is concerned, Richard became a science evangelist as well.

Mr. Nelson practically writes his own laboratory manuals for a new Flathead County High School course in Earth Science, photographing local examples of geological and geographical phenomena from an airplane piloted by a friend.

(Continued on page 66)

JOERN GERDTS/PIX

Science teacher
Richard Nelson assists student Eddie Martin at Flathead County High School Kalispell, Montana. Eddie's project, "Talking with a modulated light beam," will be science fair exhibit

Doll by Madame Alexander
YARDLEY
English
LAVENDER
YARDLEY
LAVENDER
SOAP

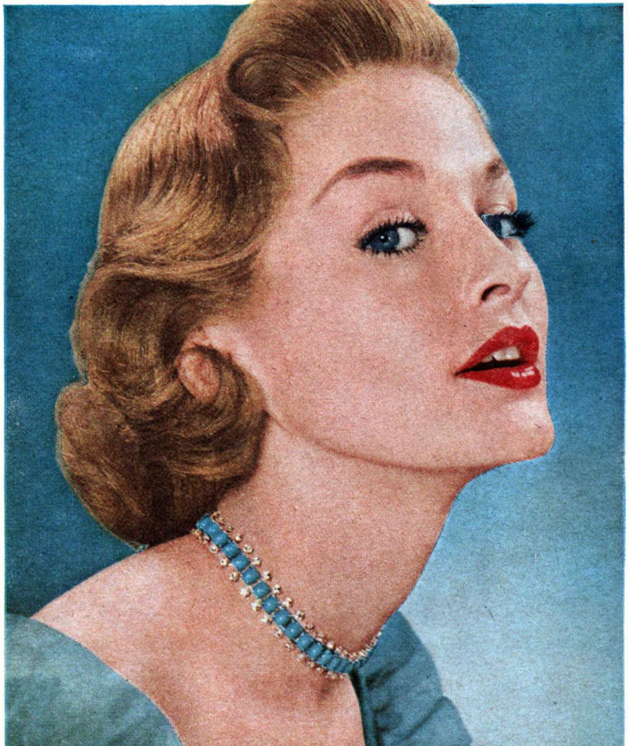
Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U.S.A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Makes you feel so fresh and feminine

Yardley English Lavender is unlike any other fragrance you've ever used. Because it's more than a lingering, lovely, lighthearted scent. It's a feeling . . . fresh, gay, wonderful—like being in love! And you know when you *feel* that good, you look your prettiest. Enjoy Yardley Lavender in many forms, give it with pride. You'll find it at your nearest toilet goods counter. Yardley English Lavender essence, from $1.25 plus tax. Soap, box of three, $1.50.

Yardley Lavender

HALO leaves hair
Cleaner
Softer
Brighter
—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo



HALO
HALO SHAMPOO
Glorifies
NORMAL, OILY OR DRY HAIR

Halo—unlike most shampoos—contains no greasy oils or soap to leave dulling, dirt-catching film!

Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Brings out all of your hair's bright, shining beauty with each shampoo. Get safe, gentle Halo today!

Halo Glorifies Your Hair—Naturally!

Teacher of the year

Continued from page 64

Some of the science department's expansion has been due to the increase in total enrollment in the school, but much of it, it is presently felt by the faculty, is due to a newly generated student interest in science subjects. A rewarding number of recently graduated science students from F.C.H.S. have gone on to prepare for chemical, mining and civil engineering, medical, dental and laboratory careers. Mr. Nelson is well aware that industry is at present pouring money into science scholarships and is searching for students with scientific leanings.

The flourishing Science Club, sponsored by Mr. Nelson, has organized and presented an annual local science fair for the past three years. The first fair was held in the physics laboratory at the high school, and 800 citizens crowded in to look with astonishment upon the sixty-odd creations of their teen-agers. In the spring of 1955, 15 student projects were selected for exhibition at the four-state Inland Empire Science Fair held in Spokane, Washington. The projects varied from handmade "geometric" jewelry to a hand-built jet engine. The First Grand Prize was awarded to one of Mr. Nelson's students, Everett O'Hare. O'Hare's project, one of 360 competing, was a working model illustrating the principles of microwave communication. This year the overgrown science project will exhibit first at the Montana Science Fair, the first ever to be held. Mr. Nelson will serve as district chairman.

Mr. Nelson's classroom technique preserves discipline with humor, invites informal but controlled discussion among his students. A forthright individual himself, Mr. Nelson enjoys being challenged. "He is a teacher who tempers a bawling-out with a word of encouragement after class," says Principal Kenneth A. Rawson. "The

(Continued on page 68)

McCall's
HONOR ROLL OF TEACHERS

These teachers earned special mention in 1956 for their significant contributions to the improvement of national teaching standards:

Mr. Russell Bay, Corvallis School, Corvallis, Montana. His eighth-grade pupils learn the satisfactions of citizenship through community participation: taking the village census and public-opinion polls, constructing a model house, writing editorials for their class newspaper and working on a 160-acre conservation project.

Miss Anne Gibbs, Churchill County High School, Fallon, Nevada. Her warm and sound relationships with the students in her English classes have encouraged a number of them to become teachers. School-community understanding has been fostered through her class news items.

Mrs. Maude A. Hudson, Greenwood High School, Greenwood, South Carolina. An energetic, resourceful teacher, mother, citizen and church leader, her distributive-education classes aim toward adjusting the future of her students, most of whom will not attend college.

Miss Frances L. Johnson, Windom High School, Windom, Minnesota. Her enthusiasm enhances her students' respect for English as a living language. She works consistently for professional improvement and teacher welfare, and she sets high standards of scholarship for her pupils.

Mrs. Kathryn Stagge Marr, Goshen Elementary School, Goshen, Ohio. She brings to young elementary teachers a helpful variety of lively, challenging practices of good teaching. Her immediate rewards are the affection and respect of pupils, parents and fellow teachers.

Miss Velora Reed, Mesilla School, Las Cruces, New Mexico. Her pre-first-grade boys and girls, who come from Spanish-speaking homes, sense her unusual sympathy, understanding, patience and affection as they learn their first English words along with the three *R*s.

Mr. John P. Shaw, Concord Senior High School, Concord, New Hampshire. His dedication to the total welfare of high-school youth has expanded his role of outstanding social studies teacher and debate coach to that of guidance counselor. He promoted a state-wide social studies program.

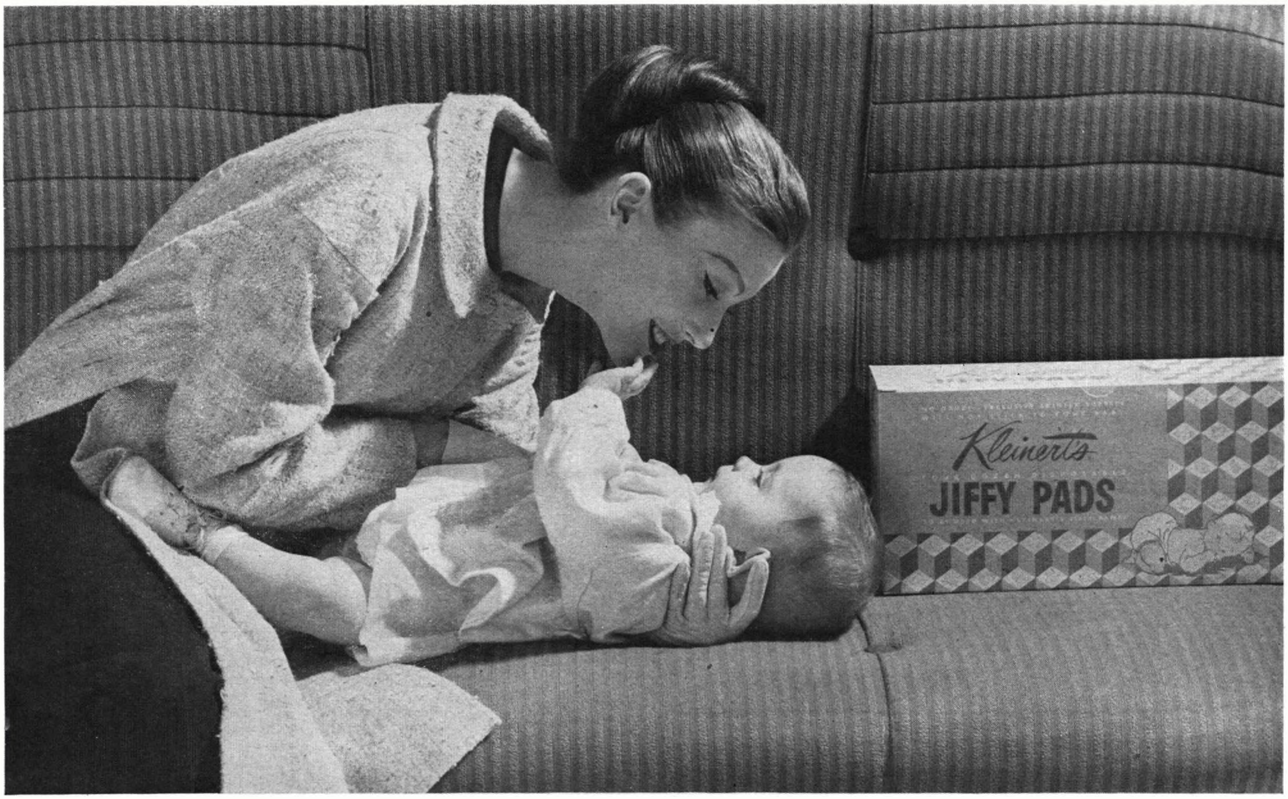
* * *

How we found the Teacher of the Year

Mr. Nelson was selected by McCall's from teachers nominated by state departments of education in all parts of the nation at the invitation of Dr. Samuel M. Brownell, United States Commissioner of Education, and Dr. Edgar Fuller, Executive Secretary of the Council of Chief State School Officers. Representatives approved by the Office of Education and McCall's studied and observed the nominees at work over a period of several months. From the recommendations, the editors selected Mr. Nelson, who is the fifth cited in McCall's annual project honoring teachers.

SLEEP...
MY LITTLE ONE...
modern ways in toilet training

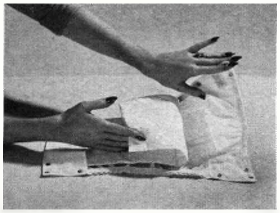
FREE BABY BOOKLETS! "Sleep... My Little One" and "Modern Ways In Toilet Training" were both prepared under the supervision of the CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA. Each carries a foreword by Kleinert's distinguished medical consultant. J. R. Mote, M.D. Copies may be had for the asking at any fine Infants' Department or Store.



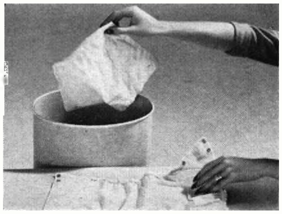
Now! Dispose of the damp diaper problem when you travel with baby!

Try Kleinert's snap-on Jiffy Pants and throw-away Jiffy Pads next trip; you'll never lug messy laundry again! This modern duo makes quick "changes" extra easy, keeps baby safe and comfy. Jiffy Pants are soft, soft, wetproof Softex; $1.50. Jiffy Pads are petal-soft yet they have great wet-strength; can't disintegrate. And there's no rough gauze to stick to baby's skin. Box of 48, only $1.59.

Prices slightly higher on the West Coast



CHANGE THE PAD, NOT THE PANTS! Lay pants flat, tuck ends of fresh, sanitary Jiffy Pad into pockets (see left). Fold pants around baby, adjust snaps for perfect fit. Just toss the wet pad away; you'll have no "wet wash" to cope with!



Replacement or refund of money · Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping · If not as advertised therein

®Kleinert's JIFFY PANTS

Eat all you want and still Lose Weight

"Eat and grow thin the AYDS way! You'll be thrilled with the results!" ... says

Corinne Calvet

Clinic Proves Ayds Best and Safest in Tests on 240 Overweight Women & Men!

Corinne enthusiastically began taking AYDS when she learned that AYDS users lose almost *twice* as many pounds! This was proved in a well-known New England clinic where four different reducing methods were tested: bulk wafers, lozenges, pills—and modern AYDS. 240 men and women were tested under carefully controlled clinical conditions. Those who took AYDS *averaged the greatest weight loss*—almost *twice* as many pounds as the second product! AYDS users also had no nervousness, sleeplessness, or unpleasant "side effects"! A reprint of this Medical Report will be sent to your physician at his request. He should write: CAMPANA, Box MD, Batavia, Illinois.

No Drugs—No Diet—No "Hunger Pangs"! It's easy! With AYDS, you lose weight the safe, harmless way. Taken before meals as directed, this delicious *candy*—containing added vitamins and minerals—curbs your craving for fattening foods. Yet you eat all you want. "Hunger pangs" don't bother *you!* So without starving yourself, you *automatically* eat less and lose weight normally, safely, quickly.

Guaranteed to Work for You! Many AYDS users—with their very first box—happily report losing up to ten pounds or more. In fact, with the easy AYDS Reducing Plan, you must lose weight with your first box ($2.98), or your money back. At all leading drug and department stores.

Corinne's role here shows her a long, long way from home. "What will these Americans think of next! I sincerely recommend AYDS to *anyone*," she exclaims.

As French as can be, Corinne answers her own question, "Would you like to be attractive just like the movie stars? Do what I did, try AYDS!"

A Campana Product

Ayds
Ayds
Ayds
REDUCING PLAN
VITAMIN AND MINERAL CANDY

Take **Ayds** *... first aid for overweight!*

(Continued from page 66)

students like him and have confidence in him."

The community which supplies Mr. Nelson with students is fully conscious of his high value as a teacher. When it was learned that Mr. Nelson had been named by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mary M. Condon, as a Montana nominee for Teacher of the Year, parents volunteered by the dozens to provide testimonials in his behalf. "His work," wrote one admiring father of a Nelson student, "has brought to the attention of this agricultural and lumbering community the world of science." The townspeople loyally credit Mr. Nelson's thorough instruction, enthusiasm, patience and assistance for the high ratings the Flathead exhibits have received at the science fairs. Communitywise, Mr. Nelson enjoys the prestige that in another scholastic climate a successful football coach would enjoy.

Mr. Nelson is conscientious in keeping abreast of the need for scientists in industry. No textbook theorist, he has worked summers for the Bureau of Reclamation at Hungry Horse Reservoir, as an instrument man for a civil engineer, and in construction work at a nearby Anaconda Aluminum plant. A man who earns $4,120 a year as a teacher, he constantly points out to his science students the shortages, needs and opportunities in scientific and engineering vocations. As for his personal ambition, he wants only to continue teaching science students on the high-school level.

"The primary objective of a high-school physics course," asserts Mr. Nelson, "is to lay the foundation for the eventual understanding of the atomic era by the layman."

Men like Richard Nelson, who deny themselves extra material comforts that could be had for the asking outside the teaching profession, are the unsung national heroes. Often they have to fight apathetic communities and backward school systems for the admission of science courses into the curriculum. Last year, as Mr. Nelson knows, the Soviet Union, which can compel its youth to enter scientific careers, graduated twice as many engineers as did the United States.

According to David Sarnoff of the Radio Corporation of America, "a lack of qualified teachers has developed at grade levels for subjects like physics, chemistry and mathematics. . . . Our safety and our industrial strength rest upon our success in expanding the nation's reservoir of physicists and scientists, trained engineers and technicians. . . . Science and technology are the very hallmarks of American civilization."

Mr. Sarnoff's plea for more students and teachers imbued with the inquiring mind and the love of facts is, in its way, a fitting salute to Richard M. Nelson.

THE END

Somebody else's dream

Continued from page 45

planned it was falling away into nothing even as she reached for it.

She saw in her mind the piles of unpaid bills. She could only guess at how much they owed. Again there would be no Christmas for the children. Greg himself was at the end of his rope. He would never be able to start again. Horror touched her, and she fell down across the bed, pressing her face into the cherry-red cover, holding back each sob until the expanding bitterness exploded.

"Mommy! Mommy! What's the matter?" She felt Mary's arm around her shoulders and heard the fright in the soft, flutelike voice. Crying is a thing children understand, however, and Mary lay down beside Janice on the bed, cuddling her as if she were the mother and Janice the child. Mary petted her and talked on in her gentle voice. "Don't cry, Mommy. Daddy will be home. He'll take care of you."

The child's words went spinning through her mind and she rolled over on her back to stare up at her little girl. She saw the concern in the round face tanned to the shade of honey and framed with sun-touched hair. She made an effort to smile and instantly Mary smiled back.

"Why are you crying?"

"I'm just silly and sad," Janice told her. She stood up, trying to sound bright and unafraid. "Why aren't you out playing?"

"I got tired. I was reading in my room and I heard you."

Mary should be out in the sunshine, but Janice didn't tell her so. She was remembering how Captain Gregory Hite had come home from overseas 12 years ago to marry her. He had taken her in his arms and pressed her against the ribbons on his chest. She remembered the ribbons because they were so much a part of him—the Infantry Rifle pinned above them all, the Purple Heart, the service ribbons and the bronze and silver battle stars.

He had been an outstanding officer among seasoned soldiers, a captain who spoke quietly and was obeyed, a fighting man who carried a volume of poetry in his pack.

At first nothing had been too good for the returned hero, and R. B. Weldon, president of Florida Bottled Gas, had started Greg as general manager with a "beginning" salary of ten thousand a year. The merciless competition of business, however, had been a kind of war for which Captain Hite found himself strangely unsuited.

Greg had gone from Florida Bottled Gas to promotion manager of Hibiscus Park, a large real-estate development. The new job had paid eight thousand—down two thousand. They had let a 20-thousand-dollar life insurance policy lapse and canceled an order for a new car. It had been their first defeat, but they had written it off to bad luck and started again with good spirits. Everybody at Hibiscus Park had liked Greg. Purcell Jacobs, the brains and money behind the development, became another of the captain's devoted friends.

But a promoter is a man hounded by ambition, who plans incessantly and drives his bargains with cunning and skill. That wasn't Greg. He was the kind of man who preferred a quiet evening reading to his children. He was friendly with the people who came to him needing a home, and he was far more conscious of their needs than of the company's.

JANICE sat on the edge of her bed again, forgetting that Mary was there, feeling dazed. "All right, Greg," she said to herself, "so you weren't a promoter, but what about the job at the paper?" After Hibiscus Park, the newspaper had jumped at the opportunity to get the well-known Gregory Hite as advertising manager. The salary was now down to 73 hundred a year.

(Continued on page 71)

Trushay®
LOTION
BRISTOL-MYERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

Give your hands the extra protection in Trushay

—richer in beauty-protecting ingredients than all other leading lotions!

When you do anything that can harm your hands, remember: If your hands take an extra beating from detergents, gardening, housework, or your job, it's high time to make your lotion Trushay. After all, why settle for less, when Trushay's extra richness can give your hands extra protection! And you can prove Trushay's richness to yourself, with the Trushay Two-Drop Test. Once you do, we're sure you'll make Trushay your lotion for good. Surprisingly, it doesn't cost a bit more than you'd pay for ordinary lotion!

TRUSHAY® IS ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF BUFFERIN AND IPANA

Laboratory tests prove Trushay's richness! Just two drops will prove it to you!

Pour two drops of Trushay on the back of one hand, rub in with the back of the other. Smooth evenly with palms. Right away, you'll see and feel Trushay's richness. Your hands will have a luxurious feeling of softness all over! Trushay, in fact, is so rich, you can even apply it before washing chores, to guard your hands in hot detergent suds!

TAKE TIME OUT FOR BEAUTY

AVON
To a Wild Rose
COLOGNE
AVON
Cotillion
PERFUME
Avon
flowing cream
deodorant
AVON
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AVON cosmetics

Available only through your Avon Representative who calls at your home.

WHEN YOUR
AVON REPRESENTATIVE CALLS

Mrs. Charles T. Cole, Jr., president of the Oakmont-South Ardmore Woman's Club, takes time out from her active life in her home at Havertown, Pennsylvania, to select the right shade of Avon Liquid Rouge with the help of Mrs. Shirley Laird, her Avon Representative. Mrs. Cole appreciates the convenience of selecting Avon cosmetics for herself and her family in the comfort of her home.

Take time out for beauty . . . time out for a woman-to-woman chat with your Avon Representative . . . time out for the careful selection of cosmetics and make-up and fragrances that are right for you. To a Wild Rose Cologne, shown here, is one of the many delightful products Avon has for you and your family. You will find it so worth-while to take time out for beauty when your friendly Avon Representative calls.

*Your Avon Representative will be calling soon . . . **Welcome her!***

IF YOU WISH AN AVON REPRESENTATIVE TO CALL, PLEASE CONSULT YOUR LOCAL PHONE DIRECTORY OR CALL WESTERN UNION OPERATOR 25

AVON cosmetics
RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

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(Continued from page 68)

Janice had been terrified, but Greg had worked harder and with more purpose than ever before. There were night courses in sales psychology, merchandising, advertising and market analysis. For a while there were no evenings of play with the children. It was all work. He almost made it, but not quite. Little by little, in the second year, he began reading to the children again at night. He bought books of his own, and even attended a free art class one night a week. There were long weekends for nature study in the forests and at the beaches instead of overtime at the office. He played more tennis and went fishing more often with his friends. His face began to relax again.

And then it happened. His assistant sold him out. The younger man, Phillip Conroy, had worked secretly and tirelessly to improve the advertising sales of the newspaper, and the publisher had seen where he could gain. Maybe Conroy *was* a smart young man. Gregory had said he was, anyway. Of course he did a better job than her husband. Greg was the first to say so. What had happened to him that he would let the younger man overtake him that way?

From advertising manager of the newspaper the next step down was to manager of Reed-Swope Shoes for Men. The salary was 65 hundred a year. Greg had taken the job only because he was in debt and desperate. Now what? How could he face his defeat again and again? Why hadn't he called? Where was he? What was he thinking? Was he afraid to come home ashamed and beaten again? Would he—would he—? Her heart skipped with terror. No, he wouldn't do that. He wasn't the kind of man to quit, to run. He'd be home, she told herself. He'd be home!

A SCREEN door slammed with a noise like the blast of a shotgun; immediately the house was filled with the sound of racing feet. Her little boy whirled in through the doorway, caromed off a wall and came to a sudden stop, looking wildly about him.

"Where are my pirate pistols?" he asked. "We're playing Treasure Island and I need them! Hurry!"

"Mickey," she heard herself saying, "you should not come into the house this way and order people around. It's rude of you."

"I just want my pirate pistols! Have you seen them?"

"No, I haven't, Mickey," she said firmly. "Please get those dirty clothes off and take a shower. I don't like to have you go around *that* dirty. There are clean jeans in your bureau. And put on your shoes and socks for dinner."

"Put on your shoes and socks!" The little boy's face screwed up as he mimicked his mother. "Brush your teeth! Don't eat with your mouth open! Don't put your dirty hands on the wall!" He put his tough, small fists on his hips and glared at her. "You don't like me!" he shouted. "Every time I see you, you fuss!"

"I love you," Janice said, defeated. "Only you don't understand that you can't live the way you do and be happy. Please, get washed."

"Not until I finish playing!" His defiant words came to her from the other side of the door. He was gone.

"And don't put your dirty hands on the walls!" His sister yelled after him. She turned to her mother and stamped her foot angrily. "I feel sorry already for the girl who marries Mickey!"

"You could be wrong," Janice said absently. "He might be a successful . . ."

The phone rang in the kitchen and her nerves danced to the ringing. Greg! She was afraid and eager at the same time as she picked up the bedroom extension.

"Hello?"

"Mrs. Hite," a carefully pleasant voice from the phone said, "this is Mr. Clark from the Utilities Company. It has been brought to my attention that your water bill has not been paid for three months. We would appreciate payment. The bill is fourteen dollars and a half."

"Oh, yes! Yes, Mr. Clark." Her mind whirled. She wanted to take the blame on herself. She wanted to tell some simple lie about forgetting to show her husband the bill, but she'd done that so often it seemed ridiculous to say it again. "Yes," she said, "I'll tell my husband when he comes home tonight."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hite."

Had anyone ever dunned Purce Jacobs for a water bill? Purce Jacobs, who kept three boys in expensive prep schools in the winter and expensive camps for the summer?

Had R.B. ever been broke? He complained bitterly because he had to support three wives, two on alimony and one at home. Janice tried but she could not imagine anyone's saying, "If you don't pay your water bill within ten days, Mrs. Weldon, we'll have to discontinue our service and it will cost you an extra dollar to have it resumed."

"Mary," she said, "be a sweet girl and bring in the clothes."

"They're dry?"

"Yes—and one more thing." She stood up, her legs weak. "Don't tell Daddy I was crying this afternoon."

"I understand, Mommy. I'll get the clothes."

Janice went into the bathroom and closed the door behind her. The sight of herself in the bathroom mirror shocked her. Her small, oval face was gray and her blue eyes were inflamed. "Get hold of yourself, Janice," she said quietly. "You're thirty-six. You'll have to work at it."

Just before she stepped into her bath she was touched with a quick suspicion, and hope flared up instantly. How did John Norton know that Greg had been fired? It could be—it just could be that he had picked up a rumor too fast! She wanted to phone the store. She'd done that before too. Yes, and what had happened? "Mr. Hite is not with us any more. Can someone else help you?"

No, not that again! The store stayed open until nine o'clock on Fridays but she would not phone. She'd wait.

AT SIX o'clock she fed the children, but she could not eat. She sat with them, listening to their happy, endless chattering. Mickey had washed the front of his face and his hands up to almost an inch above his wrists. Mary had done up her hair in a golden topknot.

At six-thirty-five Janice washed the dishes while the children played some laughing, running, evening game in the back yard.

At one minute after seven she dried her hands, picked up the phone and dialed.

"Reed-Swope Shoe Store. Good evening," a young woman's voice said.

"I would like to speak to Mr. Hite, please."

"I'm sorry, ma'am. Mr. Hite is no longer with us. Can anyone else help you?"

"No. No, thank you," she said, and hung up.

She began picking up the house, aimlessly wandering from room to

(Continued on page 72)

(Continued from page 71)

room, emptying an ashtray, putting away Mickey's water colors, smoothing a bedspread. adjusting a curtain. It was as if this house and its furnishings were all that was left of a once wide and tangible world. She even went out into the maid's apartment. They had used it as a storeroom ever since Greg had left Florida Bottled Gas. She walked under the empty carport, designed for two large cars, and passed from the patio into the house through the front door.

When the setting sun had turned the towering clouds to crimson she heard the noise of the old car in the driveway. Fluffing out her yellow cotton skirt and touching her short, blonde hair. she pulled up the corners of her mouth into a smile.

Through the front windows she saw him get out of the car. He looked at the house and she understood how he hated to come in. He pretended to examine a tire on the car, kicking it speculatively with the toe of his well-polished shoe. She saw him make up his mind. She watched him take a big breath and come sauntering up the walk and through the patio. his smile only as real as her own. His big, straight body and his natural dignity made him look so successful! But the lines in his face were deep and his color was poor.

The screen door slammed behind him and he took her in his arms, kissing her hard and holding her close.

"I love you. Jan." he said.

"You've had a hard day?"

"Yeah." he said carefully. "Would there be a can of beer?"

"I'll get it. darling. Sit down."

As she hurried into the kitchen she heard Mary scream. "Mickey! Daddy's home!" Janice opened the beer can and hurried back into the living room.

Greg was sitting in the middle of the sofa in his shirtsleeves. cuddling Mary under one arm, crooning. "Hello. hello. little turtle, hello." He thanked Janice with his eyes. and she saw how eagerly he reached for the cold beer. The screen door exploded open and Mickey floundered across the room and jumped into his father's lap. The impact frightened Janice. but Greg only put his beer down and nestled Mickey against him.

"Daddy—" Mickey was excited. as usual—"come and look at the sun. Everything's all red!"

"I've seen it." Greg said. "It's beautiful."

"Why does it get red like that?" Mary asked.

Knowing what was in his mind she did not believe that he could have the patience to bother with this answer, but he did. and the children listened with their mouths open.

"It's beautiful." he finished, "but it doesn't last long. does it?"

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever!" Mary piped.

"Where did you learn that?" he asked.

"I heard Mommy say it. Didn't you. Mommy?"

"I—I don't remember saying it," Janice confessed. "But maybe I did."

"Turtle." Greg said quietly. "that's the opening of a poem by John Keats —a poem called 'Endymion.' It goes like this:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will
  keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and
  quiet breathing. . . .

. . . Spite of despondence, of the
  human dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-dark-
  en'd ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite
  of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away
  the pall
From our dark spirits. . . ."

His slow, thoughtful recitation sounded to Janice more like a prayer than a poem.

There was quiet when he finished, and Janice felt that even Mickey had been touched by his father's reverence.

"How can you remember all these poems?" Mary asked.

"Some things come easy," he said, but he was examining the dirt behind Mickey's face now. "It's only dirt, Mickey," he went on. "but there seems to be a great deal of it."

"Mother asked him to wash and he talked back to her. Daddy, he's the rudest little boy I ever met." Mary was indignant.

"You keep out of this. Turtle," Greg told her softly. squeezing her reassuringly. "Let's not make trouble. Go get a shower. Mickey."

"No reading tonight?" Mickey asked wistfully.

"Not tonight. Tomorrow."

"Tomorrow's Saturday! You work all day!" Mary's voice was a complaint.

Greg looked quickly at Janice and she saw the pain in his eyes.

"No," he said. still looking at her. "I won't be working tomorrow." In that simple way he told her. "Now let's get our baths," he said quietly to the children.

"Will you bring your beer and turn the shower on for me?" This was a request from Mickey for his companionship. not for his help. and Greg stood up.

"Yes," he said.

Bedtime was always Greg's time with the children. It was a ritual he seemed to enjoy and she did not want to help him tonight. She did not want tonight to seem any different from any other night. She sat there in the living room waiting, not thinking, only listening as he supervised the brushing of teeth, the washing and the dressing. There was a great deal of visiting among the three of them. but finally the children were ready for bed. Janice went in to kiss Mary good night.

"Mommy," Mary whispered, "everything's all right now, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear. Everything's fine."

"I knew it would be when Daddy got home."

She kissed Mary and went on into Mickey's room.

"I'm sorry I was so rude to you today," he said. his face shining and earnest. "Maybe I won't be so noisy tomorrow. but sometimes I forget."

"Don't worry about it, Mickey," she told him. "Just remember I love you."

"I'll paint you a beautiful picture, Mommy."

"I would love one. Good night, Mickey."

She kissed him and went out into the living room, closing the door behind her. Greg was sprawled on the sofa by the coffee table, his outstretched legs crossed at the ankles, his hands deep in his pockets. She sat down in a chair facing him.

"How did you know about it?" he asked.

"Gossip." she said.

He shrugged and she let the silence between them draw itself out into a thin. thin thread. Greg was engulfed by despair. but he was perceptive and sensitive. If she was going to help him she had to speak with honesty. Any other way would be dangerous, and she was afraid.

"I know how you feel." she said as casually as she could. "but in the long run this isn't important."

"Not important?" His voice leaped with strength. and she was surprised at the power and the anger in it. "In debt. broke. fired again! Jan. don't give me the brave-wife act!"

"This is no act!" Her voice cracked like a whip and her anger matched his. "And don't you give me this 'I'm-a-failure' act!"

"You still think it's an act?" He cocked an eyebrow at her and his voice was sharp. "What does it take to convince you?"

"Don't treat me as if I'm not very bright. Greg!" She threw her words at him. realizing that their anger was strangely comforting to them both. If love was strong enough to afford anger it was still dependable. "Your powerful friends Purce Jacobs and R. B. Weldon have failed far worse than you. If you can't see that. *you're* not very bright!"

"Stop it. Jan." he said wearily. "You're being childish."

"Purce Jacobs is a hell of a father!" she was shouting. "He sends his boys off to prep school in the winter and to camp in the summer! He hasn't anything to give his boys but money!"

He started to interrupt but she stopped him.

"I haven't finished yet!" She jumped to her feet. "Helen is the third Mrs. R. B. Weldon! As a woman I can tell you—R.B. is a stinking husband!" She stood close to him and pointed her finger in his face. "Some men fail at being just a man! They're drunks—thieves—bums! If you were a failure I'd leave you just like that!" And she snapped her fingers in his face.

He grabbed her hand and pulled her down beside him.

"All right, Shorty," he said, quieting. "It was a good try. You make it sound fine. But it doesn't pay the mortgage or the milk bill or the doctor, and the new job won't pay them either."

"The new job?" She sat up.

"Yes."

"Tell me. Greg! Tell me!"

"Purce. R.B. and Jake Hollister are starting a new armored-car company. There's more money moving around Florida than ever. and there's plenty of demand for another guard service. Sixteen guards and four cars to start with. I go on the payroll a week from Monday."

"As what?"

"Captain. It doesn't pay much now, but it will pay more as the company grows."

"How much?"

"It was supposed to be five thousand. but Puree took it up with the board. R.B. helped and they got it up to 57 hundred a year. We're down about eight hundred from the store salary. We can't live on that."

"No, we can't," she admitted. She was thinking, however, of the protective action R.B. and Puree had taken to save her husband. "You make loyal friends." she told him.

"At least I'll do a good job for them this time. It won't be necessary to 'love' any merchandise. Good men sell shoes. gas and houses. but I can't. In business I can't—I can't—I—" He couldn't find the words he wanted and simply stopped.

"But you want this job?"

"Yes. I do." His voice had come suddenly alive. "I began recruiting some of the men today. We sent off 26 telegrams to the best men I could still locate from Company C. I know how they stand up under pressure and discipline. I know how they act when there are no holds barred. I think I know more about them than their fathers or wives. And now I know something else too." He looked at her as if he couldn't believe what he was going to say. "It hasn't been easy for a lot of them either. Jan. we had six answers by five o'clock! All accepting! Godowski. Abbeger. Rogers. Katz. Grundler and—and Callahan!"

They were only names to her but they were men to him. He was remembering these men as a part of his life. a part she would never be able to share with him. She saw how moved he was and how important all this was to him. Money would never mean anything to Greg. but men would. R.B. and Puree had found exactly the captain for the job.

"That last telegram." His voice turned husky. "It read. 'Thank you for counting me in. Waiting for orders. Respectfully yours. Sgt. John Callahan.'" Greg's eyes went misty. "They need me. God knows. I need them."

She felt the power of his loyalty and she remembered his delicate sense of beauty. He was timid in business but forthright among men. She knew he was gentle to the point of softness. but he was a dogged fighter too. How long did it take to know this man? Twelve years? No. Thirty? Fifty?

OF COURSE. Jan." he was saying—and now his tone was changing again; where his words had been quiet and emotional they were now too casual—"I'll have to wear a uniform." She looked directly at him and saw that he was watching her. "You know—a bank guard's uniform."

"Does that embarrass you?"

"No, but it's a sign. It signifies the end of—of some pretty big hopes."

She had to think before she answered him, because this in truth had caught her unaware. The idea of

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Greg's wearing a bank guard's uniform left her suddenly uncertain. If his uniform embarrassed her, he would be ashamed of this job too, the only job he wanted. Actually there was no need to cringe at the idea of such a uniform, but she was cringing. She knew her confusion was in her eyes and she looked away so that he wouldn't see it. What was the matter with her? Was she a snob? She was afraid to look at him, afraid to speak, but she had to.

"When do you get this uniform?"

"I already have it. It's in the car. It has to be altered."

She wanted to ask him to bring it in, but she couldn't. The words stayed in her throat, and just then the door opened. Mickey stood just inside the room in his short pajama pants, staring at them, hesitant, waiting for the disapproval he obviously expected.

"What's the matter, Mickey?" she asked, trying not to sound grateful for his interruption.

"I was thinking about that picture I said I was going to paint for you," he told her, coming across the room to her knees. "If I use my new water colors I'll mess it up. They're so sloppy."

She saw that the water-color problem was minor. Mickey was troubled with a guilty conscience, and in his insecurity he needed assurance and affection more than advice. She put her arms around him and held him close to her, kissing and petting him.

"Don't worry about the picture, Mickey. We'll work on it together tomorrow." She could feel him relax in her arms, his body and mind drinking up the consolation of her loving, and when he threw his arms around her neck and hugged her the pain felt strangely good.

"Is it all right if I draw you a picture with crayons?" he asked.

"I'd love to have a picture in crayon. Now back to bed with you." She kissed him once more and he bounced over to his father.

Greg didn't say a word to Mickey. He picked him up and squeezed him to his chest, and closing his eyes he held him there. Janice could hardly watch. His love for the boy was too big to measure, too naked to stare at. Pacing slowly, Greg turned and carried his boy back to bed. She was glad to be alone.

WHY did she hate the idea of his wearing that uniform? And she *did* hate it. A man coming home to a house like this, in a neighborhood like this, wearing . . . That was it—the uniform didn't go with the house. It didn't go with their way of living. It was a sign, as Greg had said. It was either the uniform or the house. The uniform was reality. It represented exactly the kind of wage earner Greg could be. The house was part of a dream of success. The fact that she couldn't face the uniform proved that something in her had not given up the hope of success in this house. He had felt this too. He had been ashamed, not of the uniform itself, but ashamed to bring it into this house to her.

When Greg came back in the room and closed the door behind him, she was ready for him.

"Greg?" Her voice was so high with excitement she startled him.

"Yes?"

"How much equity do we have in this house?"

"We've whittled the mortgage down to eight thousand. If we sold for as little as eighteen thousand we'd have ten thousand cash."

"Ten thousand! We could pay our bills, get another car and still have enough for a down payment on a smaller home with a smaller mortgage!"

"What about the uniform, Jan?" he asked in a quiet, insistent voice.

"Go get it," she told him. "I want to see it."

He started to say something but decided against it. He simply went out. When she heard him coming back she was looking at the room around her as if it already belonged to someone else. He came in, unwrapping a large package from which he pulled a dark blue coat.

She took it away from him, examining the needlework, the fabric and the pattern. He handed her a wide black belt that had a shoulder strap and empty holster attached to it. She looked at it quickly.

"Well?" It was only one word, but he'd spoken as if it were an order.

"It will be very, very good-looking!" She saw the relief in his face. "And, Greg, we—we can sell the house?"

"Yes, right away," he said slowly. "I'm sorry, Jan—sorry for your sake that the big dream didn't pan out."

"I'm not. I'm happy we've found out who we are. We've been trying to live like somebody else. We've been dreaming somebody else's dream. Oh, Greg, how wonderful to be ourselves, to dream our own dreams! What marvelous fun we'll have!"

He was smiling in his slow, friendly way again. When she felt his arms go around her, she dropped the coat to the floor and clung to him hungrily, feeling the endless comfort he gave her and grateful that he loved her.

THE END

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You'll love the way *wearing* a cool color in nylon will make you *feel* cool (and look enchanting). Now you'll find exquisite lingerie of Du Pont nylon in peignoirs . . . gowns . . . shorties in many refreshing pastel shades . . . greens, blues, palest yellow. And these new nylon designs are so light, it's like wrapping yourself in a breeze, so easy to care for . . . why wear anything else?

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Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabrics or sleepwear shown here

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

by Estelle Lane Brent

summer companions

Bold rainbow stripes to change about with cool black or white . . . for a summer play wardrobe in piqué . . . shown here at Lake Atitlán, Guatemala

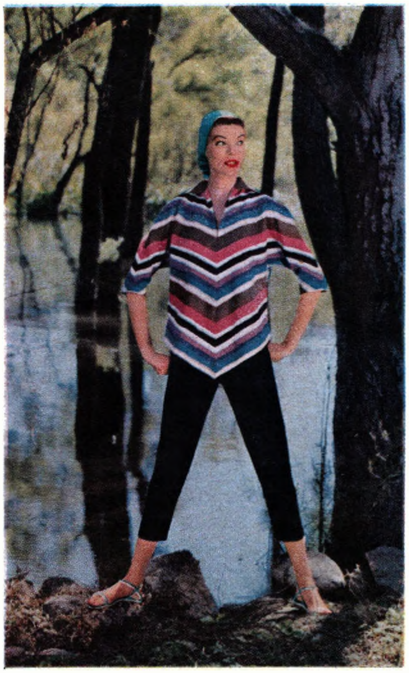
ALL IN FULLER'S FROSSETTE
PETIT-POINT PIQUÉ IN BOTH THE
COLOR COMBINATIONS SHOWN.
DESIGNED BY MARY BLAIR FOR CABANA
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

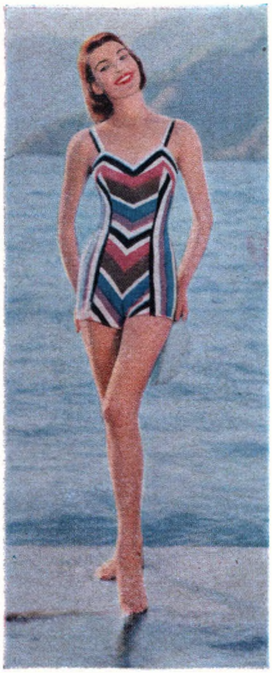
Playclothes may be seen at Bonwit Teller, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Boston

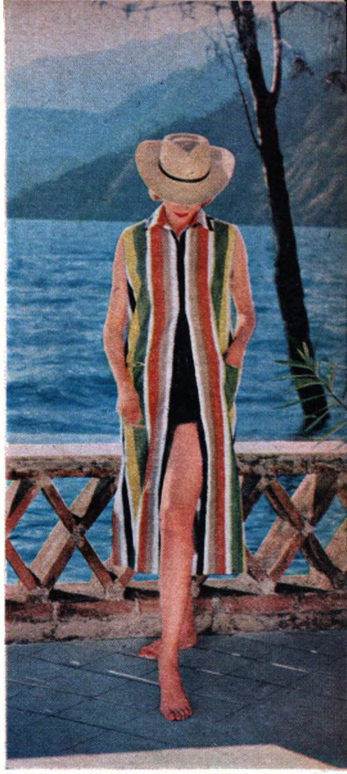
Going straight, in a versatile, full-skirted sun dress to wear strapless or not. About $23

Easy poncho overblouse, about $13, is bright topping for slim black trousers. About $12

Crisp little blouse has a surprise V-back, bow-trimmed. About $10. Full skirt about $13



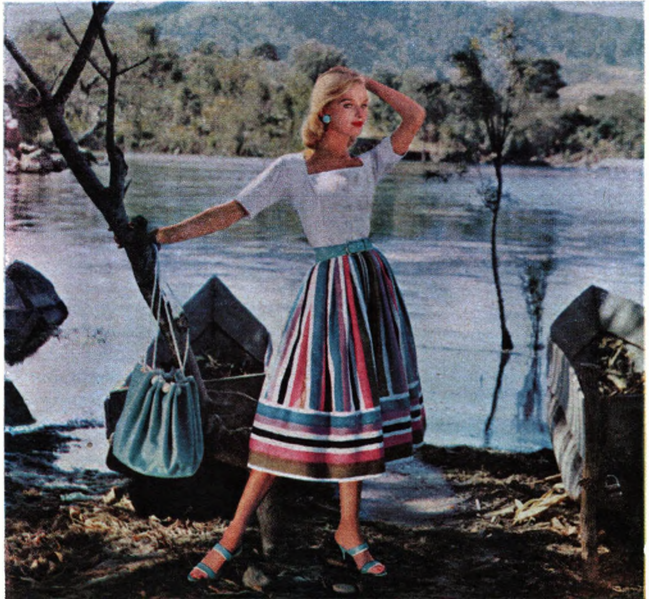


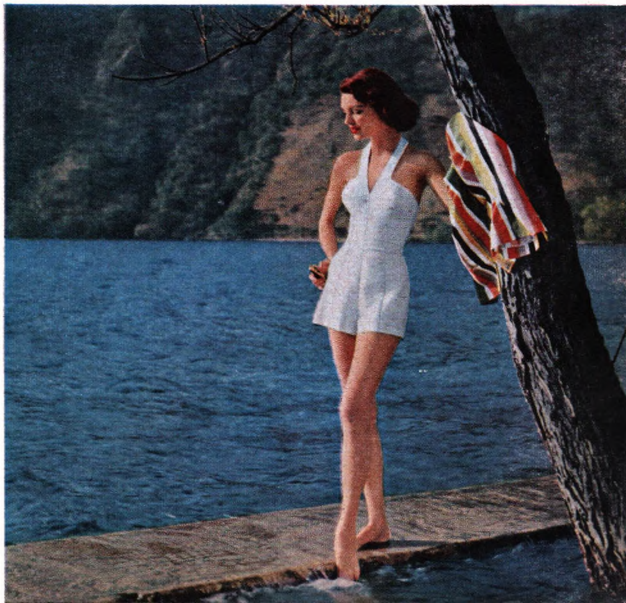


Sleeveless beach coat looks fine too over summer sheaths or, belted in, can double as a dress. It's about $23

Stripes every which way add up to a wonderfully slim-looking swim suit with boy shorts. It's about $15

Cunningly molded bathing suit is about $15. With it, a short version of sleeveless beach coat. About $12

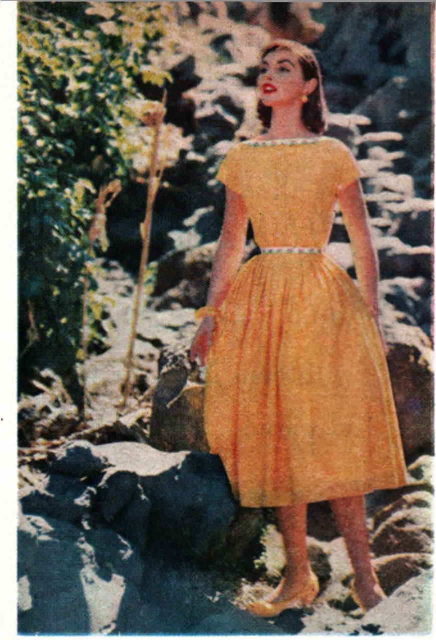


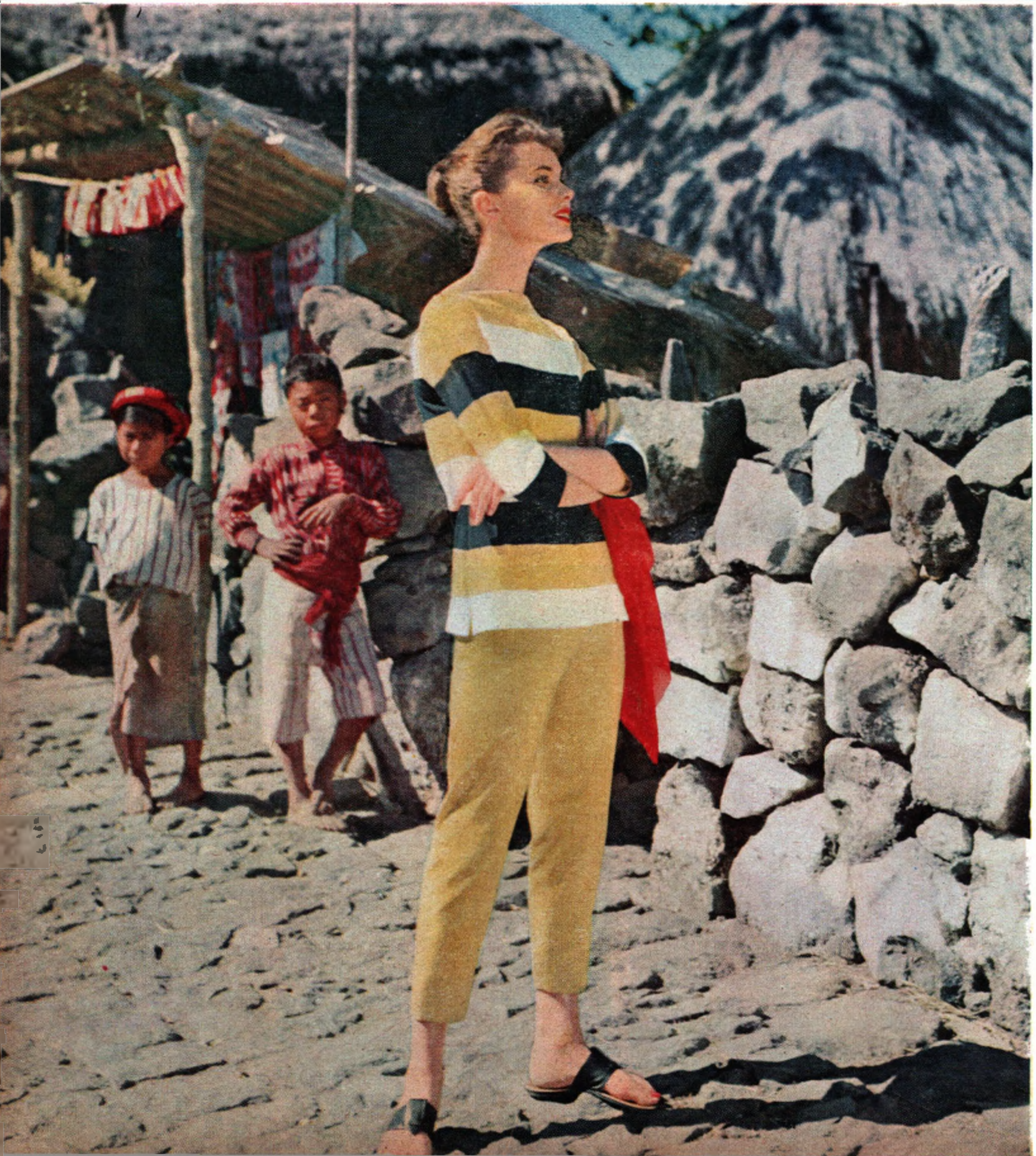


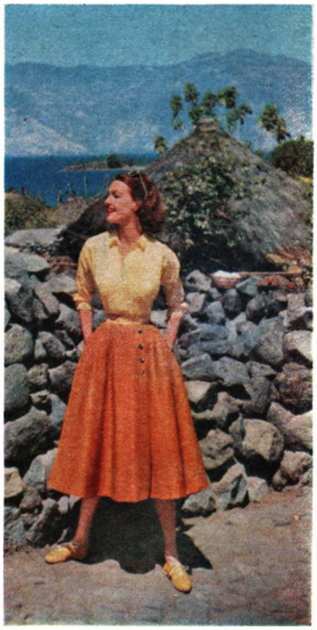
by Nancy Wieler

color of the sun

Wonderful playclothes, as brightly golden as all outdoors... photographed in the Indian village of Santiago, on Lake Atitlán, Guatemala







Tones of gold: nicely tailored outfit combines a man-collared cotton shirt with tucked bosom and a flaring wrap-around skirt. Each costs about $12. By Toni Owen.
At Best's Apparel, Inc., Seattle

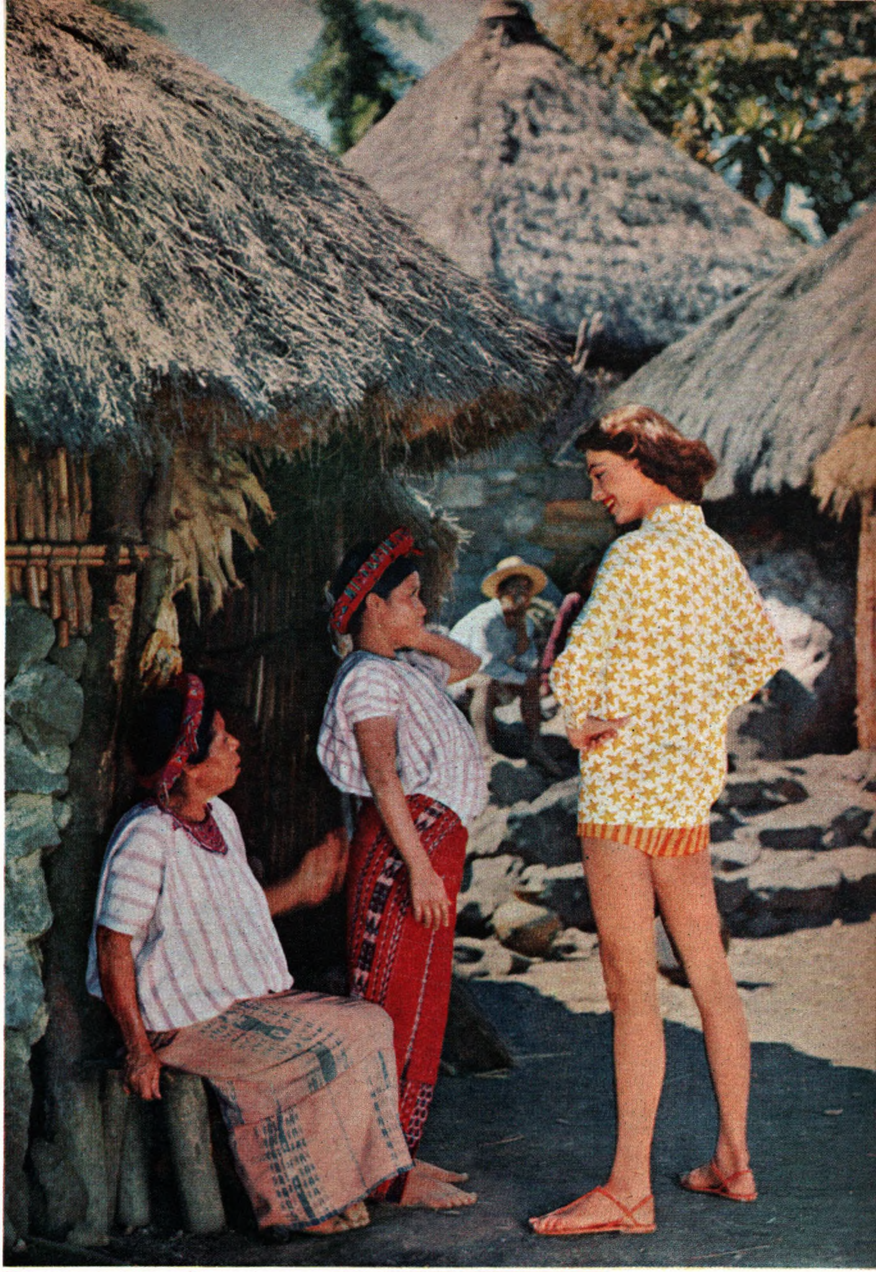
Frankly an eye-catcher: a dramatically striped cotton jersey shirt over tapered cotton pants. Shirt and pants each about $6. By Tom Drew for Jonathan Logan.
At Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia

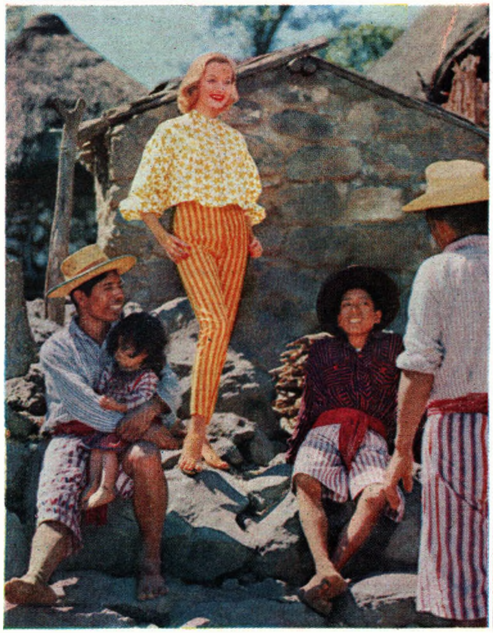
←

Sunny separates: bateau-neck blouse and full skirt of cotton poplin, both trimmed with flowered braid. Blouse is about $6, the skirt about $9. By Tom Drew for Jonathan Logan.
At Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago

→

Switch in emphasis: same striped and print sailcloth as in picture below, for short shorts, about $6, and long jacket, about $11. By Pembroke Squires for Masket Bros.
At Macy's New York

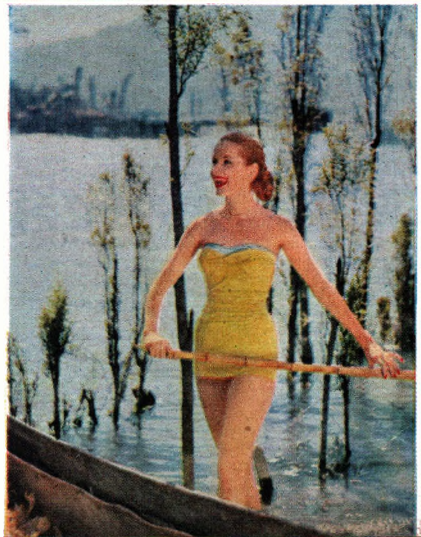


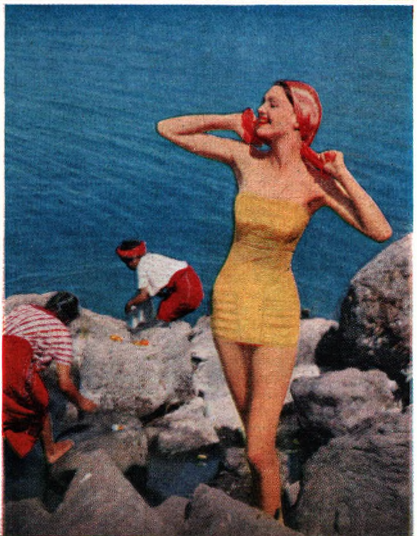


Happy playmates: slim pants, flyaway jacket, both of sailcloth. Pants about $9. Jacket about $11. By Pembroke Squires for Masket Bros.
At Macy's New York

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

Classic flattery: shirred swimsuit of elasticized faille with checked gingham trimming on the strapless bodice. Price about $16. By Flexees.
At Macy's New York





The wonderful sheath: elasticized faille suit with sharp side pleats has a built-in girdle. About $16. By Surf Togs.
At Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

A very dear friend

Continued from page 53

lived next door to her. He had built her a tree house in the box elder between the adjoining lawns. He had taught her to shoot his rifle. He had given her his cocker spaniel puppy when he went away to the university last fall. And at Christmas he had given her a miniature of his newly acquired Psi U pin. She had taken it without thinking anything much, except that it was a fine possession to show around. Now she decided that she had better return the pin. Of course she adored Rusty, as a precious friend. You couldn't help loving his high spirits, his crazy sense of humor. And he was honest. He was as comfortable as an old pair of dungarees. But she was in love with Mr. Leopardi. Just saying it to herself that way made her ache all over, and the thought of seeing him gave her a weak, frightened feeling.

The drums were louder now and seemed to summon her to bright danger. She wanted to rush as fast as she could to the park, where three high-school bands conducted by Paolo Leopardi were going to play the Class Day concert. Last June it had been her Commencement and Rusty's. Last June they had been a part of the parade and the concert. He had played a sax and she had been the first drum majorette.

Mr. Leopardi conducted bands in three high schools of the county: Upton, Granville and Trencher. He lived in Upton and came here to give instruction in Granville twice a week. You felt sorry for poor Trencher High because he went there just once a week. He got his bands together for special occasions during the year. May Day they had played in the auditorium at Upton and had given another concert that evening in Trencher. The trips to the neighboring towns were exciting and filled with tension and rivalry. And it was marvelous how coordinated the three bands became when they faced Mr. Leopardi and watched his baton and performed as a perfect whole. Alison felt that he had the mysterious, ruthless quality of genius.

You might have felt different about him if he had lived here in Granville. He might have come to seem as ordinary and stuffy as the other teachers. You would have seen him every day, known all about his home life, what he ate and when he went to bed, whether he owed any bills and where he got his beautiful white suit cleaned, the one in which he conducted the June concerts. If he had lived here in Granville you would have known all about his wife. As it was, you didn't have to see her or think about her. . . .

Rusty stopped Alison on the wooden bridge and forced her to stand beside him under the willow where they had stood together so many times, usually on their way home from dances. The weeping willow grew at the edge of the shallow river and hung an umbrella over the south end of the bridge as if it wanted to shield lovers. How young I was then! Alison thought with a sweet, tender pity for her former self. That former childish self had been unaware of the heights or the depths.

To her astonishment Rusty said, "You know well enough that we are going to get married. As soon as I finish engineering school."

He had never said such a thing before; he had never said that he loved her no matter how many, many times they had kissed.

He added, "And I don't want to hear any more hooey about you being different. I don't want any more moodiness, my good woman." He was smiling but his brown eyes had a soft, grave expression. "We could get married *before* I finish school. Lots of students do. You could enter the university too."

"I am going to be a concert pianist," she said loftily. She was taking lessons from Mme. DuPuis, who had studied in Paris. Alison had a dreamy but obstinate idea that if she became a famous musician Mr. Leopardi would be impressed and realize her importance. He would see her playing with symphonies on television and he would think, Alison Kirby! This brilliant player used to be my first drum majorette! Sometimes she even let her dreams wander on to the romantic marriage which followed his quiet divorce.

"It's okay with me if you're a concert pianist," said Rusty with tolerance. He knew how lazy she was about her finger exercises. "Why aren't you wearing my pin?"

She was truly sorry for Rusty, but she would have to give him back his pin this very evening. "It's too hot," she said, starting to walk on. "The glamour experts say that in hot weather a girl looks feverish if she wears jewelry."

They reached the park, where crowds of people had gathered. At that very moment, as if to greet them, glorious sound burst into the air like skyrockets. The bands had begun with "Stars and Stripes Forever." They were marching from School Street into Green Avenue, which circled the park. The drums had a loud, swift determination. They were always an infinitesimal beat ahead of the brasses, as if shouting, "Faster! Faster!" and all the pieces seemed to reply, "We're coming! We're coming!" The music had a youthful breathlessness, an uninhibited exultancy. Alison's heart pounded in time to the marching feet. The parade was so colorful, so gallant—and she was not a part of it.

"I'm wearing spectator shoes today," she said, trying hard to be funny, ashamed of the tears in her eyes. Rusty understood and put his arm around her.

First the Trencher band came around the park. Its uniforms were maroon and white. Its majorettes were fi[illegible] determined. In their anxiety they forgot to smile. One girl dropped her baton. Then Upton appeared, very smart in green and white. Its majorettes flashed artificial smiles, haughty and wooden. Last, and best of all, came Granville High. Nancy Dayton led the other six majorettes this year. She was all right. You couldn't criticize her. But through wet eyelashes Alison saw herself as she had marched last June. . . .

The gold tassels of her white boots had twinkled and the buttons of her satin jacket had glittered in the sunlight. Her bare arms and long legs had achieved perfect unison. She had lifted her smooth round knees very high and bent backward from the waist with lithe and happy balance. She had twirled her gilded baton as a symbol of youth and joy. She lost all self-consciousness in those moments of glory. Her smiles had been so natural and happy that the people smiled too and murmured with pleasure. And afterward Mr. Leopardi had told her: "You were superb." He had patted her shoulder. That was unusual. He never patted shoulders.

Looking into his dark, shining eyes she had known for the first time that she passionately adored him. "Yes, Alison," he had said, "no drum majorette ever gave a better performance."

It was all for you, she had whispered to herself.

Now she saw him standing at the corner of School Street and Green Avenue. For an off instant she saw him with detachment. She had the sense of surprise that one feels when a beloved person is suddenly glimpsed as if he were a stranger. The well-known white suit fitted him too snugly around the hips; he had grown stocky. He was not as tall as she. His classical Roman face was damp with sweat beneath the white cap with its military visor and gold braid.

But this prosaic image vanished when he gave his enchanting smile. She was thrilled all over again by the turn of his head, the movement of his shoulder, the lift of his authoritative hand. He blew a whistle. The bands halted. They faced the park. He blew the whistle again and they played:

We're faithful to you, Granville
High,
We're always true blue, Gran-
ville High!

Trencher and Upton gave the song as much enthusiasm as if it had been their own. All they cared about was pleasing Mr. Leopardi. He had a magnetic quality that made these young people struggle to please him. He had instilled in them his passion for unity and perfection. He had taught them that music is an important part of existence. These boys and girls from farms and small towns would never forget him no matter where they went or what they did. He was never flippant. A severe taskmaster, he treated them as seriously as if they were professional musicians. When he was angry about their mistakes they were miserable. When his smile flashed quick praise they were grateful. He demanded absolute punctuality and obedience.

At first some of the parents had thought he was too hard on their children. Alison's father, D. F. Kirby, who was chairman of the school board, had wondered if this Paolo Leopardi was a fanatic. Leopardi had marched his pupils around and around the park tirelessly during the lunch hour in the spring—often in the rain—blowing his whistle, shouting at them, trying to teach them the fervid step that sets the pace for military rhythm. But when Granville High won the Midwest band competition and Alison's picture was in all the papers as the best drum majorette, Mr. Kirby had told the reporters: "No better influence has come into our educational midst than the discipline and esthetic uplift imparted to our young people by Mr. Paolo Leopardi, formerly with the New York City Philharmonic."

Naturally the girls worshiped him. Behind his back, in secret admiration, the boys called him Old Leopard.

Rusty said now to Alison, "Old Leopard has put on weight."

She lifted a cool shoulder toward his irreverence.

The bands were dispersed for an interval, while from among them the selected concert players—the seasoned elite—were grouped in the park. An area enclosing their chairs had been roped off. Mr. Leopardi was abstracted and busy, seating them correctly, giving last-minute instructions. He had no podium and no score. His young musicians had well-trained memories instead of music stands. They had only to watch his expressive mouth, his alert, critical eyes and the movement of his imperative hand.

"There's your dad's car," said Rusty, "right across from us. Who's that sitting with your mom and dad? Man!"

Alison looked. "I don't know her," she said. It was a young woman with black, curly hair, a round face and dark eyes. She had on a print dress that fell away in a green ruffle from her pretty shoulders. Her skin was smoothly tanned and she somehow gave a swift, vivid impression that she had just been walking barefoot in olive groves or carrying a basket of fruit on her erect head.

Alison was faintly disturbed by this odd impression, especially when Rusty said, "She glips me. Man, am I glipped!"

"Will you cut it out?" She turned away from him. Mr. Leopardi had given the final signal. The concert began.

After another march was played the program became ambitious: a rousing portion of Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance"; part of the *Nutcracker Suite*; the last two movements from *Romeo and Juliet* by Tchaikovsky; and, at closing, not the "Star-Spangled Banner," but Schubert's "Ave Maria." People were dumfounded. They had expected to hear a thumping band concert and found

(Continued at the bottom of page 80)

Do you want to know . . .

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR LOOKS?

Would you like to change your hairdo . . . improve your skin . . . learn a make-up trick or two . . . have a better figure . . . wear more becoming clothes?

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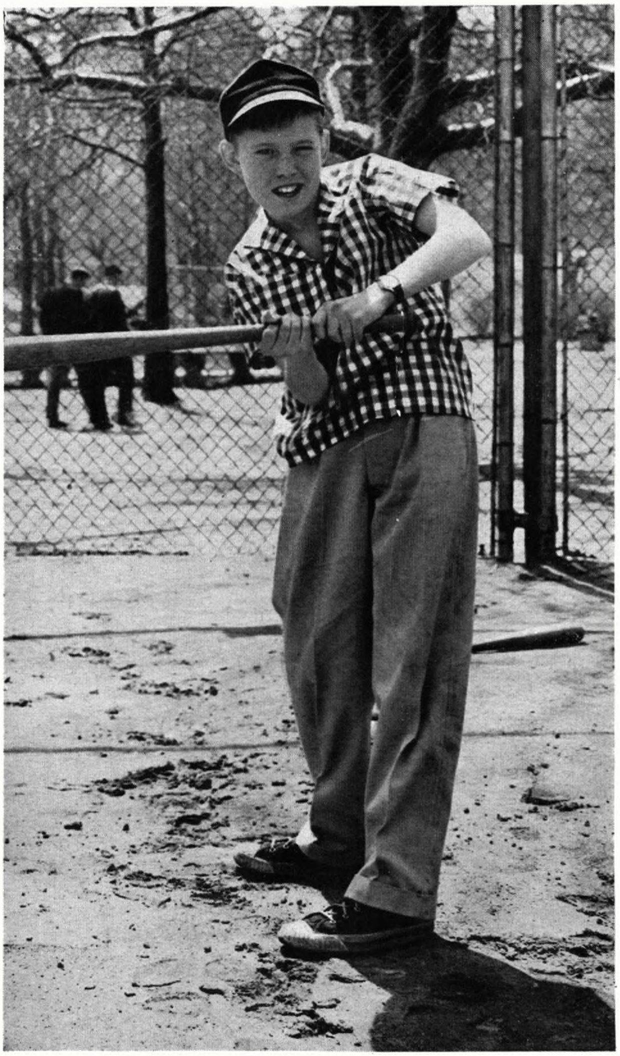
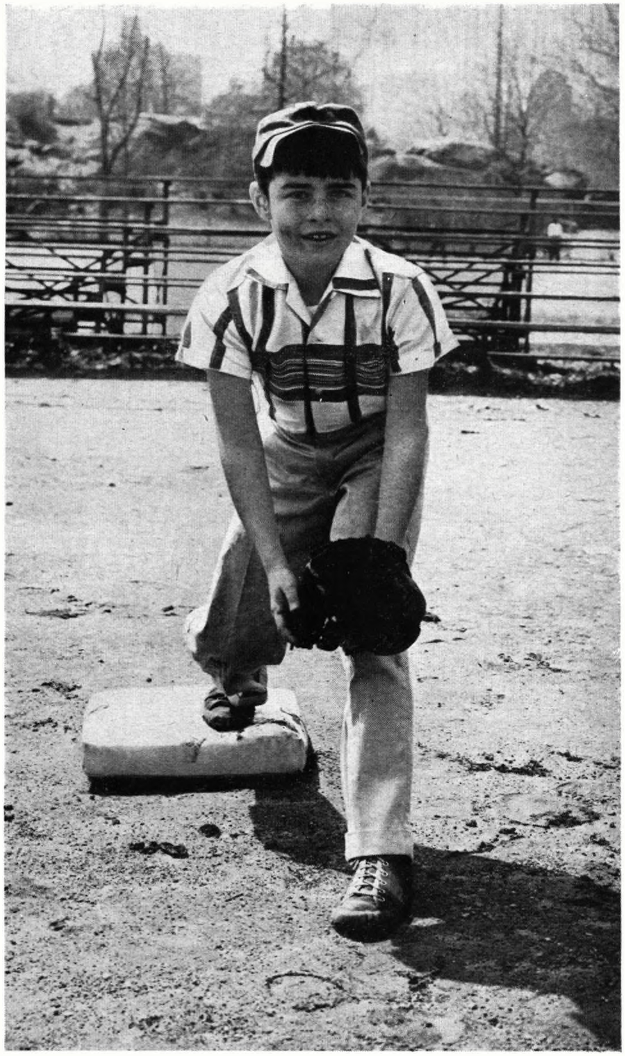


Possibly won't shrink When you buy kids' clothes, you *expect* to wash them. But bear in mind—cottons can still shrink out of fit. Not every cotton is a "Sanforized" cotton. Not unless the label says so. And what with the way kids grow, even a *little* shrinkage is more than anyone can afford.



Certainly won't shrink His shirt and slacks came with the "Sanforized" label . . . will fit like new—washing after washing *after washing*. No other shrinkage word means the same thing. For example, "pre-shrunk" might mean washable—*or* wishy-washy. But "Sanforized" *always* means *permanent fit.*

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New ARRID with PERSTOP*
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This woman was put in a steambath at 104 degrees. Arrid with Perstop* was rubbed into her forehead. Fifteen minutes later . . .

. . . she was dripping with perspiration—but Arrid kept her forehead *dry*. Arrid will do the same for your underarms, too.

Just rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe, even on hot, sticky days.

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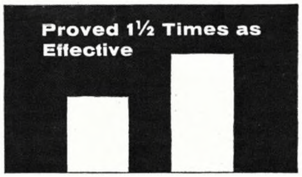
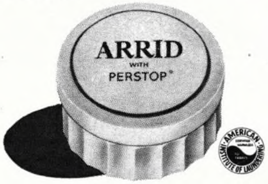


Arrid is 1½ times as effective as any other leading deodorant tested against perspiration and odor as proved by doctors.



So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use new Arrid with Perstop* to be sure. 43¢ plus tax.

* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

(Continued from page 78)

themselves listening to a symphony program. It was done so impressively that when the last notes of the "Ave Maria" had died away nobody dared to clap. They looked at one another sheepishly as if they had been in church.

Mr. Leopardi turned right and left, bowing stiffly from the waist—first with gravity to the audience and then, his face breaking into a smile of warm praise, to his pupils. They sat back, weary and full of satisfaction.

Alison stood there, mute and devout, until Rusty squeezed her arm. In a daze she walked with him to her father's car. The black-haired woman was still sitting there.

"Wasn't it nice!" said Mrs. Kirby, beaming. She was all in white, which made her look extraordinarily blonde and pink.

"It was a dandy performance," pronounced D. F. Kirby, also pink and handsome in summer white. They were such admirable parents; you couldn't have had better.

Mrs. Kirby introduced the unknown woman. "This is Mrs. Leopardi. Mr. and Mrs. Leopardi are going to have supper with us. I just won't let them drive back to Upton until they are rested and it gets cooler. And you're going to have supper with us too, honey," she added unnecessarily to Rusty. He ate at the Kirbys' whenever he chose.

Alison was stunned. She stammered that she was very glad and she hurried to climb into the back seat. Rusty folded his long limbs beside her and gazed dreamily at the back of Mrs. Leopardi's pretty neck. "Am I glipped!" he said.

"Shut up," said Alison, poking him.

IT SEEMED a tedious while before Mr. Leopardi joined them and got into the back seat of the car. Sitting between Rusty and Mr. Leopardi, Alison didn't know quite how she felt. It was familiar to have Rusty next to her and gave her a sense of security. Otherwise she could hardly have borne the sensation of being so close to Mr. Leopardi. She said huskily, "It was splendid—the whole thing!"

His grave face lightened. His dark eyes met hers. "We missed you, Alison," he said. "I haven't seen you for a long time. Why haven't you come to the park this spring to watch us practice?"

Oh, how she had wanted to go and hear him shouting and blowing his whistle! Yet she had decided it would be too painful. She could scarcely have endured hanging around, just watching. It had been hard enough today. Still . . . he had missed her?

"You could have given the girls some good tips," he went on. "You were my best drum majorette. Tell me, do you think the *Romeo and Juliet* was played with feeling? I think so, myself." He hummed a bar. His voice was deep and resonant, as if he were a relaxed bumblebee. Mrs. Leopardi turned around to say:

"Paolo, get your mind off the music for once and regard these nice, beautiful houses! These roses! It is a beautiful town!"

Flattered by her praise of his town, Mr. Kirby drove slowly. "Our library—there on the left. Haven't you been here before?"

"Not often. Very seldom. I am greatly busy minding our two little boys. It is fortunate that thees evening we have a baby-sitter. We are able to stay out all thees evening. Paolo! Will our car be all right parked where she is by the schoolhouse?"

"Certainly," he said. "Nobody would want our car."

Why can't she let him alone? thought Alison. Always at him!

When they arrived at the Kirby house, Mrs. Leopardi exclaimed over its white-pillared veranda and the majestic blue hydrangeas. She was delighted by the gay colors of the huge umbrella when they sat beneath it on the back lawn. "Like a circus tent, eh, Paolo?"

She uttered soft sounds of joy when the black cocker spaniel was let out of the screened porch. He leaped first on Alison and then on Rusty. "We own this pup together," said Rusty.

Alison's mother laughed. "These youngsters have always owned things together. They've always shared everything. They even own a tree house together."

"Yep," said her father, "Rusty built it when he was fourteen. That is, I did most of the work while he kibitzed."

Mrs. Leopardi was puzzled. "A tree house! What is that, then, on earth, my goodness, a tree house?"

"I'll show you, Mrs. Leopardi." Rusty took her arm. It was rather disloyal of him; the tree house was never shown to anybody. It was a private sanctuary, not an exhibit. It was a platform with a circular bench and railing around it. There was a weatherproof chest with two compartments, one for her and one for Rusty. Neither disturbed the other's personal books, papers or things. In it he had kept his first cigarettes and she had cached her first lipsticks and eye make-up.

He led Mrs. Leopardi to the box elder beyond the badminton court and right away she was climbing the ladder, giving little trills of laughter. She went up as agilely as a squirrel and he swung himself up to the lowest branch. They were hidden by the box elder's leafy canopy. You could hear her chattering, like a squirrel. Alison wondered if Mr. Leopardi wasn't embarrassed by his wife's childish behavior. Rusty seemed to fall for it. A boy of 18 is so vulnerable, Alison thought. She hoped she looked poised and mature in the primrose dress.

Mrs. Kirby decided to have supper there on the lawn. She said she would make a green salad to go with cold ham and chicken.

"I'll help you, Mother." Alison wanted to escape the frivolous voice floating from the tree house.

"No, you stay here and talk to Mr. Leopardi. I'm sending your father downtown for cantaloupe and ice cream. Look, Dad, you'd better go right now before the stores close."

WHEN her father and mother both left, Alison again had the weak, frightened feeling in the pit of her stomach. It was the first time she had ever been alone with Mr. Leopardi.

She didn't know what to say. A vast silence droned in her ears. She supposed that she must appear completely ignorant, in spite of the eloquent thoughts that seethed in her mind. He was leaning back with his eyes closed. At last he rubbed them and sat forward. "What have you been doing with yourself all year, Alison? I had hoped you would go to college."

She adored his deep voice and quaintly stilted way of speaking.

"I've been working hard—piano." That was a lie. She had been so lazy about the finger exercises. "With Mme. DuPuis—you know she studied in Paris with Chambon. And—" her voice trembled— "I hope to become a professional pianist. A concert player."

"Fine!" he said promptly. "Will you play for me?" He rose.

"Now? You mean right now?"

"Certainly."

This was to be her great hour, then. It was what she had longed for—to look up from the keys and see his dark eyes bright with approval, to have him realize that she was far more than a drum majorette. She took him into the house to the grand piano which stood upstairs in a spacious, airy room. "This used to be my old nursery," she said. Her whole bearing took on dignity, although she was shaky inside. She sat down on the piano bench.

"You are an only child," Mr. Leopardi remarked. He glanced thoughtfully at the dolls and stuffed animals lined up in the open cupboards.

Alison leafed through a book of Chopin without seeing the pages.

"Don't be nervous," he said. "Don't think about me. A musician should think only of music." He went to sit down on a window seat across the room. "Put that book aside," he added.

She obeyed. To calm herself she played two of the simpler Chopin preludes. Mr. Leopardi was silent.

She looked up at the ceiling a moment, drew a strong breath and hit the keys hard with her shoulders squared valiantly. It was Schumann's

"Les Papillons." Her hands raced up and down the board in the loud, showy opening chords. Double octaves—always difficult for her. "Think of this piece as an elaborate society ball," Madame had said. "Each part describes the mood and manner of an individual dancer." And so Alison tried now to depict the various dancers. One she visualized as a grave, elderly diplomat, one was a dashing young soldier in crimson, another was a beautiful duchess with pale gold hair wearing a primrose-colored hoop skirt. At the last, her fingers cleverly reproduced the sound of a solemn clock striking: *Bong! Bong! Bong!* As its echoes faded she made the dance music die away and the dancers, the butterflies, went wearily home. Although it had begun so gaudily, the end quivered with disillusionment.

THE room was quiet. Alison sat still, her hands in her lap, waiting for Mr. Leopardi to speak. She knew she had done her best. Yet she knew dismally that her laziness about the finger exercises had betrayed her. You couldn't fool Mr. Leopardi.

Presently he came to stand beside the piano. "You have a splendid imagination," he said. "A sensitive touch. Faulty execution—I am sorry."

She had suspected that he would say this, but she rebelled against the candid judgment. "Nothing more? Of course I know I have to correct—"

"You will always be able to charm yourself and your friends with your fragile butterflies. That is, indeed, a pleasant talent. *Les papillons sont elegantes.*"

A pleasant talent! Her cheeks were hot. "But if I worked—oh, frightfully hard for years," she asked desperately, "couldn't I succeed—?"

"My dear child, no," he said. "In the first place, you would not do it. In the second place, you are eighteen. You should have begun this grueling, sacrificial practice ten years ago at least. I know, for I come from a family of musicians who are ignorant of almost everything except music. We are all brutal with one another. I hope I am not being brutal with you?"

"You are!" she cried. She pressed her face against the music rack so he couldn't see the tears that ran down her cheeks. "Because I was doing it for you!" She had been so tense all day that it was impossible to control herself any longer. "I wanted to amount to something for you." Her shoulders shook miserably. "I love you."

Mr. Leopardi sat down beside her on the bench and stroked her head with a hand that she could sense was hesitant and embarrassed. "My dear Alison," he said, "you are very brave to tell me this and I respect your—shall we say, bright, beautiful illusion? But I'm not worthy of it. I am not a romantic man. Let me tell you something about myself. It is an ordinary story. Like my four brothers I thought of nothing but music—we were quite a poor family in the Lower East Side of New York and we hadn't much education outside of the instruments we played. I can play almost any instrument you can name. I finally played with the best symphony orchestras. New York, Boston, Philadelphia. I intended to become a great conductor. But why do you think you see me now as the conductor of high-school bands?"

She sniffled. He took out his handkerchief and gave it to her. She buried her face in it, thinking that she would never forget how it smelled of cigars and a spicy after-shave lotion.

"I had hoped to become a truly great conductor," he repeated. "I had the talent, yes, the desire, yes—but the strong will and the education and invincible character, no. Now I must do my best with leading children's concerts. I throw my whole self into it and I take immense pride in it. Nevertheless, you are admiring—as you say, loving—a failure. When I realized I could never live up to my big ambition I was ruined for a while. I began to play very bad. I drank and neglected myself and my work and my friends. I was neither punctual nor disciplined. I was fired again and again. . . . No doubt that is why I am so strict with my pupils."

Alison's voice was weak and muffled. "I don't care if you think you *are* a failure! It doesn't change the way I feel." Yet in her heart she knew that it did. He had torn himself down. His dry, prosaic voice had robbed her of something. Was it mystery? Was it glamour? "What are you telling me this for, anyhow?"

"I am trying to show you, Alison, that we must do what we can and find joy in it. If I were you, I would enter the university next fall. There you will have no time to brood about unfulfilled aspirations. The less we think about ourselves the happier we are. You are a young and very beautiful girl and you should be enjoying every moment of it. Why, my goodness, you were an artist as a drum majorette! You could be a drum majorette with the university band."

She shook her head obstinately. Nevertheless, she was flattered. Her spirits lifted at the picture of herself strutting at the head of a band again—a really wonderful, stunning, *huge* band! "There isn't any use to lecture me, Mr. Leopardi. You can't make me any different." She felt that she had spoken with dignity and courage. But he gave an impatient shrug.

"Alison, we grow and change. We change and grow. I hope I am changing and growing all the time. My wife, Felicia, pulled me out of my slump and taught me that one can find daily contentment in the smaller things. She helps me every day by her belief and good spirits. She has been in this country for only six years and she finds everything still so new and enchanting that I see life every day through her fine, unclouded eyes. I want you to learn to see life that way too."

He stood up and stroked the satiny surface of the Steinway with a slow, caressing hand. "You are very fortunate," he said. "Be thankful. Be unselfish. Shall we go downstairs now to the others?" He walked toward the door.

"I guess I'll stay here awhile."

As Mr. Leopardi started through the doorway she saw him once more in a realistic flash—a man in his late thirties whose suit fitted him too tightly, who was short and stocky, whose hair was thinning. She had been crushed by the dry fatherliness of his lecture. No, to be sure, there was nothing romantic about him. She wished she hadn't blurted out that she loved him. She called after him breathlessly, "Please tell Rusty to come up here—I want to see him for a minute."

"Certainly," said Mr. Leopardi.

ALISON didn't want Mr. Paolo Leopardi to think she was shattered—that she was *brooding*! She didn't want him to think she was lonely and had no man at all. He believed that his wife—his Felicia—was wonderful. He might even imagine that this Felicia had enchanted Rusty with her fine, unclouded eyes!

She jumped up and ran along the hall to her bathroom, where she washed her face, combed her hair and put on fresh make-up. Then she found the fraternity pin where she had tossed it on her dressing table and fastened it to her dress. With a solicitous hand she felt her heart. It seemed to be scarcely beating. It seemed to have a tiresome emptiness now that the ache for Mr. Leopardi was no longer there. She went back to the old nursery. Sitting down at the piano again, she played the gay swing tune that Rusty had been dancing to on the veranda this afternoon. She kept glancing at the door. Was Rusty mad at her? She had treated him pretty mean, when you thought about it. Maybe he wouldn't come up here, after all, and that would make her look foolish. She wanted Mr. Leopardi to realize that Rusty, anyhow, was devoted to her.

Then at last he came. But he acted strangely. As if he weren't aware of her. As if she were merely a part of the piano bench. He lounged over to the cupboards and scrutinized the old dolls and animals.

(Continued on page 84)

My family's constipation worries are over!

They all use this ALKALIZING LAXATIVE that gives MORE COMPLETE RELIEF!

The big difference in Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is that it's an alkalizer *as well* as an ideal laxative! This means that in addition to giving wonderfully gentle and effective relief from irregularity, Phillips' *also* eases away the acid indigestion that usually accompanies it. Thus, Phillips' gives you better, much *more complete* relief than any single-purpose preparation.

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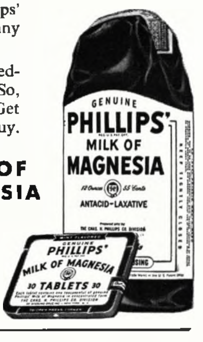

by MIRIAM GIBSON FRENCH

BEAUTY UNDER THE SUN

What woman doesn't feel prettier — and more carefree about her beauty, now there's no need to huddle against wind and cold. Enjoy these happy sun months, by all means; but remember the fabled grasshopper who paid winter's price for summer's fun. You needn't do the same if you take time to protect your beauty now and make the sun a friend —not a foe

The warm sun on your skin feels lovely, but don't let it lull you into laziness. There's a bite in those rays and a lot of you is exposed to them, so don't put your beauty preparations away in moth balls. Pretty skin is skin that keeps a proper oil-moisture balance, and doing that means guarding against overexposure to sun and wind. In addition to using sun tan preparations, a minute a day now smoothing on lubricating cream, lotion or oil is good insurance against a leathery skin later. And don't settle for just a dab of powder because it's summer; foundation gives your face extra protection and helps anchor make-up in hot weather.

Remember last fall your hair was like straw? It needn't be again, if you'll take a bit of care. Protect it with a scarf or hat, and heed dry, split ends. They're begging for an application of conditioner. An occasional conditioning treatment is wise insurance, too, for hair that tends to be dry. Salt water is your hair's enemy, so always wear a cap or rinse your hair after swimming. You'll want to shampoo more often in hot weather, but for a pleasant emergency cleanup, run strips of cologne-soaked cotton through your hairbrush to leave hair fragrant.

Give your eyes a break; sunglasses are a necessity now, not just an accessory, even though there's more variety than ever in flattering frames. Save yourself from eyestrain by wearing them whenever the sun is bright, and remember—just any old dark glasses do *not* protect your eyes as well as specially ground ones.

Your feet are out in the open now, so be sure they're as well manicured as your hands. Clip nails even with tips of toes—never cut down on sides—and file smooth with an emery board. Coral or pink to match summer lips and fingernails is a pretty polish color. If your feet are pounding city pavements instead of treading seashore sand, a good way to relieve that swollen, achy feeling at the end of the day is to soak feet in a basin of warm water and Epsom salts (six tablespoons to a gallon), then rub with cooling foot lotion or salve. And while you're prettying feet and hands, don't forget arms and legs. An epilator, depilatory or razor is as vital equipment as a deodorant or antiperspirant.

SCARF BY VERA
SUNGLASSES BY WARNER INTERNATIONAL
HAT BY EMME
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVEDON

(Continued from page 81)

"I'm wearing your pin," she said brightly to get his attention.

"Are you?" he said absently.

He took a small, gray, red-eared elephant and a floppy, faded tiger from the cupboard. "Hey, Alison, may I have these to give to Mrs. Leopardi for her little boys?"

She was indignant. "Since when did you get to be Santa Claus? *No!* I won't give away Waldo and Tigger! I'm saving them for my children."

"How selfish can you get!" He dropped the animals down on the window seat, where they sprawled in humiliated attitudes. She went over and carefully set them upright.

"I never forgave you for shooting Tigger with your B-B gun," she said. Suddenly she was flooded by memories of all the things she and Rusty had done together, fought over, cherished. He was an only child too. But he was very spoiled by his parents, she often thought.

Rusty dropped into the creaky old basket chair and crooked his legs over one of its arms. He lit a cigarette with the lighter she had given him for Christmas. "It would have made Mrs. Leopardi so happy," he muttered. "Her name is Felicia."

"Why," she asked in a drippingly sweet voice, "do you want to make Mrs. Leopardi happy?"

"Because it makes me happy to see her happy. She's the kind of person who, when she is happy—oh, well, you wouldn't understand."

AN ALARMING suspicion entered Alison's mind. She took the cigarette away from Rusty and gave it several quick, nervous puffs. "I don't see why *you* should care if she were simply *drenched* in sorrow. What's it got to do with you?"

He lit another cigarette. "I couldn't bear it."

"Why couldn't *you* bear it? I should think it was her husband's business not to bear it."

"Oh, him! I wonder how come she married the Old Leopard."

Alison immediately sprang to his defense. "I wonder how come he married her!"

"Any man on earth would be tickled to death to marry her."

"Would *you?*" Her voice sounded deep and growly. She got an ashtray and put it on the floor under Rusty's hand so he wouldn't drop any more cigarette ashes on the rug. His wrist had a few freckles and golden hairs.

"Ask me no questions I'll tell you no—ouch!" She had pinched his ear.

"Are you in love with Mrs. Leopardi?" she asked sepulchrally.

"No," he said with thoughtful honesty. "I'm infatuated. Infatuation is like when a football hits you in the stomach. Or you shoot just past the bull's-eye. Or you miss the last train. It's all over quick—but a heck of an emotion for the time it lasts."

"I never heard such screwy nonsense." Now her heart was beating very hard.

Rusty hurried on confidentially. They had always told each other nearly everything that was important to them. Her passion for Mr. Leopardi was just about the only secret she had kept from Rusty. "Of course it seems delirious to you," he said. "She's married and she's about twenty-seven and has two kids and all that. She seems to be crazy about the Old Leopard. So where's the percentage for me? I tell you it's like missing a train."

"Are you out of your mind?" She stared into his face, trying to detect his usual ribald humor, but he was somber.

"I guess you could diagnose it that way. Maybe it will wear off in time. I certainly hope so. I can't afford to go around being glipped like this."

"She ought to be ashamed of herself! The idea of trying to bowl over a—a man of eighteen!"

"Felicia didn't intend to do it. She didn't know she did it."

"Don't call her Felicia!"

"That's her name. It means happiness. We had a profound talk in the tree house, mostly about Life and me and what I want to do and how an engineer can be a really great guy. Bridges . . . 'Bridges are like integrity,' she said; 'they endure.' I never met a woman who didn't care more about how she was looking than she did about how I was thinking. . . . She's so natural. So warm. You wouldn't call her earthy, exactly, but she—well, she's no more artificial than the sun or the wind."

"Don't put on a production." It was a feeble remark.

"No production." His brown eyes met hers with such candor that she saw he was telling the truth. He wasn't trying to make her jealous. He had been hit right in the vulnerable spot of illusion where she had been hit. She was cured, but she felt panic about poor Rusty's sudden and painful wound. She knew it hurt.

"How—how long do you think it will last?" she whispered.

"This infatuation?" He shuddered. "Maybe minutes, maybe years. Time is relative, or hadn't you heard?" The dear, humorous glint came into his eyes and his eyebrows rose in faunlike peaks. She was moved by a deep tenderness, an unselfish tenderness that was new to her. She determined that she must be immensely wise and try her best to help him. She controlled her voice, making it as low and calm and mature as she could.

"Dear Rusty," she said, "the less we think about ourselves the happier we are. We must do what we can and find joy in it." She sat on the arm of the chair and put her arm softly about his neck. "Rusty, dear," she continued, "we grow and change. We change and grow. We learn to find daily contentment in the smaller things of life. I respect your bright, beautiful illusion and I think you were very brave to tell me." She stroked the back of his sunburned neck. "But your feeling about this married woman is just too sacrificial and grueling—not to say gruesome."

HE THREW back his head and looked her full in the face. He squinted one eye, and then the other. He scratched his head. "Where did you buy this jargon?"

"I didn't buy it. I invented it." She had forgotten that she was paraphrasing Mr. Leopardi, even improving on him. She was enamored by the sweet, gentle sound of her own voice. "Rusty, I am going to grow and change, change and grow. I am going to the university next year. I certainly hope you will help me with your belief and joy of living. You are handsome, young and strong. You mustn't waste a moment of your wonderful self brooding."

Rusty whistled. "Handsome, young and strong. If you put it that way, my good woman, I see what you mean."

"You are in love with me," she said firmly. "And I am in love with you. And that's the way it is." She kissed him, putting all her new tenderness into the delicate softness of her lips. For an instant he didn't respond and her heart sank. Then he came to vigorous life and swung her around so she was in the big chair beside him.

"What did you say, Alison? Repeat the second sentence."

"I am not going to repeat myself. Take it or leave it."

"I'll take it," said Rusty. He began to laugh. It was a laugh of confusion and triumph, recovery and recognition. You wouldn't have thought laughter could express so many things, but Rusty was extremely versatile.

They kissed again and this time it was a shared avowal. *I shall always, always remember this moment,* thought Alison.

"My infatuation is silently stealing away," murmured Rusty, "like the scarabs or whatever they were." His mouth was against the round curve of her shoulder and he closed his eyes.

Alison leaped to her feet. She knew it was the exact moment for sturdy action. She dragged him upright with one pull of her strong young arm. "Come on, now! Let's go down and join our elders."

"I have a better idea," he said. "Let's duck out and drive to that new place by the lake."

It was a glittering temptation—to be alone with him, dining on the pier, dancing with him under the warm-blooded August moon in the first magic of their first pledge. But she had grown wiser.

"No," she said. "We can't run out on the Leopardis. They're our good friends. They've shown such an interest in you and me. They ought to be the first to know about Us."

Rusty examined the miniature of his fraternity pin on her dress with great interest, as if he saw it for the first time. He looked up and nodded gravely. "I want the whole world to know about Us," he said.

Hand in hand they left the nursery.

THE END

Good living

Continued from page 43

noblesse oblige. The family was at peace with itself. The children might punch each other's noses, but they were devoted to each other, as the father was to the mother and the mother to the father.

The President was not merely courteous toward the servants, his daughters remember, but "chivalrous," thanking them for everything they did, and with always a considerate note in his voice when he addressed them. "He felt that they had a pretty hard lot, poor things," says Mrs. Longworth, "and it was somehow a little unfair."

The children took their cue from their parents.

"If you had been rude or lost your temper," Mrs. Longworth comments, "you were spoken to; that is, I *gather* you were spoken to. I don't think it ever came up, as far as I remember"—an extraordinary tribute, itself, to the children and their upbringing.

There were none of the battles that were customary in families of the period when a houseful of servants confronted a houseful of children. The children loved the maids, and the maids loved the children from the depths of their warm Irish hearts. It was a wrench to children and servants when Ted became "Master Ted" and Ethel, "Miss Ethel," and the sense of equality died before the barrier of caste. Only Alice gloried in the tribute to her emergence from childhood and, on one occasion, when she was thirteen, raised holy hob when one of the maids forgot the "Miss."

After Mr. Roosevelt's return from Cuba, a national hero, in 1898, an element of uncertainty was added to the servants' 16-hour day. Politicians and statesmen, soldiers and journalists flocked to Sagamore Hill and were asked to stay for lunch or dinner. There might be eight at table and there might be 18.

None of the maids was ever known to raise so much as an eyebrow. Of course, a man who was Governor of the State or Vice-President of the United States or by and by—and it wasn't long—President would have people coming to see him, and they had to be taken care of. One of the maids might, as she climbed up to bed, remark that it had been a "hard day," but that was as far as it went.

One of them, Mary Sweeney, did once take a job in a candy store while the Roosevelts were abroad, exulting in the prospect of the free time it would give her; and after a few months, begged to be taken back. The work in the store was nothing but trouble, she explained, and she couldn't have her tea in midmorning and afternoon. After her return she stayed for 38 years. She revealed, perhaps, the secret of the maids' loyalty when, shortly before Mrs. Roosevelt's death, she told a visitor, with a glow in her eyes and her voice, that Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt had been "the happiest couple" she had ever known. Charlie Lee, the White House coachman who became the family chauffeur, returned with the family to Sagamore Hill after the Presidency, refusing the White House job that was offered him at a higher wage than the Roosevelts could pay. "You are my family," he explained.

APART from the food, the dinner table played a big part in Sagamore Hill life. The children learned there the importance of the citizen's concern with public affairs, the contagion of an impassioned patriotism, the qualities that make some men great and some men petty. The leading minds of the nation sat at that table, not only in the field of politics; in literature, history, business, science, exploration.

If there were no guests, only the children, the President might put them into hysterics with a pet parlor trick of his, a pantomime of a man looking for a pocketknife. He would search one of his pockets, then another and another with mounting impatience and appropriate gestures, grunts and exclamations, until, finally, at long last, there it was!

For a special treat—perhaps a birthday—he might adjourn his tableful of children to the living room and put on an opera, taking all the parts in turn—prima donna, hero, villain and the rest. The fact that he could not carry a tune to save his life did not seem to matter. His audience literally "rolled in the aisles."

Sagamore Hill was a good place for children to grow up in. There were six of them—Alice, Ted and Kermit, Ethel, Archie, Quentin. Four were romping, rambunctious extroverts. Kermit was dreamy and imaginative, Alice, given to "walking by her wild lone," like the Cat in the *Just So Stories*; all of them devoted to each other, to the fascinating playmate who was their father and to their wise, devoted and understanding mother.

There were occasions, indeed, when the head of the family himself was

(Continued on page 86)

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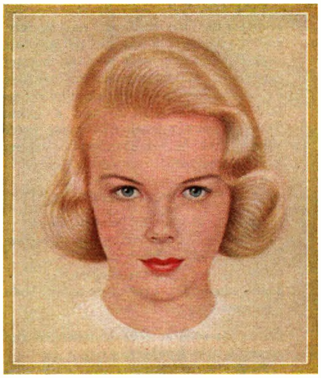

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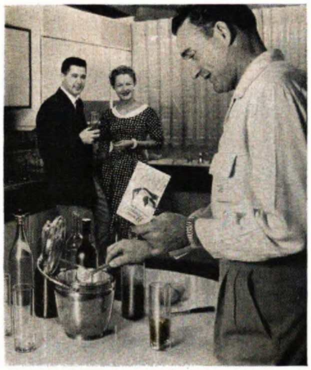

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(Continued from page 84)

made to realize that though he might be President elsewhere in the nation, at Sagamore Hill he was "just Father." A neighborhood boy, aged ten or twelve, called Archie on the phone. The President picked up the receiver. Archie wasn't around, he said, but he was Archie's father. "You'll do," said the boy and gave him a message. "It's so nice," remarked Mr. Roosevelt later, "to think that the President of the United States will do."

At Sagamore Hill there were 80 or 100 acres to roam over; there was the woodpile pond. "We used to dig around it," Mrs. Longworth recalls, "and catch little turtles and snakes and things like that. Very pleasant, *very* pleasant." And there was always the orchard. "When cherries were in season," Mrs. Longworth remembers, "we'd climb the cherry trees and eat cherries and cherries. There were always vast quantities of little russet apples, great big red apples, big yellow apples. We'd climb a tree and sit in it all day. The orchard was considered mine—as the eldest, I suppose—and I rented 'houses' to the others. The way they paid their rent was to climb their tree. If they didn't climb it, it was not their house.

"I spent a great deal of time in the orchard, and down in the woods too, mooning about. I don't think children 'moon' as much now as they did then. It wasn't daydreaming," she explained, "just mooning—liking the thing itself, the moss, the charming, delightful things."

Of the six children who romped over Sagamore Hill only Alice, Ethel and Archie survive. Ted and Quentin, the eldest and youngest, sleep side by side in an American military cemetery in France. Kermit, who, too, died in service, is buried in Alaska. At Sagamore Hill—in the house, the fields and the woods—they continue to live, with "Mame" and Annie, Katie and Rose and Molly, Meta and Mathilde, Mary and Bridget, with the mother who, with one hand, managed the lot of them and, with the other, kept on the rails, to his country's glory and his own, the high-powered steam engine that was her husband. THE END

Sagamore Hill recipes

Continued from page 39

SCALLOPED OYSTERS

1 qt oysters
Sliver of lemon peel
⅛ teaspoon mace
¾ cup dry bread crumbs
½ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
2 tablespoons butter or margarine

Start your oven at 375F or moderate and grease a 2-quart casserole or 4 individual casseroles.

Drain off oyster liquid and pour in a saucepan. Add lemon peel and mace to liquid and bring to a boil. Remove lemon sliver and pour liquid over oysters. Let stand until cool.

Now mix ½ cup bread crumbs with nutmeg, salt, pepper. Mix remaining crumbs with melted butter or margarine. Arrange a layer of oysters on the bottom of the casserole. Sprinkle with about 2 tablespoons seasoned crumbs. Cover with more oysters, more crumbs, another layer of oysters. Dribble in about 2 tablespoons oyster liquid and cover with a layer of buttered crumbs. Bake 20 minutes or until surface is brown. Serves 4.

CHICKEN À LA STANFORD WHITE

3- to 3½-lb roasting chicken
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
8 small onions
1½ cups soft bread crumbs
1 cup heavy cream
Paprika

Start your oven at 325F or slow. Leave chicken whole and rinse inside and out with cold water. Rub ½ teaspoon salt and the pepper into chicken cavity. Truss, place in roasting pan and dot the skin with butter or margarine. Bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, peel onions and cut into quarters. Mix onions with bread crumbs, cream and remaining salt. At the end of the 30-minute baking time, spoon bread-onion mixture around chicken. Sprinkle with paprika, cover and bake 30 minutes longer. Then remove cover and bake a final half-hour or until chicken is brown and tender. Serve bird with sauce (resembles bread sauce) to 4.

CELERY CARDINALE

1 bunch green celery
1 cooked beet
⅓ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
3 tablespoons lemon juice, fresh, frozen or canned
1 teaspoon salt

Wash celery and cut in very thin, diagonal slices. Keep crisp in refrigerator until dressing is made.

Mash beet with a fork (or grate very fine) and mix with mayonnaise or salad dressing, lemon juice and salt. Let stand about an hour before spooning over the celery. Makes enough delicious salad for 6.

TWO-CRUST LEMON PIE

Pastry for a 2-crust pie
2 lemons
3 eggs
1½ cups sugar

Make pastry from a mix or your own favorite recipe. Chill in refrigerator for 30 minutes at least. Then divide in half, roll out one half and line an 8-inch piepan. Keep remainder cool until lemon filling is made. Start your oven at 400F or moderately hot.

Grate rinds from both lemons. Peel away all white pulp and cut lemons in sections as you do oranges or grapefruit. Discard seeds and connecting tissues. Work over a bowl to catch all juice.

Beat eggs slightly; beat in sugar gradually. Now combine egg mixture with lemon rind, lemon sections and all juice which has seeped out of the sections. Pour into unbaked pie shell, cover with top pastry and seal the edges tightly. Bake 40 to 45 minutes or until pastry is slightly brown. Serve cool.

JUMBLES

1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1 tablespoon cinnamon*
3 cups sifted all purpose flour

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Work butter or margarine until soft, then gradually add sugar and continue working until smooth. Beat in eggs, cinnamon or lemon rind and juice, and the flour thoroughly. If you want to bake the cookies immediately, rub a little flour on your hands, pull off bits of dough and roll into balls the size of a small cherry. Place on greased cookie sheet and flatten with a floured spatula into a thin circle. Bake 10 to 12 minutes.

If you don't want to bake them right away, shape dough into a roll (as in making ice-box cookies), chill in refrigerator, then cut in thin slices. Bake these the same length of time. Makes about 6 dozen simple but delicious cookies.

***Or grated rind of 1 lemon plus one tablespoon lemon juice.**

PEAR JAM

2½ to 3 lb firm pears
3 cups water
3 cups sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

Pare, remove cores and cut pears into small chunks. You should have about 5 to 6 cups of prepared fruit.

Mix water and 1½ cups sugar in a large saucepan. Cook over a high heat until mixture comes to a boil, then boil rapidly for about 2 minutes. At this point toss in pears, bring to a boil again and boil briskly for 15 minutes. Do not cover. Now stir in remaining 1½ cups sugar and cook gently for half an hour or until pears are tender and translucent.

Scoop fruit out of the syrup and place in 3 sterilized half-pint jars. Cook syrup to a brisk boil and continue cooking 5 to 7 minutes longer or until syrup looks thick as honey when a sample is tested in a cool dish. Flavor with vanilla extract and pour the hot syrup over the cooked pears. Seal jars immediately.

RHUBARB-ORANGE JAM

1 lb rhubarb (4 cups sliced)
6 oranges
2½ cups sugar

Wash rhubarb and cut in thin slices. Cut peel from oranges, shaving away all thick white membrane from peel. Cut the thin peel in fine slivers and section the oranges, discarding all connecting tissues.

Now mix rhubarb, orange sections, slivers of orange peel and sugar in a large saucepan. Cook to the boiling point, then reduce heat and cook very slowly for about 2 hours or until jam is thick and reasonably clear. Spoon into jars and seal. Makes 1 quart.

MOTHER'S STEAMED PUDDING

1 cup plus 2 tablespoons sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon baking soda
½ cup butter or margarine
⅓ cup sugar
2 eggs
2 tablespoons strawberry jam

Sift flour and baking soda together. Work butter or margarine until soft. Add sugar gradually and continue working until the mixture is reasonably smooth, then beat in the eggs thoroughly. Stir in well the sifted dry ingredients and strawberry jam.

Spoon the stiff batter into a greased, quart pudding pan or mold. Cover tightly, place mold in a kettle of hot water (water should be about 2 inches deep), cover the kettle and cook over a moderate heat for about 1½ hours. Add additional hot water to kettle if necessary.

Remove mold from kettle, uncover and let stand 10 minutes before taking pudding from mold. Serve hot to 6 with Custard Sauce.

To make Custard Sauce: Heat 2 cups milk until a film wrinkles over the top. Set aside for the moment. Beat 3 eggs slightly, add ¼ cup sugar, a pinch of salt and mix well. Pour the hot milk into egg mixture very slowly, stirring constantly. Cook over *hot* water, stirring all the while until custard is thick enough to coat a spoon. Transfer pan to a bowl of ice water, flavor custard with ½ teaspoon vanilla extract and let sauce cool.

CLOVE CAKE

1 cup butter or margarine
2¼ cups sugar
5 eggs
3 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 tablespoon cloves
1 tablespoon cinnamon
Pinch salt
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon baking soda

Start your oven at 350F or moderate and grease a 10-inch tube pan.

Work butter or margarine until soft, then add sugar gradually and continue working until mixture is smooth. Beat

(Continued on page 90)

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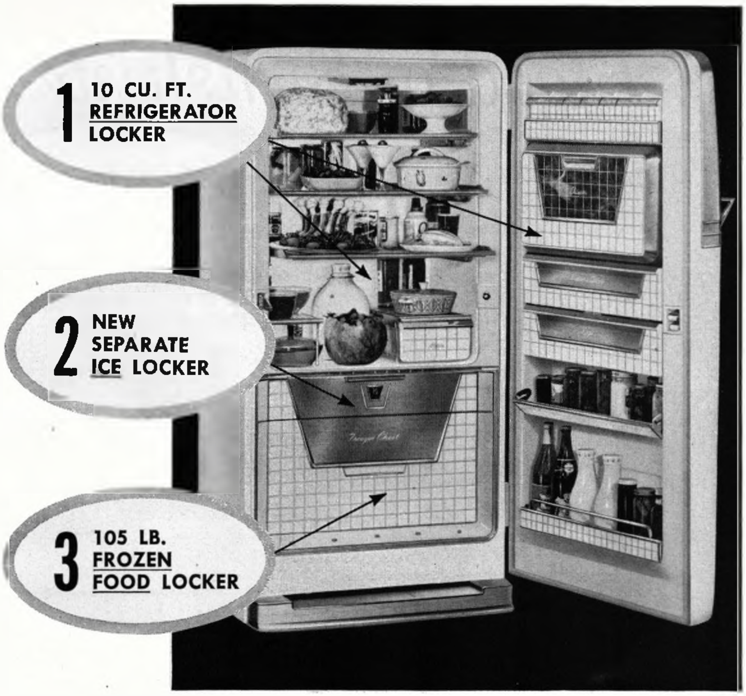
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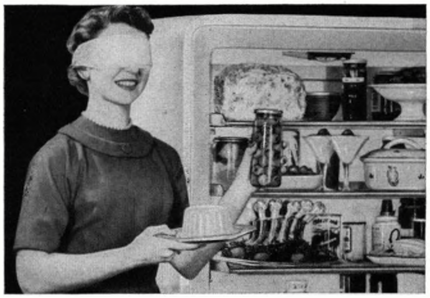

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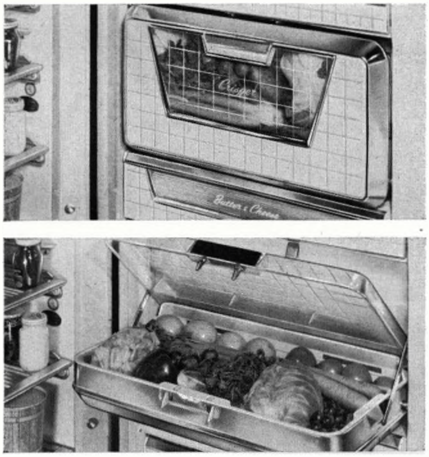

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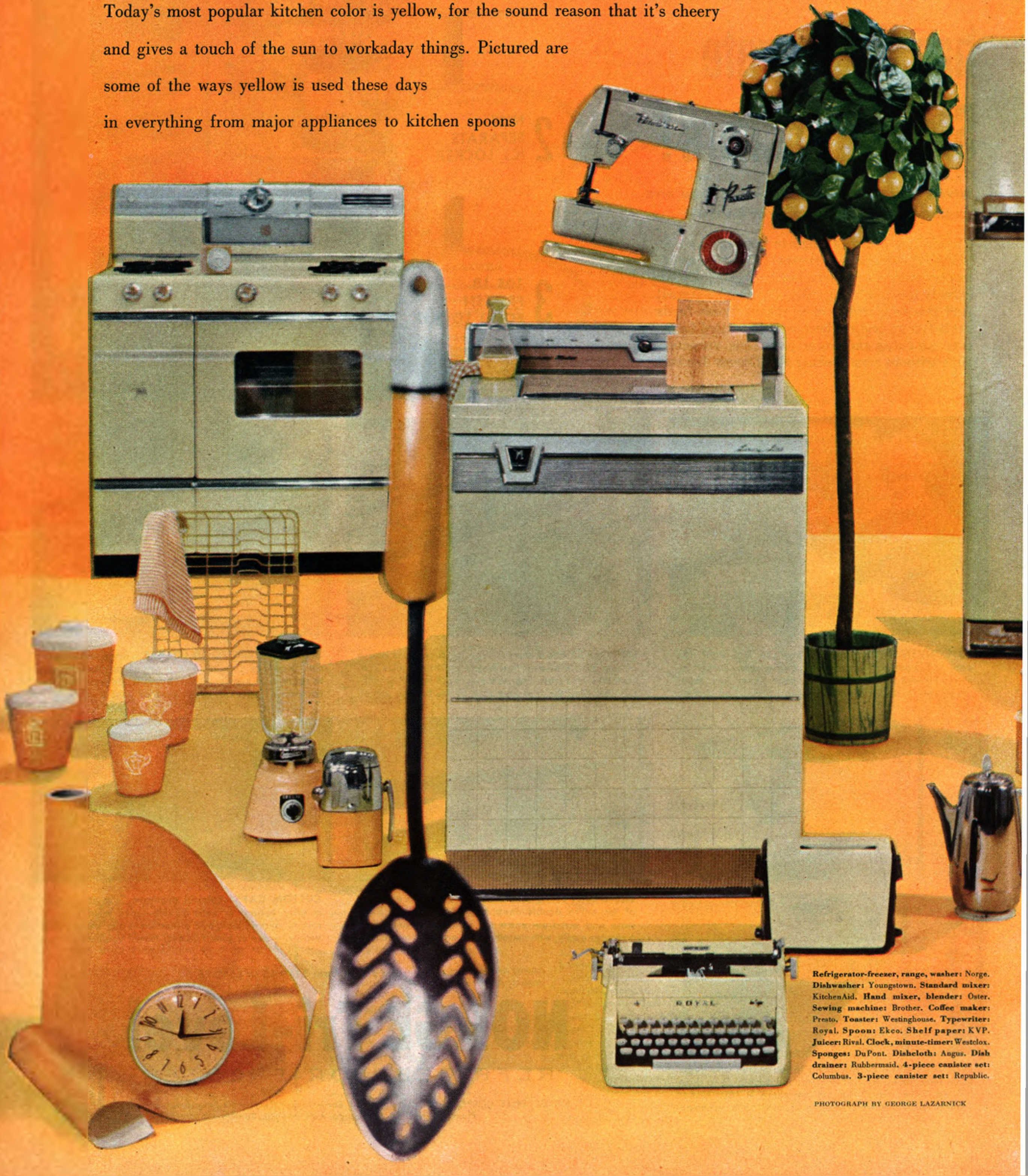
Flood of Sunshine

by ANNA FISHER

Today's most popular kitchen color is yellow, for the sound reason that it's cheery and gives a touch of the sun to workaday things. Pictured are some of the ways yellow is used these days in everything from major appliances to kitchen spoons



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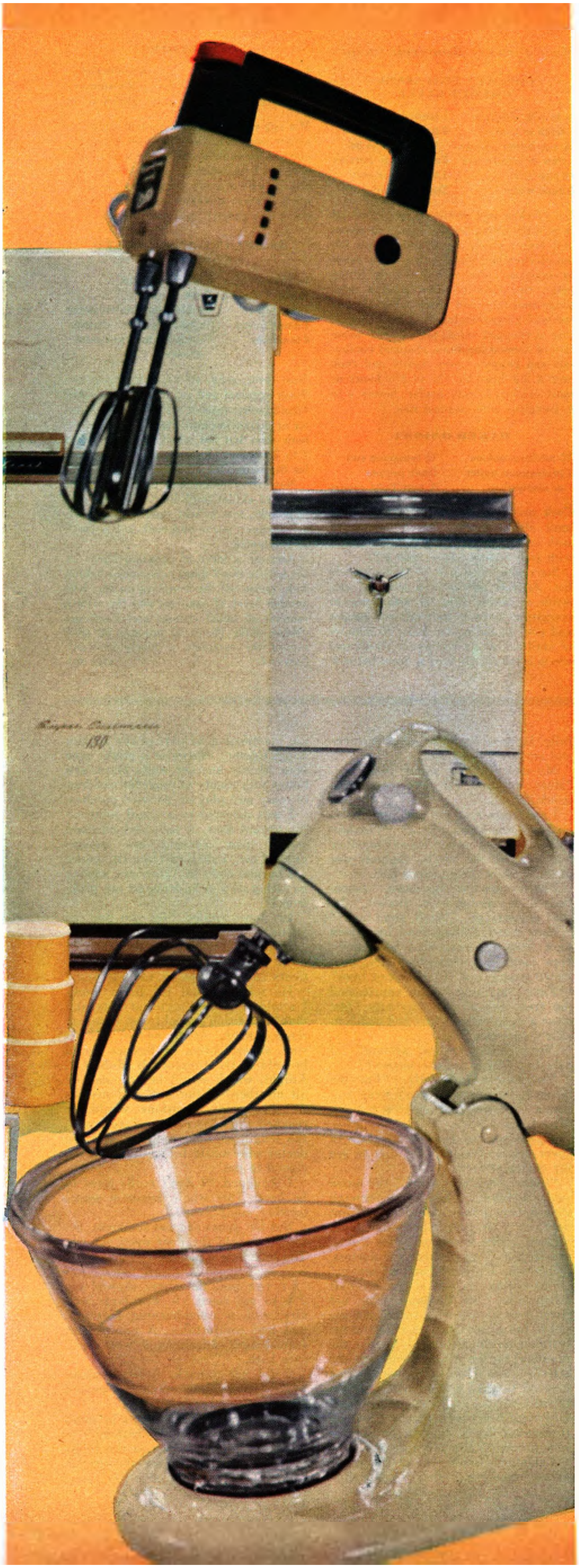

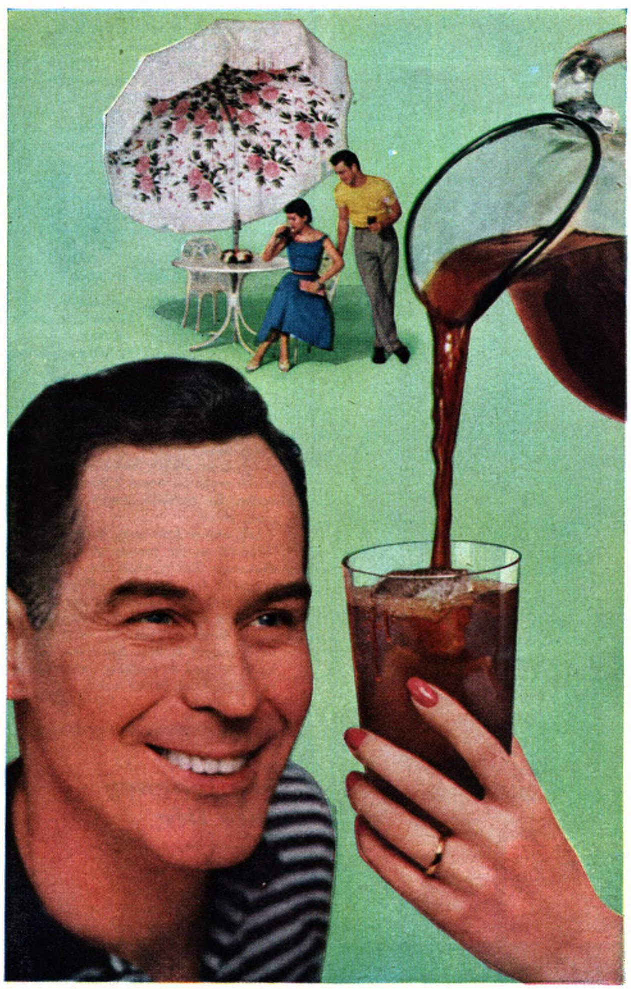

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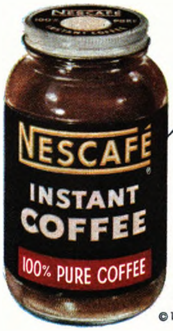

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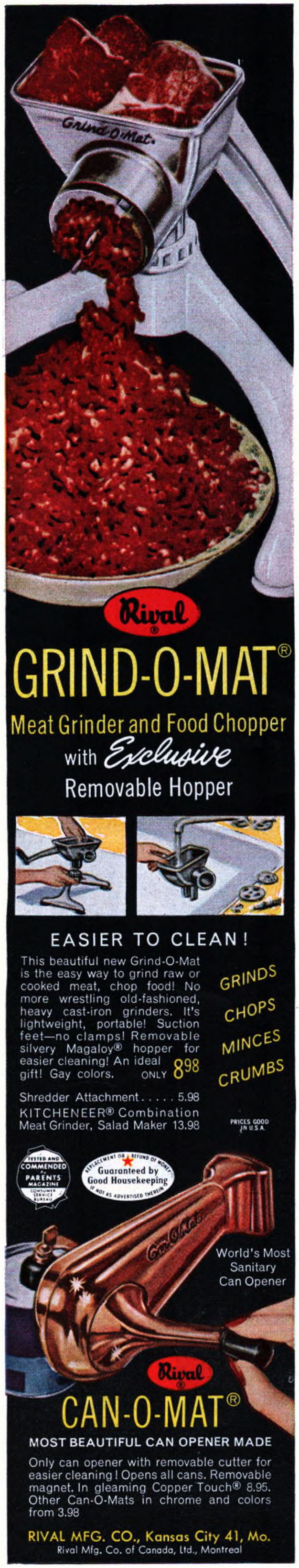
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(*Continued from page 86*)

eggs thoroughly in a separate bowl, pour into creamed sugar and mix well.

Sift flour with cloves, cinnamon, salt and beat about ⅓ of the dry ingredients into batter. Stir in ½ cup sour milk (mixture looks curdled here but it will beat out), add another ⅓ of the flour-spice combination and mix well. Stir baking soda into remaining ½ cup milk, mix into batter along with remaining flour and pour into baking pan. Bake 45 to 55 minutes or until cake pulls away from rim of pan. Cool for 10 minutes on cake rack, then remove from pan. So good it doesn't need frosting.

APPLE CUSTARD

4 medium baking apples
½ cup water
4 eggs
½ cup sugar
3 cups milk
½ teaspoon vanilla extract
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

Start your oven at 325F or slow and get out a 2-quart baking dish or casserole.

Pare and core apples (as in preparing baked apples), place in a saucepan with water, cover tightly and cook on the top of the range for about 5 minutes or until apples are partially tender. Don't overcook, please.

Lift apples from pan, drain and stand them up on the bottom of baking dish. Beat eggs slightly, then mix in the sugar gradually but thoroughly. Pour in milk, flavor with vanilla extract and nutmeg, pour over apples. Set baking dish in a pan of hot water and bake 1½ to 2 hours or until custard is firm. Good test is when knife inserted in center of custard comes out clean. Cool. Serves 4 to 6.

More favorite Roosevelt recipes

CHICKEN FRICASSEE, CREOLE STYLE

4- to 5-lb chicken, fresh or frozen
¼ cup butter, margarine or shortening
¼ cup flour
2 cups water
1 medium onion
6 fresh tomatoes or 1 can (1 lb 14 oz)
Few sprigs parsley
1 tablespoon salt
Dash of pepper

Cut chicken into serving pieces. Melt fat in a heavy frying pan, add chicken pieces and brown slowly on all sides. Now lift out chicken and transfer to a heavy kettle or saucepan—one with a tightly fitting cover. Stir flour into the chicken drippings smoothly, add water gradually and stir until gravy bubbles. Pour over chicken, toss in chopped onion, peeled fresh tomatoes or canned tomatoes, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Cover tightly and cook over a low heat for 1¼ to 1½ hours or until chicken is very tender. Serves 4 to 6. Delicious with steamed rice.

BAKED ONIONS

12 medium onions
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
1 cup light cream

Cook *unpeeled* onions in boiling water until almost tender. Drain, then cover with cold water and slip off onion skins with your fingers. (Easy, isn't it?)

Start your oven at 400F or moderately hot. Arrange onions in a buttered casserole or baking dish, dot with butter or margarine, sprinkle with salt and pepper and pour in the cream. Bake 40 minutes or until onions are completely tender and cream is temptingly brown. Serve hot to 6.

ZABAGLIONE

4 egg yolks
4 tablespoons confectioners' sugar
4 tablespoons Marsala or sherry wine

Mix egg yolks and confectioners' sugar together smoothly. Cover and let stand for about 1 hour, then stir in the wine. Cook over hot (not boiling) water, beating vigorously with a rotary beater or wire whisk until mixture thickens and looks frothy. Serve this dessert immediately to 4.

EGGPLANT-AND-TOMATO CASSEROLE

1 eggplant
½ cup butter or margarine
1 small onion
4 tomatoes
2 teaspoons salt
Dash pepper
1 tablespoon brown sugar
¼ cup dry bread crumbs
¼ cup grated Parmesan cheese

Start your oven at 375F or moderate. Wash eggplant and cut into ½-inch slices (don't bother peeling). Fry in melted butter or margarine until lightly browned on both sides but not wholly cooked. Takes 2 to 3 minutes. Transfer slices to a plate for the moment.

Now chop onion fine and fry in the eggplant skillet until limp. Cut tomatoes in chunks, toss in with onions along with salt, pepper, sugar and cook gently for 5 to 7 minutes.

Arrange a layer of eggplant slices on the bottom of a 2-quart casserole or baking dish, spoon all the tomatoes on top. add another layer of eggplant and top with a mixture of bread crumbs and Parmesan cheese. Bake 20 to 30 minutes or until top of the casserole is nicely browned. Serves 6.

THE END

My journey into life

Continued from page 37

parties but at home by myself. I needed the glow and the warmth. More and more I needed the sense drink gave me of a soft and yielding pillow under my aching head. I was not an alcoholic! I did not hide my drinking like some women I knew who withdrew to their rooms, pulled down the blinds and had "sick headaches" for days at a time. I controlled my drinking; then why deny myself this one indulgence?

Reluctantly I dragged myself to a local psychiatrist three times a week. But I could not give myself up to the treatments. Three hours out of a week of torment seemed foolish and futile. Too little and too late. I told the doctor. I was too old and too tired. My body, like my mind, felt pulpy and waterlogged. I seemed to have lost control over their functions. Ordinary chores and tasks and decisions loomed so large, I backed away, terrified of making a wrong move.

Finally my doctor convinced me that I must break away completely. He suggested Austen Riggs, made the arrangements and thrust the booklet about it into my hands.

I tucked the booklet into my purse and put my head back against the train seat. I was too exhausted to read further. I was going there; that much was certain. I didn't have to stay. I had no decisions to make—not then. I closed my eyes and dozed.

A TAXI drove me from the railroad station to the door of Foundation Inn, where the patients live. The place looked like an attractive country resort, with wide lawns beautifully landscaped with great spruces and smaller evergreens.

My driver was a young local boy. "Here we are. I'll take your bags inside."

I wanted to turn tail and run. What on earth was I doing here? Why had I come? But I pulled myself together and followed the boy in. Nobody was at the desk in the entrance hall.

The boy set the bags down. "Somebody'll be along soon, ma'am," he said reassuringly. "Well, good luck!"

How many patients had he driven here from the station, I wondered? How many dispirited, heartsick, burdened people had he deposited here?

Finally a young woman approached me from one of the corridors. She wore a sweater and skirt and comfortable moccasins.

"Isn't there anyone around?" I asked. "Where are the nurses?"

She smiled pleasantly. "I'm the nurse in charge. We don't wear uniforms. You must be our new patient, Mrs. Gerard."

I gave her my best social glare to cover my confusion. "I'd like to see my doctor at once."

"Certainly, Mrs. Gerard," the nurse said, nodding. "You have enough time before dinner. Go out the front door, turn to your right, and a bit farther up the street you'll see Purinton House. That's where the doctors' offices are. It's our treatment center."

Stockbridge is one of the loveliest villages in New England. The old trees were ablaze with color, and the sky in the gathering dusk reflected the brilliant autumn foliage. Across the road and farther up the street was the stately Town Hall, and just beyond it stood the red and white Congregational Church. Through the foliage I glimpsed the winding course of the Housatonic River, banked by the velvety greens of the golf course.

Purinton House was a converted private dwelling. A discreet little shingle identified it as part of the Austen Riggs Center; otherwise it might have been merely another white clapboard house with plenty of room for children to romp and play on its wide porches.

I was directed to a small room on the second floor. A tall, pink-cheeked young man wearing eye glasses greeted me. I shall call him Dr. Jones.

I barged right in. "How can anyone as young as you understand my problems?"

Dr. Jones smiled. "Do you find me young?"

"Well, a little!"

He spoke gently. "Some of my patients have thought so, too—at first."

He told me that for three weeks I would be given a series of tests, and that in addition I would visit him four times a week. At the end of this period, an evaluation conference would be held by the director, Dr. Robert P. Knight, which would be attended by all members of the staff and myself. At this point, decisions would be reached about my course of treatment, the length of time required and the doctor who would be permanently assigned to me.

I shrugged. "I don't really *need* to be here. This whole business seems terribly complicated."

But Dr. Jones did not comment. He rose and held the door open for me. The interview was over.

AT THE inn, the nurse showed me to my room. It was large and airy, with a wood-burning fireplace, and had comfortable, if not elegant furnishings. Adjoining it was a private bath.

I did not unpack. Before making any decisions about staying, I wanted to meet the other guests.

The long living room was in semidarkness. No one had bothered to draw the curtains, turn on the lights or throw another log on the fire. A

(*Continued on page 94*)

You can bake Pound Cake inspired by a favorite recipe used by *Martha Jefferson*

At historic Monticello, in Charlottesville, Virginia, Martha Jefferson Randolph baked delicious Pound Cake for her father—Thomas Jefferson, our 3rd President.

Photographed in the original kitchen of Monticello.

Now- Dromedary Presents the First and Only Pound Cake Mix!

Tonight you can make history at your table with this historic cake—luscious Dromedary Early American Pound Cake. It was inspired by the recipe used by Martha Jefferson Randolph, when she was official hostess for her father at Monticello.

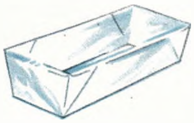
This is Pound Cake as you've never known it. For Dromedary Pound Cake is moist, golden and fine-textured with a rich burst of flavor in every mouthful. It cuts like butter, even in thin slices—and stays fresh up to two weeks.

From this basic mix you can make marble, lemon or spice pound cake. There are seven recipes on the package. And inside, a free baking pan, just the size and shape to make your Pound Cake come out perfectly! Dromedary Pound Cake Mix comes in Glittering Gold Foil to keep it mixing bowl fresh.

Think of it! With two minutes mixing time and less than an hour's baking you can surprise your family with home-baked Pound Cake—using Dromedary Early American Pound Cake Mix—the first and only Pound Cake Mix.

MIXING TIME:
ONLY 2 MINUTES

Free Baking Pan In Every Box



DROMEDARY received the rights to this recipe in return for its contributions to the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, member organization of the National Trust for Historic Preservation.

Dromedary
POUND CAKE MIX
Free
BAKE PAN INSIDE
ADD FRESH EGG and MILK

®

by ELEANOR NODERER

THE FOOD IN YOUR FUTURE

Adding water to these new nonrefrigerated packaged seafoods restores them to absolute freshness, absolutely true flavor

Soon there'll be no *R*-less months in the year for oyster lovers. And soft-shelled-crab fanciers across the country will be able to enjoy those delicacies year round too, at a peak of perfection that even lucky shore dwellers have never tasted.

A revolution in food processing makes this possible. Almost any food you can name, as well as these notoriously perishable seafoods, can now be preserved indefinitely without refrigeration. A unique method which extracts the moisture content under pressure will make short-season and formerly local delicacies available to anyone with a can opener and a glass of water—for water is all that's needed to restore every bit of the original flavor and texture.

A native Marylander, Charles Briddell, is the man responsible for this exciting process. During the war Mr. Briddell learned of discoveries in pharmaceutical research which made it possible to preserve blood plasma by a freeze-drying process. Why, he thought, couldn't the process be adapted for use with perishable food?

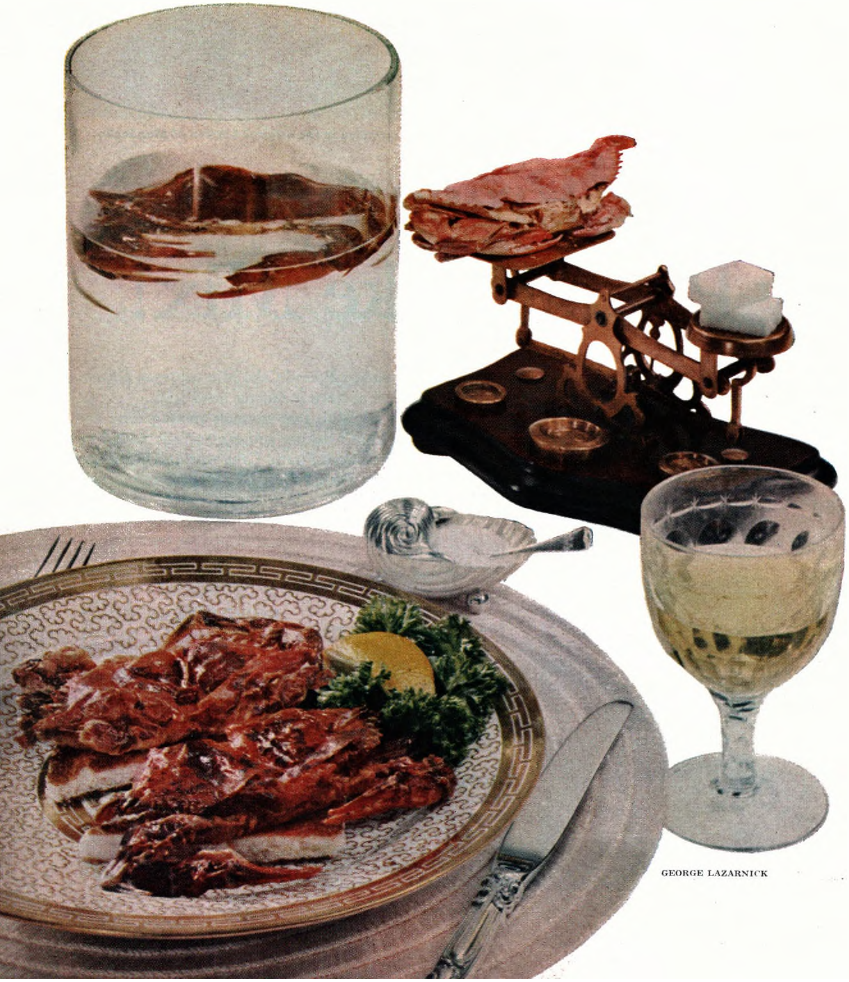
Mr. Briddell's home town is the little seaport of Crisfield, 150 miles south of Baltimore on the Maryland shore and the heart of the Chesapeake Bay shellfishing industry since the days of Captain John Smith. Oysters and crabs—particularly the delectable soft-shells—provide a livelihood for most of Crisfield's 4,000 population. But since these shellfish have only a short season and cannot travel far, even refrigerated, the industry has been till now a local one. It was this situation that Mr. Briddell, president of the Carvel Hall Cutlery Company, which manufactures both cutlery and shellfish-harvesting implements, set out to remedy.

And it appears that he has done so. With the cooperation of the Army Quartermaster Corps, which naturally is deeply interested in new methods of processing perishables, he has developed and used the Fro-Vac 99 process, not only with seafood but with many other varieties of food, and with spectacular results.

By removing the water from food while it is solidly frozen, Fro-Vac 99 eliminates the possibility of cellular breakdown and damage to the fibers. The result is a dried product, fabulously light in weight, as the photograph on this page shows, which can be kept on a pantry shelf in its container for as long as two years. To restore it, all the housewife need do is add the required amount of water and watch the almost unbelievable spectacle of a wafer-thin, feather-light object regaining its original size, shape and color. "We haven't figured out yet how to get the soft-shelled crabs swimming," Mr. Briddell says, injecting a slightly eerie note; but it hardly seems necessary since the Fro-Vac method preserves them within minutes of shedding their shells—in a state of freshness that probably only a zealous crab-fancier standing on the Maryland shore with a hot skillet full of butter has ever savored.

Under the brand name of Carvel Hall 99 Brand, four products will be in national distribution this summer. They are: an Oyster Puff mix, Crab Cakes, Crab Imperial and Oyster Bisque, all fabled Maryland dishes and all prepared and seasoned according to traditional Maryland recipes, ready to serve once they have had moisture added and been heated. Other seafoods will follow.

What this food-processing discovery can mean for the future makes fascinating speculation. It may well be a godsend to our armed forces—lightweight, compact, easily prepared field rations and submarine supplies. For scientific expeditions, for airlines and ocean liners, it can mean new possibilities in deliciously fresh-tasting foods. And, of course, to the average consumer it already means the pleasure of adding to family menus these choice delicacies in a new form.



GEORGE LAZARNICK

Freeze-dried soft-shelled crab weighs less than two sugar lumps. In water it regains original shape; sautéed, it tastes as deliciously fresh as moment it was caught

For slimming salad meals

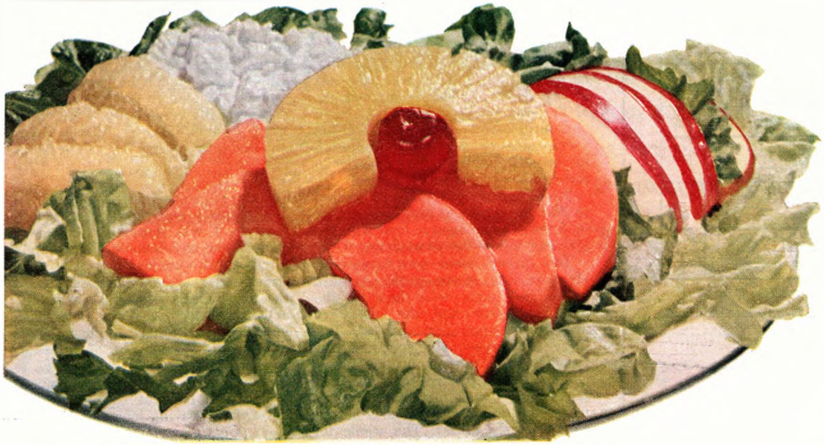
—*make lighter dressings with Heinz Vinegar and Wesson Oil*

Wesson Oil
For Salads
HEINZ
VINEGAR

You please everybody—light and hearty appetites alike—with inviting salad buffet meals. For here is feast-like bounty that's *low* in calories.

Lighter, homemade dressing helps keep salads slimming. With sparkling clear Heinz Vinegar and delicate Wesson Oil you can make your own tempting dressing *lighter* than heavy bought dressings. In just *one* minute, you make it as rich *or* as slimming as you choose!

Your own homemade dressing costs less, too. And where in the world could you match the fresh, home-seasoned flavor of the dressing you make yourself with mild, pure Wesson Oil and Heinz Vinegar—always uniform in strength!



1-MINUTE FRENCH DRESSING

- **1 teaspoon salt**
- **½ teaspoon sugar**
- **½ teaspoon paprika**
- **¼ teaspoon pepper**
- ***¼ cup Heinz Vinegar**
- ***¾ cup Wesson Oil**

Combine and shake well in covered jar. Shake well before using. Makes 1 cup.

**For a sharper dressing, use ⅓ cup Heinz Vinegar and ⅔ cup Wesson Oil.*

"HELP-YOURSELF" SALAD MEAL

333 calories

For each serving use ½ *medium tomato, sliced; ½ cup shrimp,* such as Blue Plate or Gulf Kist brand shrimp; *½ cup cooked green beans; 1 hard-cooked egg, sliced; 2 large leaves of lettuce* (or endive, escarole or other salad greens); *6 slices cucumber; 1 radish, sliced.* Serve with 2 tablespoons—

Ketchup-Onion French Dressing

To *½ cup 1-Minute French Dressing* add *¼ cup Heinz Ketchup, 1 tablespoon chopped onion* and a *dash of Tabasco.*

FRUIT SALAD MEAL

437 calories

For each serving, use *3 slices each of apple* (*dipped in grapefruit juice*) and *cantaloupe, 3 grapefruit sections, ½ slice pineapple, 5 tablespoons cottage cheese;* serve on *2 large leaves of salad greens.* Garnish with *fresh mint* and a *maraschino cherry.* Serve with 2 tablespoons of—

Mint French Dressing

To *½ cup 1-Minute French Dressing* add *2 tablespoons finely chopped mint.* Let stand one hour.

Wesson Oil

America's favorite salad oil—none finer, lighter, fresher

Heinz Vinegar

Five full-flavored kinds—to make your salads sing

TREAT FOR WEIGHT WATCHERS
...New D-ZERTA GELATIN

Made by the makers of JELL-O desserts...so you *know* it's good!

SUGAR-FREE
D-ZERTA
GELATIN DESSERT
6 DELICIOUS FLAVORS
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF JELL-O DESSERTS

D-ZERTA GELATIN makes refreshing salads and tempting desserts—yet it's absolutely sugar-free.* A portion contains only about as many calories as 4 grapes!

D-Zerta Gelatin comes in 6 famous Jell-O flavors and costs only pennies per serving!

Get new D-ZERTA PUDDINGS, too—*Vanilla*, *Chocolate*, and *Butterscotch*. Think of it—now you weight watchers can enjoy creamy, rich-tasting chocolate pudding with never a worry about calories!

Compare the calories in one serving	
Peach pie	406
Vanilla layer cake	309
1 Oatmeal cookie	114
D-ZERTA PUDDING (*with skim milk*)	54
D-ZERTA GELATIN (*molded with Cottage cheese—40*)	12

*Deliciously sweetened with saccharin and Sucaryl® (Abbott).

D-ZERTA PUDDINGS and GELATINS

D-Zerta and Jell-O are registered trade-marks of General Foods.

(*Continued from page 90*)

pall of gloom hung over the room and I could barely distinguish a few of the faces and figures. A girl lay stretched out on the couch beside the fire. Across from her a boy slouched in a wing chair, his legs dangling over the arms and his face buried in his hands. At the grand piano, another young man was improvising spine-shivering discords.

I had barely entered the room when a girl arose abruptly and almost brushed me aside in her haste to leave. The boy at the piano stopped playing, darted a glance at me and then brought his fists down on the keys. I tried to walk unconcernedly around the room, smiling graciously at everyone like a hostess in my own house. But no one smiled back. Was it unreasonable to expect an ordinary social response from them? Why did they slop around in blue jeans, sweaters and sneakers so close to dinnertime? Sick or not, they didn't need to look and behave like a lot of juvenile delinquents!

At last the girl on the couch got up and introduced herself. "Well," she observed, "you must be the new one they were expecting. I suppose you know you've got four appointments a week with your doctor. The rest of the time you can sit around on your fanny or you can do something else. They've got painting, sculpting, dancing, drama. You pays your nickel and you takes your choice!"

I could feel my smile freeze.

Just then a young man of about 23 wove his way into the room.

"How are you?" the girl called to him.

"I'll be okay when the bourbon starts to work."

I had tried all the long train ride not even to think about a drink. There had been no club car on the train and I had not thought to bring a bottle with me.

"Are drinks served here?" I asked.

"No, of course not," she said, laughing. "You mean you didn't bring anything with you? My God, I guess I'll have to lead you to a drink. You look as though you could use one."

We went up to her room. An easel and paintbox were in one corner. Books and records overflowed the shelves and lay about on the tables. The whole room looked so lived-in and so personal. How long, I wondered, how long did people stay?

The girl handed me a drink and then poured one for herself. "I've been here six months," she said, guessing my thought. "About par for the course, I'd say."

"Six months! I could never—" I stopped and tossed off my drink.

"Take it easy, Mrs. Gerard," the girl said. "This place hits all of us like a ton of bricks at first."

All of *us*? How could I possibly be one of them? They were the age of my children. They reminded me of the youngsters who used to be in and out of our house, who raided the refrigerator and played badminton on the lawn. I might be a housemother to these kids, never a fellow patient.

The dinner gong sounded. I wanted to rush to my room and lock myself in. Instead I managed to chat with the girl and follow her downstairs.

The dining room was large and pleasant, looking out on the grounds. Lace table mats were laid on the bare mahogany and the glassware and silver were very correct. But there the stylishness ended. Dress for dinner? I thought of the dinner clothes I had packed—and the bed jackets, for that matter. Even my tweed suit, sweater and pearls looked conspicuously dressy. The whole lot of them needed to be sent to their rooms to wash and brush up.

I discovered with relief that there were some grownups at Austen Riggs. I chose a seat opposite a gentleman who seemed very nearly my own age. I introduced myself. He gave me the benefit of a glance, mumbled a name and then turned his entire attention to his bowl of bouillon.

Table talk concerned a play that was in rehearsal. Here I was on solid ground and I perked up. From my college days I had been intensely interested in dramatics and at home I had helped to stage charity shows. The problem here at the moment was in casting the role of the father.

"But," I said brightly, "you have a father type right here at this table." I indicated my opposite number, whose head was by now almost inside his soup bowl. "Why don't you try out for it?" I asked him. "Acting's really wonderful fun!"

The gentleman's spoon crashed down on his plate. He scraped his chair back, threw his napkin on the table and stalked out of the room.

The table fell silent. All at once I felt like a little girl again. My father was asking me to pass the cream jug. I seized it and a few drops spilled on the cloth. "If there's an awkward way of doing anything," my father observed quietly, "you will find it, my dear."

Finally one of the girls turned toward me. "You see," she explained, "he's terrified even of walking into the village. So far he hasn't left the grounds. It would be utterly impossible for him to get up on a stage."

All right, I fumed, all right, then! But how was I supposed to know? Why did he have to be so rude because I had made a *faux pas*? I hadn't meant to upset him. I hadn't meant to spill the cream!

I could not touch the food on my plate, but I stuck to my guns. I would not retreat and let them see how they had annoyed me. Rudeness might be the rule for them but not for me. I sat quietly through the interminable meal until I could properly leave the table.

I walked briskly down the long corridor to my room. I had not unpacked and there was a morning train out of Stockbridge. I put through a telephone call to my analyst at home.

"Doctor," I cried, "this is a terrible place! These are *sick* people. I just don't belong here!"

"Please, Mrs. Gerard," he replied, "give yourself a chance. There are some quite sick people there and the behavior may seem strange at times. But you might be better off yourself if you did not bury your feelings so deeply."

In the end he persuaded me to stay. Actually I had nowhere else to go. Home, with the children away at school and my husband ignoring even the fact of my existence, offered nothing but desolation. If I really tried, I might stay at Austen Riggs at least long enough to receive some benefit.

Next morning I arose early. Fortunately, since breakfast was buffet-style, I was spared the collective company of my fellows. Immediately afterward I marched myself up the street to the arts and crafts studio. If the place really provided worthwhile activities, I decided, it was only sensible to take advantage of them. Short of weaving baskets out of raffia, or nonsense like that, I was ready to be shown.

The first floor of the studio was devoted to weaving looms and a well-

(*Continued on page 100*)

4 delicious food treats all from your package of **Quaker Oats**

1 MINUTE
QUICK
QUAKER
OATS
1 MINUTE
QUICK
MOTHER'S
OATS

Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same

BUTTERSCOTCH OATMEAL

(Shown above) Let a spoonful of brown sugar melt into good hot Quaker Oats—and the result is an elegant butterscotch flavor your family will love. For tasty breakfast variety, also try such other toppings as:

Honey
Marmalade
Chopped Dates
Chocolate Chips
Maple Syrup
Butter

Note for faster breakfasts: New Quick Quaker Oats requires only 1 minute of actual cooking. (The oat flakes are rolled thinner to give you creamy smooth oatmeal in less time.) If you prefer the flavor and texture of old-style oatmeal, try Old Fashioned Quaker Oats cooked a mere 5 minutes.

BONNIE MERINGUE TARTS

4 egg whites
½ teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
½ cup Quick Quaker or Mather's Oats, uncooked

FILLING:
1 pint whipping cream, whipped
2 cups sweetened fresh or frozen strawberries, raspberries or peaches (drained)

Add vinegar, vanilla and salt to egg whites; beat until frothy. Add sugar very gradually, about a tablespoon at a time, beating well after each addition. Continue beating until mixture stands in lustrous peaks. Lightly fold in the rolled oats.

Place in eight mounds on greased unglazed paper on a cooky sheet. Using a spatula, hollow out the centers and build up the sides to make tart shells. Bake in a very slow oven (275°F.) 45 minutes to 1 hour. Cool for a few minutes, then remove from paper. Cool thoroughly and fill with sweetened whipped cream into which fresh or frozen strawberries, raspberries or peaches have been folded. Makes 8 servings.

SCOTCH TOFFEE BARS

⅓ cup melted butter or margarine
2 cups Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)
½ cup brown sugar
¼ cup dark corn syrup
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons vanilla

TOPPING:
1 six-ounce package semi-sweet chocolate pieces, melted
¼ cup chopped nutmeats

Pour melted butter or margarine over rolled oats and mix thoroughly. Add brown sugar, corn syrup, salt and vanilla, blending well. Pack firmly into well-greased 7 x 11-inch pan. Bake in a very hot oven (450°F.) 12 minutes, or until a rich brown color.

When thoroughly cool, turn out of pan. Spread melted chocolate over top. Sprinkle with nutmeats. Chill; cut in bars. Store in refrigerator. Makes 2 dozen bars.

JUICY DOUBLE-DECK HAMBURGERS

MEAT PATTIES:
1½ pounds ground beef
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup tomato juice
¼ cup chopped onion
¾ cup Quaker or Mother's Oats (quick or old fashioned, uncooked)

FILLING AND TOPPING:
6 slices American cheese
6 tablespoons chili sauce

Combine all ingredients for the meat patties. Shape into 12 patties. Pan-fry; put 2 patties together with a slice of American cheese. Serve with chili sauce. Makes 6 servings.

WATCH "SERGEANT PRESTON OF THE YUKON" ON CBS-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS by Margrit Lutz

EVERYBODY LOVES SOFT COOKIES

ARNOLD SORVARI

BROWN LIZZIES

½ lb (1 cup) candied cherries
½ lb (2 cups) seedless raisins
2 slices candied pineapple
¼ lb (½ cup) citron
3 cups (2 cans 6-oz size) pecans
¼ cup butter or margarine
½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 eggs
⅓ cup dry white wine, cider or grape juice
2 tablespoons milk
1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons baking soda
½ teaspoon allspice
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cloves

Start your oven at 250F or very slow. Chop all fruits and nuts in little chunks. Work butter or margarine until soft, add sugar gradually and continue working the mixture until creamy. Beat eggs and add to batter along with wine, cider or grape juice and milk. Mixture looks slightly curdled here but don't be disturbed. Sift flour with baking soda and all spices. Mix half these dry ingredients into batter; put remaining half over the chopped fruits and nuts, then stir fruit-nut combination into the batter thoroughly.

Drop mounds (about 2 tablespoons' worth) on greased cookie sheets about 2 inches apart and flatten tops with a knife, keeping cookies circular. Bake 30 to 35 minutes or until slightly brown but still moist on top. Makes 3 dozen, and they keep as well as fruit cake.

ROCKS

2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon baking soda
Dash of salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1½ tablespoons water or milk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup chopped nuts
1 cup chopped raisins or dates
½ cup chopped citron

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Sift flour, baking soda, salt, cinnamon, cloves together. Work butter or margarine until soft. Add sugar gradually and work until smooth. Separate eggs and beat in the yolks one at a time, then stir in water or milk and vanilla extract. Mix a little of the flour mixture into nuts and chopped fruits. Stir remaining flour mixture into batter and mix in the nut-fruit combination. Beat egg whites until they stand in points and mix gently or fold into batter. Drop from a tablespoon onto a greased cookie sheet. Leave room to spread. Bake about 12 minutes. Makes 6 dozen cookies.

CHOCOLATE COOKIES

1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg
2 sq (2 oz) unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ cup buttermilk
1 cup chopped walnuts

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Sift flour, baking soda and salt together. Work shortening until soft, then add sugar gradually, beating until smooth. Add the egg and beat the batter hard. Melt chocolate over hot water and stir into mixture along with vanilla extract. Now stir in buttermilk, sifted dry ingredients and walnuts. Drop from teaspoon onto ungreased baking sheets and bake 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 3 dozen.

MOLASSES COOKIES

4 cups sifted all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine
½ cup shortening
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1 cup molasses
1 teaspoon baking soda
⅓ cup cider vinegar

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Sift flour, cinnamon, ginger and salt together. Work butter or margarine and shortening together until soft. Add sugar gradually and work again until mixture is smooth. Beat in eggs and molasses (don't be alarmed if batter looks slightly curdled at this point). Stir baking soda into vinegar and add alternately with flour mixture to batter. Mix thoroughly.

Drop from teaspoon onto greased cookie sheets and bake 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 6 to 7 dozen.

CURRANT COOKIES

2¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or margarine
1½ cups sugar
1 egg
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
½ teaspoon lemon extract
½ cup milk
¾ cup currants

Start your oven at 350F or moderate. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together. Work butter or margarine soft. Add the sugar gradually, working the batter until smooth. Stir in unbeaten egg and egg yolk and flavoring extracts and beat again. Add flour mixture and milk alternately and stir in currants last of all. Drop from teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet and bake 10 to 15 minutes or until cookies are light gold. Makes 3½ dozen.

BROWN SUGAR COOKIES

1¾ cups sifted all-purpose flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup shortening
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
1 egg
¼ cup sour milk or buttermilk
½ cup shredded coconut

Sift flour, baking soda, salt together. Work shortening until soft, then add the sugar gradually and continue working mixture until smooth. Beat in the egg and stir the dry ingredients into the batter alternately with sour milk or buttermilk. Beat smooth. Mix in coconut last of all. Chill about 1 hour before baking.

Start your oven at 400F or moderately hot. Drop batter from the teaspoon onto a greased cookie sheet—about 2 inches apart. Bake 8 to 10 minutes. Makes 2½ dozen.

PINEAPPLE COOKIES

⅓ cup butter or margarine
½ cup sugar
1 egg
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ cup crushed pineapple, syrup and all
2 tablespoons hot water

Start your oven at 375F or moderate. Work butter or margarine until soft, add sugar gradually and work again until mixture is smooth. Now stir in the well-beaten egg.

Sift flour with baking soda and stir into batter alternately with pineapple. Mix in hot water last of all and beat several minutes or until smooth as possible. Drop from tablespoon onto a greased cookie sheet. Allow for spreading. Bake 10 minutes. Makes 30 cookies.

Play it cool—with this Golden Cooler dessert!

Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
CONTENTS
1 LB. 4 OZ.
SWEETENED
CRUSHED PINEAPPLE
IN EXTRA HEAVY SYRUP — 4 TO 5 SERVINGS

And play it smart with DEL MONTE Pineapple—the kind that's extra refreshing!

Cooler eating is in the offing—sure as you let your grocer help you to Del Monte Pineapple this summer!

All five styles have that matchless Del Monte flavor—all the golden glory of pedigreed, juicy pineapples, picked only when natural tartness and sweetness are in perfect balance.

Never too tart—never too sweet! That's what makes Del Monte Pineapple so perfectly refreshing for all kinds of hot weather meals.

So look for Del Monte Brand Pineapple at your grocer's. Get the coolest ideas for serving the coolest pineapple in town—Del Monte.

GOLDEN COOLER DELIGHT

1 can (1 lb. 4½ oz.) DEL MONTE Brand Crushed Pineapple
1 cup cold cooked rice (about ⅓ cup when raw)
⅓ cup powdered sugar
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
½ cup crushed strawberries

Drain pineapple thoroughly. Fold 1 cup of the drained pineapple, the cooked rice and the powdered sugar into the whipped cream. Cover and chill at least 2 hours. At serving time, spoon layers of rice mixture, remaining pineapple and crushed strawberries into individual glass serving dishes or parfait glasses, as shown. Serves 4.

Enjoy all 5 styles: crushed • sliced • chunks • tidbits • juice

The brand you know puts flavor first

Del Monte®

you can't beat a Tomato Salad ... dressed by KRAFT!

MIRACLE WHIP
Salad Dressing
created by
KRAFT
8 FL. OZS.
KRAFT FOODS COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Call 'em to-*mah*-toes—or to-*may*-toes—or even "love apples" à la the French! Whatever you call 'em, they're the All-American favorite for salads. And they taste their *most* wonderful teamed with America's favorite salad dressings . . . by *Kraft.*

And what a raft of dressings Kraft has for you! *To spoon out*: There's Miracle Whip, the all-time favorite. And Kraft Mayonnaise, the smoothest, easiest mixing mayonnaise you ever tried. *To pour on:* There's Kraft Italian, very new, very much a hit. And Kraft's *three* famous French Dressings.

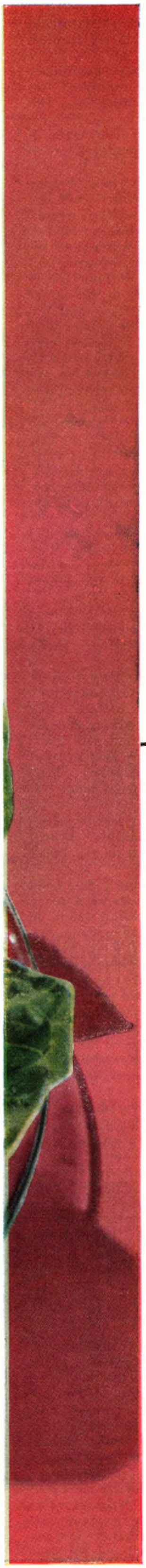
So look for the line-up of wonderful dressings Kraft always has at your grocer's. When it comes to salads, they'll make you as carefree as a summer breeze. As complimented, too!

TOMATO-SHRIMP PINWHEEL

For each serving cut a peeled tomato into 5 sections, leaving them attached at stem end. Place on lettuce covered salad plate. Spread sections slightly apart and press cooked shrimp between the sections. Fill center with sliced celery, and top with *Miracle Whip.*

Miracle Whip—tastes different because it *is* different!

Kraft's secret recipe and exclusive beating process make Miracle Whip a unique *type* of dressing, combining the best qualities of old-fashioned boiled dressing and fine mayonnaise. Liked by more people than any other salad dressing ever made, there's nothing else anywhere like the one and only Miracle Whip. Just try it!



SHAKE WELL
KRAFT
Italian dressing

TOMATO FLOWERET SALAD

Cook caulifloweret in boiling salted water until they are just tender. Then drain and marinate them in new *Kraft Italian Dressing* for several hours.

Place 3 slices of peeled tomato on a lettuce covered plate. Arrange the drained, marinated caulifloweret between the tomato slices. Top the caulifloweret with ripe olive slices. Fill the center of each salad with water cress and serve with *Kraft Italian Dressing.*

New! Kraft Italian Dressing

A golden, oil-and-vinegar dressing, seasoned with rare herbs, fresh spices and a touch of garlic—that's new Kraft Italian. It clings to the salad makings, so every morsel is coated.

SHAKE WELL
Miracle
FRENCH DRESSING
KRAFT
CASINO
FRENCH DRESSING
by KRAFT

TOMATO ROSE SALAD

Blend Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk. For each salad: form 2 rows of petals on peeled chilled tomato by pressing level teaspoons of cheese against the side of the tomato and drawing teaspoon down with a curving motion. Place on salad plate; surround with water cress. Garnish center with sieved hard-cooked egg yolk. Then, depending on your taste or mood, serve with one of these:

Miracle French Dressing—when you want robust seasoning, including garlic and onion.

Casino French Dressing—when you want a spicy sweet dressing that's touched with garlic, too.

KRAFT
MAYONNAISE
KRAFT FOODS COMPANY

TOMATO CHICKEN SALAD DE LUXE

For each serving cut a peeled tomato into 8 sections, leaving them attached at stem end. Place on lettuce covered plate, spread sections apart and fill with chicken salad made super de luxe with the special dressing given below.

Garnish with swirls, made by cutting thin unpeeled cucumber slices about three-fourths through the diameter and crossing the cut edges over to form swirl.

No other Mayonnaise *mixes* like Kraft's!

Blend 1 cup Kraft Mayonnaise with ¼ cup cold chicken broth. Make your chicken salad with it—and see how much more delicious it is, so much more chicken flavor.

Kraft Mayonnaise is specially made to blend with other ingredients. Creamier, fluffier—it's the easiest mixing mayonnaise you ever tried. No curdling, no separating. With Kraft's, your mixture's smooth as silk and stays that way.

SHAKE WELL
KRAFT
FRENCH DRESSING
KRAFT FOODS COMPANY

TOMATO-ASPARAGUS WEDGE SALAD

For each salad, make 4 even lengthwise cuts on a peeled tomato. Place on lettuce covered plate. Put a cooked asparagus spear in each cut. Sprinkle top with hard-cooked sieved egg yolk. Serve with:

Kraft French—the most popular of *all* French dressings!

Not too peppy, not too mild . . . it's *delightfully* seasoned. Non-separating, too. If anyone in your family, kids included, thinks he doesn't like French dressing, try him on *Kraft French.*

It's good in lots of ways, for instance:

Brush chicken, ribs, hamburgers with Kraft French Dressing before broiling.

Marinate grapefruit sections in it for a tempting appetizer.

Heat Kraft French and add a few bits of cooked crumbled bacon to make an easy-fixed dressing for wilted lettuce.

Marinate unpeeled thinly sliced cucumber in it for salads.

Kraft Salad Dressings are also available in Canada

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- ***All this plus*** *big, easy-to-clean smoke-proof broiler, four lifetime top burners and fully automatic controls.*

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(Continued from page 94)

equipped shop. Upstairs I found the painting and sculpture room. I decided to plunge.

"I can't paint or draw," I told the teacher, "but I hear you can teach anyone. Well, you have a new pupil."

She set up a large pad of paper on an easel and gave me a pot of yellow paint. "Here you are," she said. "Now just let your brush go."

All through my girlhood I had taken lessons—piano, cooking, sewing, poetry, dancing, horseback-riding and swimming. To do a thing well, my mother insisted, you must do it properly. And to do a thing properly meant lessons, with such precise instruction in technique that when I played the piano the teacher stopped me if the wrong finger landed on the right key.

Letting the brush go freely around the page was one of the hardest things I ever set out to do. I could not let go! I dipped my brush and looked helplessly at the blank sheet. What to paint? How?

"Let your brush go!" the teacher said. "Let the color run! Get the feel of it."

The morning raced away. I had watched my children finger-paint when they were very young and marveled at how confidently they squooshed the paints around and how proud they were of the results. I began to squoosh and whirl the yellow paint, covering sheet after sheet of the pad.

"That's it." The teacher nodded. "Let go!"

At last I used up my pot of yellow paint. I had a feeling of lightness and relief I couldn't explain, like coming in from the garden all hot and mussed from a couple of hours of weeding and transplanting. I had made a mess of my blouse and skirt. After lunch I decided to write my sister to send on slacks and some serviceable wash shirts.

"Tomorrow," the teacher said, smiling, "you graduate to blue paint. You'll be here, won't you?"

"You bet!" And I laughed.

I had my first regular visit with Dr. Jones that day. His office was a small and intimate room, a man's study with books, a desk, two deep leather chairs and a few paintings on the walls. Dr. Jones occupied one chair and I the other. There was no traditional psychiatrist's couch. Later on, when the interviews became increasingly disturbing and painful, I wished there were a couch I could lie down on, and jestingly I asked Dr. Jones whether he wouldn't rent one. He never did, of course. I had to sit up and look him and my problems squarely in the face.

I did most of the talking during those first visits. And I found that Dr. Jones was, after all, not too young. In fact, I began to think of him as ageless. He had all the qualities I most sought in people: kindliness, patience, tact, gentleness, sensitivity and —very important—humor.

Usually the visits began with my recounting some trivial event of the day before. But no matter how or where I started, inevitably the thing was not trivial any longer but acquired a mushrooming significance.

Still, I elicited very little from the good doctor.

"That's interesting background," he would say, nodding his head. "Go on."

Was there no end to background? When did we really begin to dig in?

Meanwhile I was being subjected to a series of physical, neurological and psychological tests. Many of them seemed to me senseless and boring, but I cooperated. I had come, after all, to get help; and although I disapproved of all the rigmarole of testing, I let them put me through the paces.

At last the day of the conference arrived. I might be accepted for treatment there at Austen Riggs, sent home with recommendations as to a course of treatment, or transferred, if I were willing, to another type of hospital altogether.

I was escorted to the room by one of the nurses. The entire staff sat around a table headed by the director, Dr. Knight, and including, of course, my own Dr. Jones. I was seated between them. All sorts of questions were tossed at me. I was not frightened. Instead, I bristled at the nature and tone of the questions and answered with considerable spirit. Why were they so prejudiced against me? How dared they imply that I was a social climber, that I chose my friends for their standing in the community, that I was an intellectual snob?

The proceedings lasted nearly two hours. Then my sentence was pronounced: three to six months of treatment at Austen Riggs. I was terribly shocked. I wasn't like the other patients. How could I be as ill, as mixed up as all that?

I was furious at Dr. Jones. He had been so kind and understanding. Why hadn't he come to my defense at the conference and told all the others what he knew?

"Why," I demanded at my next visit, "why, while they were all attacking me, did you just sit there like a pan of milk?"

Dr. Jones smiled. "At least I didn't curdle in that thunderstorm of yours."

I sank into the patients' chair and covered my eyes. "Doctor, I haven't the strength to go through with this."

Dr. Jones stood at my side and put his hand on my shoulder. "Mrs. Gerard," he said, "let's pool our strength."

I looked up at his six feet of youth, strength and dependability. I still didn't think I would make it, but I resolved to try.

Up until that moment I had been thinking of Austen Riggs as a place where the rejected duckling was to be transformed into a swan without ruffling any of its feathers. Whisk! bam! and I would emerge a whole and vital woman, loved and desired and needed by a worshipful husband and adoring children. But now I was going to get the full treatment. I was to be dug up and turned over, exposed and laid bare. God alone knew how it would end.

During the first weeks of tests and interviews, nothing was said about my drinking. Patients did not drink in the lounges, and since I did not feel like joining any of them in their rooms or at the bars in town, I had been drinking alone in my room —a few drinks before dinner and a nightcap or so before I tried to sleep.

One day Dr. Jones abruptly asked me: "How do you drink, Mrs. Gerard? Out of a glass with ice in it?"

"What do you think I do?" I retorted. "Do I look as though I swigged from a bottle?"

Right after the conference, Dr. Jones put me on the wagon. There was no appeal. He told me that there was a discrepancy between the amount I said I was drinking and the amount I actually did drink. I realized then that the quiet, nonuniformed nurses had sharp, observant eyes and missed nothing that went on at the inn. I hadn't hidden my drinking at home and I didn't at the hospital. The empty bottles must have been counted.

Dr. Jones explained that the various tests I had taken disclosed the fact that I had been drinking too much for too long. He pointed out that I had to go on the wagon for a time or I might never be able to take a drink again. I learned that I was a problem drinker who could easily become an alcoholic. I knew, of course, that Austen Riggs did not admit alcoholics and that I could remain only on condition that I control my drinking. I went on the wagon. Dr. Jones offered medication if I felt jittery or unable to sleep but I didn't need any. Instead of alcohol, I applied myself to the Coke machine at the inn.

At Christmas my children would be home for the holidays. All through the years our celebrations had been very gay and festive. I could not bear to deprive the children or myself of our traditional fun. When I asked Dr. Jones if it would be all right for me to go home, he told me I might try.

"But there are all the parties," I pleaded. "Mayn't I go off the wagon just for the holidays?"

Dr. Jones nodded. "Yes, you may have one jigger of vermouth a day."

"Doctor!" I cried. "Do you know what vermouth *is?*"

He laughed. "Of course I do," he said calmly. "Vermouth contains twenty per cent alcohol."

At home I extended myself over the preparations. Our tree and trimmings were never lovelier; the carol-singing, the open house—all of it was superb.

The children were kind. But they were too engrossed in their own lives to give much thought to me. Young Mike asked—with obvious embarrassment—whether I was okay and did I like it at "that place." I supposed that it was all I could reasonably expect from a young male. But my daughter, Joan, a girl of 20, might have shown more curiosity about what was happening to me. What concerned her most was getting a pair of evening slippers dyed green to match her new frock.

My husband was amiable enough but he did not inquire about my treatment. It was as though, in going to the hospital, I had announced that I needed a new hat and his role was merely to provide the means for buying it. The rest was up to me. I felt some of the old rage boil inside me. Didn't he realize I was going through this for both of us, to try to salvage our marriage? Was he so perfect, so beyond improvement that he could afford to be detached?

Over my husband's objections, I insisted on attending a dinner-dance being given for a friend's daughter. I loved to dress and I loved parties, I said; why shouldn't I attend? I wanted to show everyone that I was not incapacitated or crazy in their sense of the word. Why make a secret of being at Austen Riggs? If I had a bad sinus condition or diseased gall bladder, no secret would be made of it.

I danced with an acquaintance of ours and told him I was just down from Austen Riggs for the holidays.

"What's Austen Riggs?" he asked.

"It's a mental hospital," I said calmly.

He stopped dead in his tracks. "What?"

"Don't worry," I said, smiling. "I didn't break out. I had permission to leave."

During this visit I went off the wagon to the extent of drinking a little champagne at parties, but on the whole I stuck to vermouth.

On my return to the hospital I proudly told Dr. Jones how well I had coped and how well I had behaved.

"You've always been able to *cope,*" Dr. Jones commented. "But you've got to stop living like a tightrope walker who can perform a couple of times a day. You've got to learn how to live with yourself from day to day, when it isn't Christmas."

Treatment began in earnest. My whole experience in therapy seemed to me like Alice's dream of Wonderland. Everything was seen through the looking glass or down a rabbit hole. When I ran, I seemed to stand still; but when I went backward, then I got ahead. The key to the little door into the garden was always where I was not or where I could not reach it. How rude all the creatures around me were! I was always blundering and fumbling in my actions and in my remarks and offending them. But the glimpse of that beautiful garden was enough to keep me searching for the key.

No single incident accounted for my difficulties. No external circumstance of my life was solely responsible. I felt like a plant whose roots are matted with weeds, choking the life out of it, and I had to scratch and scramble and dig to get at them.

The weeds came up hard—from way down deep. At times I burst into tears, sobbing as I had not done since childhood.

I clung to the back of my chair, my body shaking. "I'm sorry, Doctor." I gasped. "I can't control myself."

"I'm glad you can't control yourself. I'm glad you can cry," Dr. Jones said. "We dug something up then, didn't we?"

Pain is hard to remember. I remember the sobs but not the questions that caused them. But the sobs were beginning to dissolve the rage and resentment that were eating into my tissues like a cancer.

Sometimes I rocked just as helplessly with laughter. I never felt so witty before, so quick and deft at banter. My sense of the ludicrous, even if the laugh were on myself, was another sort of healing.

Whether I raged and stormed, whether I cried and whimpered, whether I scolded and nagged, Dr. Jones was there rallying me and sustaining me. Still I felt he was hard on me.

"You're putting me over the jumps pretty fast, aren't you?" I complained.

Dr. Jones nodded. "You can take it."

The cycles in my treatment repeated the cycles of human growth. Occasionally I spurted ahead, quick of recognition and understanding. At other times I hit a plateau and plodded back and forth in my own tracks, unable to break new trail.

Only four hours a week were devoted to interview treatment with Dr. Jones. The rest of the time I had to make my own way around the Center, and I was bewildered and hurt by my unpopularity with the young patients. I had always got on so well with my children's friends, I could not understand why they rejected me.

All right, I told myself angrily, they were sick young people. Disturbed. Everything unpleasant that happened was because someone was "disturbed." But where did plain rudeness leave off and disturbance begin? They might be sick, but why did they have to be so rude, so noisy, so slovenly, so uncontrolled?

One morning I met one of the young men in the hall as I was striding along on my way to an appointment with Dr. Jones. He fell into step with me.

"You have an appointment?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And you'll be on time?"

(Continued on page 102)

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(Continued from page 101)

"Of course."

"You always keep your appointments, that's what you're here for, is that right?"

"That's right."

The young man took me by the arm and compelled me to face him. "Why are you *really* here, Mrs. Gerard? Obviously *you* don't belong with us!"

I knew I was being "razzed" because I was punctual not only to appointments but to meals and meetings. Also I was taking full advantage of the activity program. Also I usually changed into a simple dress and washed up for dinner. Also I did not neglect to show up in the snack-and-television room when it was my turn to pour afternoon tea. Also I did greet people in the halls or on the streets of the town. Also—

All I was guilty of was an orderly approach to living, yet it was apparently enough to put up a wall between the young people and me.

The patients at the inn formed their own committees to arrange activities like movies or concerts. And patient committees established such controls as there were over noise, curfew, parties and other matters that affected us all. To me these committee meetings were childish and inconclusive. I was annoyed by their cliques and internal politics. I was impatient with their personal feuds and quarrels. And talk—endless, pointless talk, instead of dealing with the points on the agenda. But I had so little voice or influence that I merely shrugged and went along as best I could.

I simply could not understand. I could not understand why playing a hi-fi set full blast at any hour, or holding jam sessions all afternoon and evening, or smashing furniture, or brooding and sulking in the halls should be perfectly acceptable, while my general conformity to rules of courtesy and consideration was regarded as exasperating and bizarre.

On my way to my room one day I heard the young girl across the hall weeping with such heartbreaking despair that I rapped on her door and went in. I put my hand on her head and stroked her hair.

She twisted around on her back and almost kicked me away. "Get out of here! Leave me alone!"

My cheeks flamed and my eyes filled with tears of rage. I ran out of the room and down to the nurses' sitting room. The nurse was there sitting before her fire, knitting.

"Why?" I stormed. "Why? Good heavens, I was only trying to be kind. I was only trying to help."

The nurse got up and turned one of the logs. No matter what happened, the nurses gave the appearance of impenetrable calm.

"Why were you so sure that she wanted help?"

There it was again! Perhaps I was backward, illogical, obtuse and hopelessly clumsy. Every value I thought was sound got stood on its head. Were we all living down a rabbit hole? Right was wrong. The weak were coddled. The strong were despised.

"Why is this sort of thing permitted?" I protested to Dr. Jones. "Letting these young people run amuck, condoning their tantrums and rudeness and selfishness can't be called treatment. It's coddling, that's all—encouraging them to be a law unto themselves!"

"According to whose standards? Yours?" Dr. Jones observed. "You've formulated rigid personal standards for everything and consistently hold to one point of view—yours. People must measure up or else!"

How had I acquired this rigidity? Certainly I hadn't been born with it. A baby looks at a bright new world and asks only to be itself and to be loved for itself. A baby has no standards, traditions or attitudes except what is instinctive and needful to its struggle to survive, develop and grow.

I had to go back and, like peeling an artichoke, strip off each layer of the years to get to the heart of the matter.

"But, Doctor," I pleaded, "I'm 46 years old. There are so many layers. It's just not possible."

Dr. Jones shook his head. "At your age it's only harder. Not impossible."

I had been such a nice little girl who always tried to do what was expected. We lived in a modest, comfortable house in the country—my parents, my sister and I. I was a tomboy, an active, vigorous child, happiest when I was climbing trees or pedaling my bike to one of my "secret" places in the woods.

"When I grow up," I remember saying, "I'll have five sets of twins, a girl and a boy to each, and we'll all drive around in a shiny big automobile."

My version of living freely, of living adventurously.

Actually I was hemmed in with countless restrictions. My mother came from a good English family, among whom, she boasted, there had been ladies in waiting to Queen Victoria. Mother had been a belle, a beauty and a bluestocking, articulate, gracious, proud. She "kept up" with ideas and thought of herself as a liberal. Yet she stubbornly resisted change and feared it as a personal threat.

The pattern my sister and I must follow was a repetition of her own and of her mother's before her. We were to be cultivated gentlewomen. All the lessons we received were for that purpose: the cooking and sewing for household arts; dancing, poetry and piano for the feminine graces; the horseback riding and swimming for health.

"Do it properly! If it's worth doing, it must be done properly!" Mother insisted.

My father's people had not come over on the Mayflower but on the very next boat. He was fastidious in his dress, had exquisite manners and was utterly unsuited for the practice of law, which his family prescribed for him. He was a scholar, too detached and reflective to make a successful lawyer. A favorite story told about him was that while he was under anesthesia for a major operation my father astonished the surgeon and nurses by quoting Latin and Greek. In his college yearbook, his picture appeared with this inscription: "Would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me."

I adored him, but his shyness, his impeccable manners and his unworldliness cut me off from the love and gaiety and warmth I desperately sought from him.

Instead I settled for his approval by being a good little girl who did what she was told. I tried and tried but the standards were always being raised higher and higher. I felt that I was corrected at every turn, disapproved of and found inadequate.

All my young life those two well-intentioned, high-minded, cultivated parents of mine, in the name of doing everything for my own good, shut me away from the love and acceptance I most needed.

"It was always 'handsome is as handsome does' in my family," I cried to Dr. Jones. "I hated it! I couldn't make my own mistakes. There was always so much prescription, so much advice, and I was perverse and ungrateful if I didn't take it. I didn't want to be perfect. I wanted to be free and loved for what I was."

I pressed my head into the back of the chair and sobbed, my cries of protest muffled as they had so often been by my pillow at home. At last, young child and grown child were met. We had groped through the long dark tunnel of all the years between, found and recognized each other.

I dried my eyes. Dr. Jones reached for his pipe and tobacco. I had noticed that the business of lighting up often preceded a remark of particular significance.

"And so," he said, puffing out his match, "although you were revolted by all this perfectionism, you became a helpless victim of it. You made a fetish of self-control and self-discipline. You became a purist, which in reality is only a form of intellectual snobbery. To you, making a necessary compromise was despicable weakness. You paid a heavy price in plowing yourself under and unconsciously you demanded repayment for your self-sacrifice. Naturally you hate and resent anyone who does not meet your standards and yet seems to get away with it."

I realized that my lack of approval and understanding of the young people at the inn was because they were "getting away with murder" while I, a "good" patient, was maligned and criticized.

No wonder the youngsters despised my rigid standards, my false composure, my pride in not having outward symptoms and my disdain for their lack of good breeding.

Of course, the answer was that these young people, like myself, had been bred too fine. Like me, they had been overprocessed, overprotected and pressed into molds—all, of course, for their own good by well-intentioned parents.

"Don't you see?" Dr. Jones asked. "Don't you realize that you and the other patients of your generation epitomize their parents? Don't you understand why they can't endure to be lessoned, organized, advised or disciplined? They'll accept you only when they feel that you're with them, and not from the enemy camp."

Meanwhile their solidarity and their concern for one another—their mutual tact in appreciating one another's problems—was restoring their faith and their belief in themselves. And they were young! If they fought through successfully, they would break the vicious circle of neuroses passed from generation to generation. In the mental and emotional health they could eventually bring to their marriages and to their children lay the answer, perhaps, to most of the ills of the world.

Inevitably I had to force myself to sort over the mental and emotional trousseau I had brought to my own marriage.

Yet it took two to make a marriage. Why should the whole burden be mine? Why must I scrape myself to the bare grain while my husband went blithely on his way? I read between the lines of letters from friends at home and learned that Bill was openly entertaining his women—even, on occasion, in my own house. How convenient for him that I was away! How considerate of me to go bumbling off to a mental hospital!

Dr. Jones took a real lashing. I stalked up and down the little room, my fists dug into the pockets of my skirt. I stormed and ranted and raged. I threw off all reticence and bared my husband's depravity to the last warped and crooked detail.

"I'm sick of it!" I wept. "I'm sick, sick, sick of it!"

Dr. Jones leaned toward me. "You are sick, Mrs. Gerard," he said gravely. "You are really sick."

Rage and self-pity spilled over the dam I had built during the years until I felt I was drowning in it. Everything I put my mind or hands to became distorted and ugly. For days on end I painted only in two colors—blue and black—violent, senseless patterns that were a sort of lunatic dream. In the evenings I went to the looms and banged out my anger, weaving line after line like a wind-up toy that must go on and on until it has run down.

(Continued on page 104)

Ice-cream soda desserts

Continued from page 46

MOCHA FIZZ

Pile 2 scoops of chocolate ice cream and one of coffee ice cream in a large glass. Add ¼ cup milk, 1 teaspoon instant coffee **or** 2 tablespoons chocolate syrup to ice cream and stir well. Fill the glass to the brim with carbonated water.

BLUEBERRY SODA

Arrange 2 tablespoons blueberries, a few peach slices, about 5 strawberries (fruits can be fresh, frozen or canned) and 3 scoops vanilla ice cream in layers in a large glass. Add 2 tablespoons of orange juice concentrate and fill to the top with carbonated water.

PINEAPPLE-RUM SODA

Put 2 scoops of vanilla ice cream and ¼ cup pineapple chunks (fresh, frozen or canned) into a large glass. Pour in 2 tablespoons rum or ¼ teaspoon rum extract and enough lemon soda water to reach the top of the glass. Give it a brisk stir.

DOUBLE STRAWBERRY SODA

Drop 3 scoops of strawberry ice cream into a big glass. Pour ¼ cup crushed strawberries over ice cream and then fill the glass to the brim with carbonated water. Stir well.

A Raspberry Soda can be made the same way, substituting raspberry ice cream and crushed raspberries.

PINK LEMONADE FIZZ

Drop 3 scoops of lemon sherbet into a large glass. Add 3 tablespoons lemonade concentrate and 2 tablespoons cranberry juice. Fill glass to the brim with carbonated water and stir well.

MAPLE-NUT SODA

Place 3 scoops of any nut ice cream (maple, pecan, walnut, almond) in a large glass. Add 3 tablespoons maple syrup and ¼ cup milk. Fill the glass with enough carbonated water to reach the brim and stir well.

THE END

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50th Anniversary

(Continued from page 102)

Then, one day in the studio, I began to sculpture a head. It was a much more ambitious project than anything I had tried before, but it took shape rapidly under my oddly inspired hands. It was a satyr, an impish, pointed little face with deviltry in its smile. It was much admired, but I could not leave it alone. I kept working on it, until one morning when I took off the wet cloth I saw the satyr had become my husband. The humor and the lightness were gone. What remained was a satanic, lewd and smirking face—an obscenity. I clenched my fist and punched it in the nose. The thing crumbled and I ran out of the studio.

Just like the young people I had once scorned, I "put out" and acted out my rage, and from that point on I was able to look at facts which up to then I had tried to duck and bypass.

I had come to the hospital still clinging to the idea that, if I changed, I could change Bill and salvage our marriage. This idea died hardest of all. I was terrified that if I let go of it I would drown.

"After all," I insisted, "we chose each other. Why, out of free choice, did we marry?"

Dutifully I had gone to college, graduated with honors enough to please my parents and come home again. I had no special training or abilities. I was idling the time away with social-service work and dating the same well-bred, mild-mannered boys I had known all my life.

I met Bill at a party. He was bold, handsome and pleasure-loving. He had an air of daring and self-confidence. A man who made his own rules and would make his own way. He had been too impatient to get ahead in the world to go to college. A bright prospect in business came his way and he grabbed it.

Bill swept my beaus off the porch and courted me. We entered on a round of parties, the games and sports and the dining and dancing popular with his set of young marrieds. I scoffed at reports that he was "wild." He liked to drink, but what of it? I blinked at his crudities in manner and speech. I was not conscious then of missing anything. All I wanted was to be part of the gay crowd and not be considered queer or highbrow.

Sexually I was an innocent. I wanted Bill to make love to me, but aside from a little mild petting he was neither ardent nor demanding. In my mother's words, Bill was showing proper respect, and I believed that love and that unmentionable word—passion—would come after marriage.

But from our honeymoon on, I was hurt and bewildered. Bill's love-making was crude and embarrassed, as though he were violating and besmirching me—the figure on a pedestal. I could not reach any climax, physical or spiritual, and I began to blame myself for my lack. Ashamed, I went to a doctor for advice and was told that I was a normal woman who should have normal responses. He gave me things to read and I tried to bring my pitiful store of book-learning to my husband's attention. Bill was angry and contemptuous. What did books have to do with taking me to bed!

So our sexual life remained awkward and unsatisfying.

To my surprise and annoyance, Dr. Jones held up my husband's side of the picture and forced me to look at it.

"He was as helpless with his problem as you were with yours," the doctor insisted.

"What was his problem?" I sneered. "Only that he was spoiled rotten by his mother!"

Even during our engagement, I realized that Bill was too devoted to

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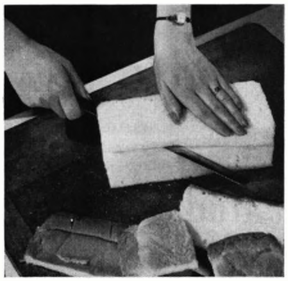
How to make ▶ frosted

For your next luncheon party: a sandwich loaf with three unusual, compatible fillings is just the thing

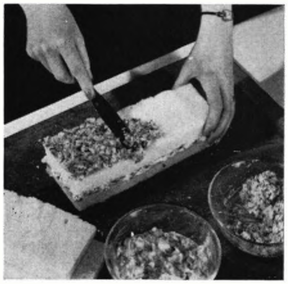
by Theresa Damasco

MARTIN BRUEHL



1

Trim off all crusts from a loaf of bread. Then slice the loaf into four lengthwise slices. Use a long sharp knife and cut as neatly as possible



2

Mix the three fillings in three separate bowls. Spread a different filling between each layer of bread and put loaf back together neatly his mother. This attachment did not change after our marriage. Bill rarely missed a daily visit to his mother and constantly worried about her health and material comfort. He seemed more interested in her household than in his own. Yet he was often rude to her and careless of her feelings.

"Don't mind how they talk," his mother told me, "as long as they treat you well."

"They" were men. The providers. The holders of the purse strings. Bill's mother did not inquire into his mental or social life. As long as he earned a lot of money and "treated her well" financially she waited on him hand and foot and did not expect courtesy, self-control or conversation from him.

Money, I discovered quickly, was Bill's way of keeping me on the leash too. But, unlike his mother, I refused to sit up and beg for favors. Instead, I wrestled with the family budget, trying futilely each month to prove that I could manage on an allowance which was purposely kept short of what we needed. After taxing me with being extravagant and a poor manager, he would give me the handout required to settle our bills.

For us, illusion and reality never met. Bill and I had not married the person who *was* but the person we thought we needed to complete ourselves. To me this meant a vital, worldly man who, unlike my father, would give me love and approval. Bill's rough spots and deficiencies I thought could all be smoothed out through his marriage to me.

But Bill did not want to be smoothed out or reformed. He wanted, just as I did, to be admired and accepted for what he was. The cultivation and breeding he had felt he needed from me in the beginning soon became the one thing he could not stand. He derided the things I loved—music, books, theater—and disparaged any creative talent or ability I displayed.

"Some girls take ten years to get over a college education," he gibed. "You'll never get over yours."

My answer was to use my background as a weapon against him. How assiduously I corrected his grammar or misuse of a word! How unfailingly I pointed out his lack of taste in dress and manners! How zealously I told him what an ass he had made of himself by drinking too much at a party!

It was in bed that the vicious circle completed itself. In cutting him down, in piercing his pose of perfection, I was making him incapable of being my lover. And in his belittling and derision of me, he made it impossible for me to give myself as a woman.

My last illusion in Bill had been a belief in his fidelity. When I finally learned what our friends had known for years, that he had been lying and cheating all our lives together, the remains of my self-confidence and self-respect were totally blasted.

"He's happy the way he is," I told Dr. Jones bitterly. "He isn't even *trying* to change."

I HAD said these words often before, but somehow I had never really accepted them. Now at last I began to recognize that they were true. Bill would not and could not change. What I called being spoiled rotten by his mother had actually incapacitated him for living as an emotional adult. And he *was* happy—as long as he could be with women who gave him the same constant, uncritical applause and flattery he had received from her.

With Dr. Jones's help I faced the fact that there would be no Hollywood ending for our marriage. I was going to have to rebuild and refashion a life without my husband. But now I was not so frightened. I no longer felt that if I lost Bill I would drown.

Through the activities at the Center, I was attempting and achieving things I had never imagined possible for me.

(Continued on page 106)

sandwich loaf

FIRST FILLING:

- ½ bunch watercress, chopped
- 3 tablespoons chopped walnuts
- 1 tablespoon cream
- 1 pkg (3 oz) cream cheese
- ½ teaspoon salt

SECOND FILLING:

- 2 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
- 8 ripe olives, chopped
- ¼ teaspoon chili powder
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise
- ½ teaspoon salt

THIRD FILLING:

- 8 slices crisp, crumbled bacon
- 2 slices pimiento, chopped
- 3 wedges (4 oz) Camembert cheese

3

Mix 4 packages (3-ounce size) cream cheese smoothly with 3 tablespoons of cream. Frost or cover sides and top of the loaf with this mixture

4

Place frosted loaf on serving tray. Cover with saran or foil and chill in refrigerator until serving time. Cut in thick slices. Serve to 6

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(Continued from page 105)

I was painting and sculpturing "out of my own head" and finding a wholehearted joy in the doing of it. I was learning how to move, even to dance, with new vigor and grace. Released from the dungeon of my own self-absorption, I was able to respond once again to music and to books and to see all the beauty around me.

Along with this returning faith and discovery of myself, I went back to my church. I know that to many people psychiatry and religion seem in conflict with each other. But my experience is that both are means to the same end: restoration of one's faith in man and God. Both affirm the dignity and beauty of life. Both help us to discover what is true and what is false. Both liberate us for creative and constructive lives.

When I was discharged, I could not bear simply to pack up and check out. I decided to say my farewells by giving a party the night before I was to leave.

I invited everyone at the inn. I did not ask for an R.S.V.P. Whether four or 40 guests turned up did not matter so long as no one felt committed or obliged to attend. I went quietly about my preparations, and just as quietly I somehow acquired helpers.

Two of the young girls came back from the woods, their arms loaded with branches of laurel to decorate the walls of the recreation room. Someone else gathered wild flowers and made striking bowl arrangements for the refreshment table. I raided the local stores for delicacies and stocked the small kitchen behind the snack bar. I had just begun to cut sandwiches when two young men sent me packing and took over this chore.

I debated the big question of what kind of drink to serve and decided on a vodka punch. My volunteer bartender was a boy who, like me, had been a problem drinker.

"Don't worry, Phyllis," he assured me. "I'll monitor the punch for you. There'll be no incidents at this party!"

During the afternoon my daughter Joan arrived at the inn. She was to stay overnight at one of the guest houses in town and drive me home next morning. Joan pitched into the preparations and soon was on breezy, comfortable terms with the patients.

I had not seen Joan since the Christmas holiday I had spent at home. Actually I felt as though I had never really seen her before! Was this gay and lighthearted Joan the daughter I often thought was too reserved and ungiving? Was this young girl who had driven 300 miles to take her mother home inconsiderate and unmindful of me?

At that instant Joan turned her head and our eyes met across the table we were both setting. My lips trembled and my eyes filled. Joan smiled warmly and grasped my arm.

"Mother!"

"Yes, darling?"

"I can feel it in my bones. This'll be the very best party you've ever given! I'm so glad to be here!"

And she was right. It was the very best party I had ever given—or attended. They all came! And they had dressed! The girls wore pretty frocks I scarcely knew they had and the men were neat and correct in jackets and ties. One of the girls put an arm around my shoulders and gave me a little hug. "Your mother," she said to Joan, "was the best-dressed woman at Riggs. Could we do less than spruce up for her party?"

I threw my head back and laughed at the memory of my dinner dresses and frilly bed jackets! These wonderful, tender young "delinquents" in their sloppy jeans and sneakers! How much they had helped me! How much they had taught me! What gifts of love and faith all of us have to give and receive from one another so long as the heart and mind are open and free!

Next morning my daughter drove up to the door of the inn I had entered an eternity of six months before. My bags were stowed in the trunk of the car—the same baggage I had come with, but what a difference in the weight and content.

I slid into the front seat beside Joan, leaned over and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

Joan grinned happily. "Things seem so different, Mom!"

I nodded. I knew I had begun my journey into life. THE END

The strange mother

Continued from page 35

her mother's voice saying, "I had a long talk with Ben today and he's decided he wants to marry Lily. Your father's going to build them a house over on the lake. He'll be a better husband for Lily than for you."

With the smell of the sweet grass bringing it all back, she remembered how she had sat there, suffocated with shock, while her mother pulled the basket toward her to search for thread; and ever afterward the occasional scent of a sweet-grass object would conjure up the scene in all its original agony.

She thought now, as she had so many times in anguished bewilderment, How could a mother be so cruel to a daughter—to take away from me the only man I ever loved? But, then, she always hated me.

When the bell rang she hastened to the door, glad to be pulled out of her mood by Jacques's arrival. He doffed his Homburg, gave his usual small bow; and before she could turn to lead him into the room he grabbed her swiftly in his arms and planted a quick, fierce kiss on her cheek.

She pulled away from him, laughing. "Oh, Jacques, stop that Gallic-lover routine. You know I'm not taken in by it."

He said airily, "Who knows? Someday you might be, my dear Martha. I don't dare miss a chance. Someday you might say to yourself, 'I'm getting old. I'd better be nice to the boss.'"

She said, "I'm always nice to the boss. Not only do I sometimes slave ten to twelve hours a day for him, but I'm even forced to help him while away his lonely hours."

She went back to the sofa, arranging the folds of her full crimson skirt. He stood before her, inspecting her carefully, as if she were a subject before his camera.

He said, "You know, it's extraordinary how a girl with as little natural beauty as you have can make herself so striking."

She laughed because his disarming frankness always delighted her. She said, "You certainly know how to turn an ambiguous compliment."

He said earnestly, "No, but really, I don't mean to say you're ugly. Far from it, as you very well know. But your features are not those of a classic beauty. There's a certain irregularity to your face, and you would probably be rather plain if you didn't know how to make the most of yourself. Where did you acquire these secrets of style and beauty?"

She said somewhat caustically, "Dear *Frère* Jacques. Dear Jacques Bernais, photographer *extraordinaire* of style and beauty. I learned them all from you, of course." And then she added softly, "As if we both didn't know it, dear *Frère* Jacques."

He smiled delightedly. "Ah, that's what I was hoping you'd say, my dear. So don't you see you owe your poor old boss a few small favors in return?"

Martha looked at her "poor old boss." He was a six-foot, dark-haired, dark-browed 35-year-old, with a nose that was much too long and a magnetic smile. She had started to work for him five years ago, a nervous Girl Friday who knew little about the city she had just come to. Slowly she had worked her way up to her present position of prop buyer, stylist, contact woman and good-natured doer of any other duties Jacques Bernais might decide to thrust onto her shoulders.

She said, "There are already too many girls who are willing to throw their favors your way. Every model you have is on the make for you."

Again he smiled delightedly. "Ah, yes, the dear little ones. They are so refreshing, so flattering. Why I go for an old hag like you I shall never comprehend."

She said, "And you don't have to make with the Gallic intonation where I'm concerned. Someday I'm going to tell the world at large and all your clients that you were born right here in New York City."

He shook his head sadly. "Spite is not attractive in a woman, my dear Martha. Besides, as you very well know, my parents were Paris-born, and I studied many years in France. I come by my French ways quite honestly."

He came to sit beside her and his eye caught the sweet-grass basket on the coffee table. He raised his dark eyebrows. "What is this object? It seems so out of place in this decorator's dream of an apartment."

She made herself say lightly, "Oh, it's a form of hair shirt, I suppose. Look, Jacques, there's champagne in the refrigerator. Shall we have some? I have to wait for a long-distance call."

He got up, made his little bow, said, "Allow me to serve you," and started for the kitchen, when the telephone rang sharply.

Her nerves jumped, but she made herself cross the room unhurriedly and pick up the instrument.

The operator said, "I am ready with your call," and then another voice said, "Martha?" A coldness wrapped itself around her heart and she steeled herself against all feeling.

She said coolly, politely, "Well, hello, Mother. How are you?" She wanted to say cruelly, "And how nice to hear your voice again after five years. Five long years when you haven't cared enough about me to do more than write a dutiful, unfeeling note now and then."

Her mother didn't bother to answer the polite "How are you?"; she never had been one to waste words. She said, "Your father's had a coronary thrombosis. Dr. Nielson has him in the hospital in Oak Falls. I think you'd better come home."

Her voice was flat and toneless, and because the thought of her father's lying critically ill hit Martha so hard, she wanted to scream at her mother. "How can you be so unemotional? Your husband may be dying and you talk as if you were planning tomorrow's dinner!"

She was so choked with her feelings that she couldn't answer, and after a slight wait her mother said, "You'll come, won't you, Martha? I know your father will want to see you."

And how about you? Couldn't you say you'd like to see me too?

Martha said, "I'll take the sleeper. There's no plane I can get now. Give him my love and—tell him I'll see him in the morning." *Tell him to hang on till I get there. Tell him I've got to see him. Tell him he can't die!*

When she turned from the phone, Jacques had his back to her, pouring champagne into the tulip-shaped glasses on the coffee table.

He said, without turning around, "Bad news?" Then, going to her: "Here, have some champagne, my dear."

She took the wine gratefully, standing there stiffly, bracing herself against the stark white wall of her chic apartment, thinking of that other home she had known so many years.

She said, "My father has had a heart attack. I've got to go home. There's a train that leaves around midnight."

He said, "Then you have time to sit down and relax for a little while before you pack a bag. I'm sorry about your father, but it doesn't necessarily mean the worst."

She scarcely heard him. She said, "I don't want to go, you know. Oh, I want to see my father. I love him, and he's always loved me. He's come here to see me several times, and I don't think he's ever told my mother. But I don't want to go back there. I hate it, I hate it!"

He said, "Is it a hateful place? Come, Martha, sit down."

He led her by the hand to the sofa and sat beside her. She sipped her wine and said finally, "Oh, no, it's not a hateful place at all, I suppose, to anyone but me. It's in the mountains and we live in a big old farmhouse, with gardens and trees and a good-sized brook and a swimming hole, and nearby is the lake where we used to go in the summertime and there was a pavilion over the water where we danced—"

She broke off, conscious of the tightness in her throat, and she took a sip of wine to relieve it, then said, "I suppose it would be a wonderful place to be happy in."

He said, "But you weren't happy there."

She said, "How can you be happy when you realize your mother hates you?"

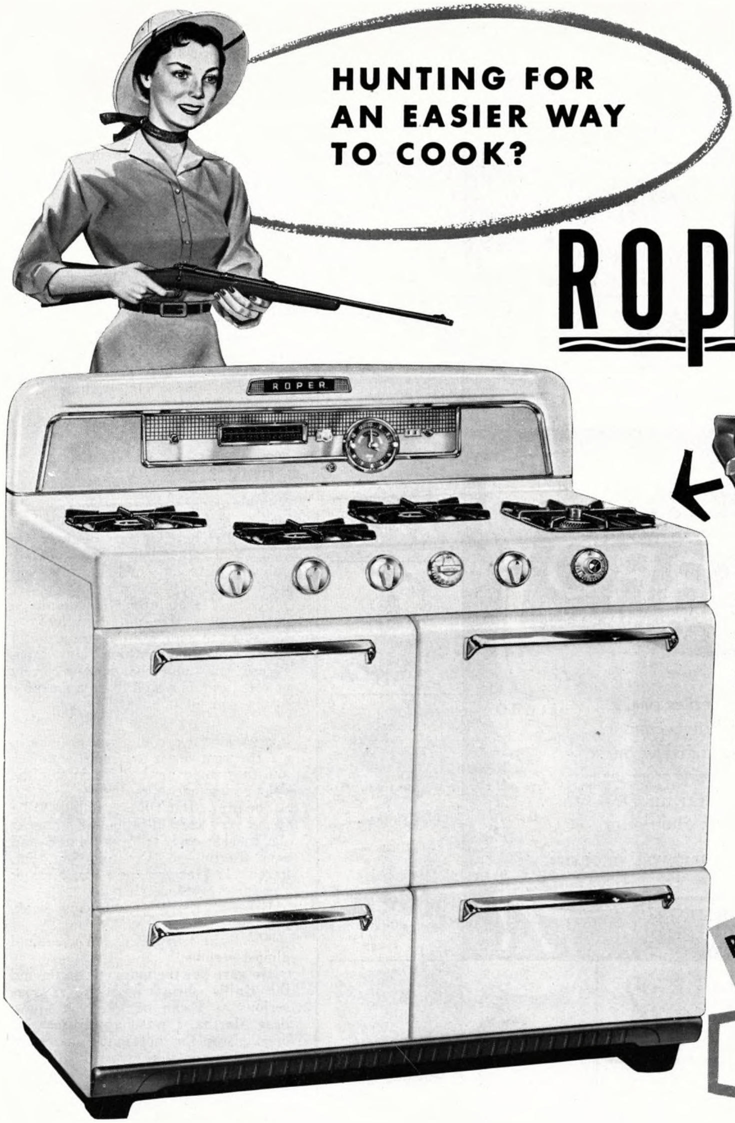
He looked at her, frowning. "That's a terrible thing—to have a mother who hates you. Did you do something to make her hate you?"

She said, "Oh, no!" in pain and puzzlement. "Not that I know of, anyway. I guess I was just a happy little brat at first, as most kids are, and then I began to realize that she always held herself aloof from me. It was—well, not exactly as if she hated me, really, but she just never loved me."

"Were you the only child?"

"No. I have a younger sister—Lily. My mother did everything for Lily. Lily always got the best of every-

(Continued at bottom of page 108)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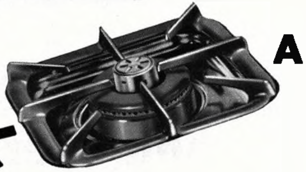

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$3 to $5

MIRRO
Whistling Tea Kettle
3-qt., **$4.95**

MIRRO
Copper-Tone Canister Set
1½, 2, 3, 4-qt., **$9.95**

MIRRO
Oblong Roaster
17¼″x12½″x9⅝″, **$8.50**

OVER $5

MIRRO
Copper-Tone Mold Set
5 molds, **$5.95**

MIRRO
Oblong Dish Pan
17⅜″x12½″x4⅝″, **$3.95**

MIRRO
Broiler Pan
14¼″x10″x2″, **$3.25**

MIRRO
Graduated Percolator
8-cup, **$3.50**

MIRRO
Electric Corn Popper
2½-qt., **$7.50**

MIRRO
Tea Kettle
4 qts., **$5.45**

MIRRO
Electric Percolator
8-cup, **$7.95**

MIRRO
Copper-Tone Cake Carrier
11¼″ diam., **$5.95**

MANY OF THESE ITEMS AVAILABLE IN A RANGE OF SIZES. *All prices slightly higher in West.*

(Continued from page 106)

thing, Lily was the one who was always considered first, and if there was ever a question of either Lily's or my getting something, Lily always won. I don't hold it against Lily—she's a nice, sweet, docile kid—but my mother always put everything good Lily's way. Even Ben."

Jacques said, "Oh—Ben. So there was a man there."

She turned on him almost angrily. "Yes, there's a man there. There always was and there probably always will be. But he's married to my sister. My mother fixed that."

Jacques got up from the sofa and stood over her, looking down at her thoughtfully. He said after a while, "It's difficult to understand why a mother would do that, without some reason."

Martha said, "Yes. I never understood it. She's a strange, unfeeling woman. I don't think she has any softness in her soul. She doesn't even talk to her only living relative, Aunt Jessica, her cousin. The poor, pathetic old thing lives all alone, but my mother would never let any of us have anything to do with her."

Jacques said, "Don't brood about it. Would you like me to drive you up there? My car is outside and we can leave as soon as you pack a bag, and you won't have to wait until the midnight train."

She looked at him and tears stung her eyes—probably, she thought, because anyone who was kind to her right now would send her into a flood of tears; or probably because she was thinking too much of the past and all the unknown future and all the in-between; or because of her father, and even Lily, and Ben, and possibly her mother too. And she said to herself disgustedly, "Oh, stop feeling so sorry for yourself."

She took another sip of wine and said, "Heavens, no, Jacques. You're wonderful to offer, but it's a six- or seven-hour trip, and you've got a big job tomorrow morning."

It struck her suddenly that she would be walking out on her job, and she said worriedly, "How can I go and leave you with so much work ahead?"

He said airily, "Oh, don't give me a thought." Then, looking at her sideways, he said, "I can get the pretty little girl who helped you last summer. You know, the exciting little number?"

She didn't rise to the bait. She said abstractedly, "Yes, perhaps that's a good idea."

He threw up his hands. "What can I do to make you frantic for me? Nothing, I daresay. Now, look, would you like to go out to dinner as we planned? There's plenty of time. Or would you rather I fix you one of my delicious French omelets while you pack your bag?"

She said gratefully, "I couldn't go out, Jacques. I'm not even hungry. I'm sorry to spoil your evening. but I can't think of anything but Papa. Please stay and make your lovely omelet, and maybe I'll even be able to eat a bit of it."

She could board the train at eleven. He went down the ramp with her and they stood for a while outside the door of her car.

She said, "Don't forget to tell Willie to be very careful when he unpacks the masks; they're only rented and very fragile—oh, I've told you that, haven't I? Jacques, how can I thank you for everything?"

He said, "Don't forget to come back, Martha."

She said, surprised, "You sound almost serious."

He gave her the magnetic smile and the Gallic shrug. "Let us say, as serious as I can be. As you know, dear Martha, I was happily married once. Now I'm not much interested in anything outside my work. Except, of course, being a wolf."

She said, smiling, "But you're a nice wolf."

He said delightedly, "But that is my aim, *cherie*."

She raised her eyes heavenward. "You're hopeless, you know. It's a good thing I can resist your charm."

He shrugged. "But such a waste, my dear. Such a waste."

She reached up and pulled his head down and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "Good-by, *Frere* Jacques. I'll call you as soon as I know what's what. And you have my number there if you have to get in touch with me."

She never could sleep well on trains, and this night was worse than any other she'd known. She lay in her berth with the light on most of the night leafing unseeingly through the magazines Jacques had provided, closing her eyes now and then to say a prayer for her father, sending her will strongly, achingly out into space to him, to live, to *live*.

And all the time there was a sickening knot in her stomach at the thought of going back to Anniston, the scene of all her sorrows and defeats. The unhappy associations were like dust in her throat, choking her. How could she face it again, how could she face them all—Ben and Lily and her mother? Particularly her mother.

She tried to remember when and how she had first realized her mother didn't love her. Because there had never been any outward action to prove it. Until the business about Ben, that is. But she had known it way before then.

Her first recollections were of the big warm kitchen, with her and Lily sitting quietly by while their mother cooked or baked. Sometimes they were allowed to help. They would peel apples or potatoes industriously, or shell nuts, and the young Martha would feel very important, as if her small duties were a most essential part of the business of the kitchen.

Lily, who was only a year younger than she but always more babyish, would sometimes tire of her chores, and look at her mother appealingly and say, "My hands are tired." And their mother would say, "All right, Lily, you can go out and play. Martha will finish it."

At first this used to make Martha feel important—to know that her mother depended on her when Lily failed—but later, when she became more aware of things, she realized it was Lily who was being favored.

How she had loved that warm, aromatic kitchen in her childhood! In the wintertime, when the school bus let them off up at the road, she would race down the incline to the house, scuffing the snow as she went, impatient to be enclosed in the warmth of the kitchen, with the cat curled before the wood-burning range and the quiet, efficient bulk of her mother moving calmly about her tasks.

Her mother would look up (it never failed, until Martha learned to let Lily go ahead of her) and say, "Where's Lily?" And Martha, happiness at being home suddenly draining away, would say sulkily, "Oh, she's coming. She's a slowpoke."

WHEN Martha was very young, she accepted her mother and loved her in blind, childish fashion, but as she grew up the older woman became an enigma to her.

For one thing, she seldom smiled, and never really laughed, that Martha could remember. Later, when she was adult, she would think, How terrible, to be a person who never laughs. And there was no reason for it, that Martha could see.

Her mother should have considered herself a fairly lucky woman, Martha often thought. She had a nice house—old-fashioned in many respects, but roomy and comfortable and in beautiful surroundings; two healthy, nice-looking children; and a husband who was a hard-working, conscientious man, good-natured and likable. He didn't drink, nor did he stray from the fireside.

True, money was not plentiful in those early years, and Martha could remember how they had to economize still further when her father decided to break away from the builder he worked for and go into the construction business himself. But she was sure money didn't mean much to her mother, except where advantages for the children were concerned. It was never spent for frivolous things.

No matter how late or hard her father worked, when he came home he brought life and cheer with him. He would beam all around and say, "Hey, there, everyone. Who's got a kiss for Papa?" And he would scoop up Martha first, swinging her in the air, and kiss her a resounding smack, and then do the same with Lily.

Martha used to think, He chooses me first to make up for my mother's not loving me the way she loves Lily.

Her mother and father never kissed in front of the children, and it didn't occur to Martha to think this strange until many years later. She had learned early in life that her mother was not a demonstrative woman, and she accepted this.

If you were ill you could count on your mother's being there with her cool hand on your fevered brow; she would always see that you were properly clothed when you went off to school or to play. But you were seldom kissed by her except on certain occasions, such as birthdays or Christmas, or when saying good-by for a period of time more than a day or so, or upon the return from such an absence.

Since you had never known the joy of being hugged and kissed impulsively by your mother for no reason at all except that she loved you, you didn't consciously miss it. Until you grew a little older and became aware of what went on in other families, and saw with envy the affection your friends took for granted.

As far back as Martha could remember, Lily always got the best of everything. It was never a case of actual neglect of Martha, but if there ever was a situation where there was only one apple, or one piece of pie, or one kitten, nine times out of ten her mother would say, "Let Lily have it."

Once when there was a party to go to, and money enough to buy only one new party dress, it was Lily who got it. Martha could see it was a terrible decision, because she was sure her mother tried to be unpreju-

(Continued on page 112)

Stokely's Finest
FRUIT COCKTAIL
IN HEAVY SYRUP
Stokely's Finest PEACHES
Van Camp's PORK AND BEANS
Stokely's Finest GOLDEN CORN
Van Camp's CHILI CON CARNE
Stokely's Finest TOMATO JUICE
Van Camp's KIDNEY BEANS
Stokely's Finest FRUIT COCKTAIL
Van Camp's SPANISH RICE
Stokely's Finest CUT GREEN BEANS
Van Camp's Beanee Weenee
Stokely's Finest SWEET PEAS
TOMATO CATSUP

Best Cooks way to delicious QUICK MEALS

Stokely's Finest Fruit Cocktail . . .
in your best dish . . . for none other matches the quality of this five-fruit combination that Best Cooks use, for first course, or the crowning delight of a delicious meal.

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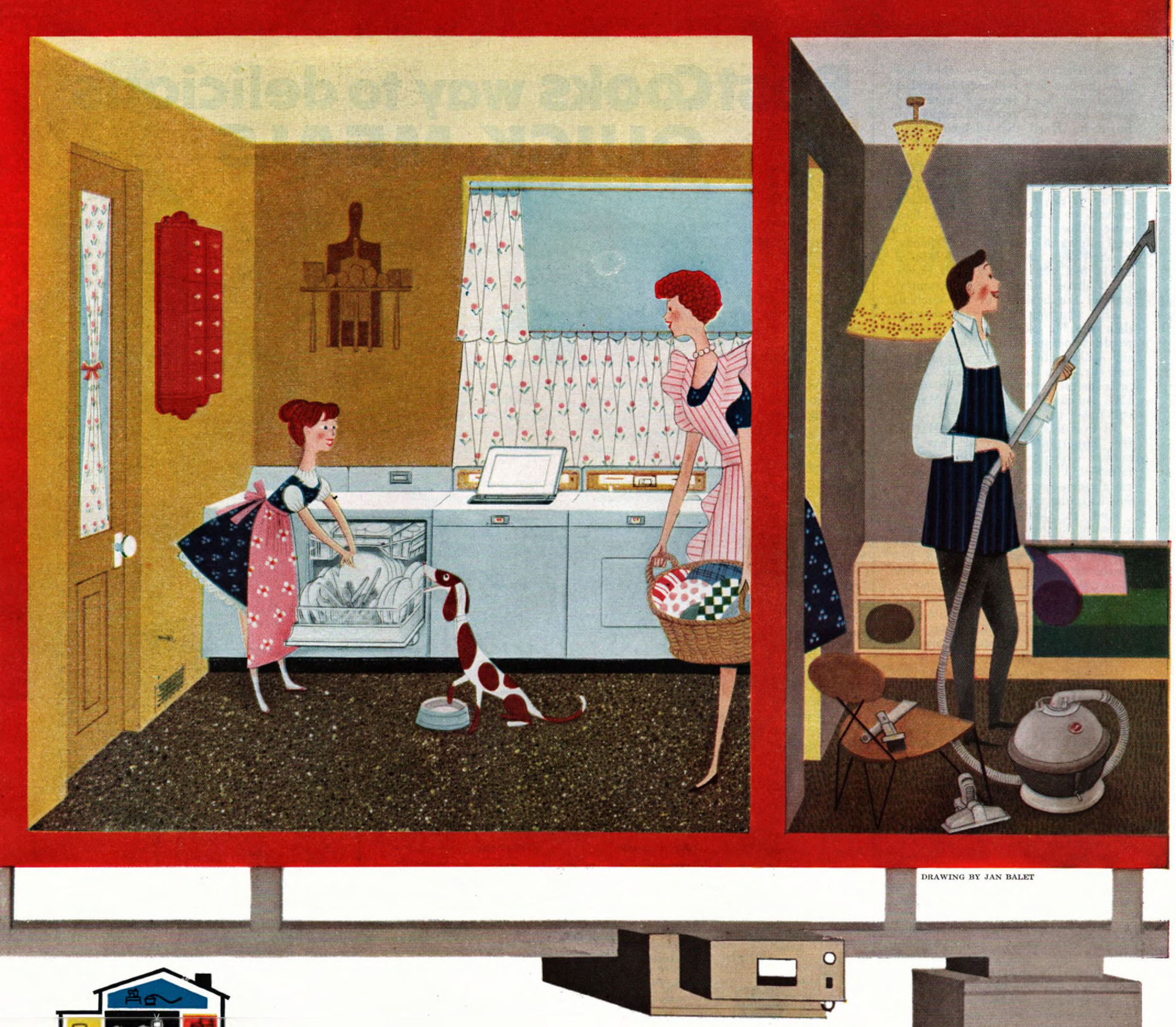
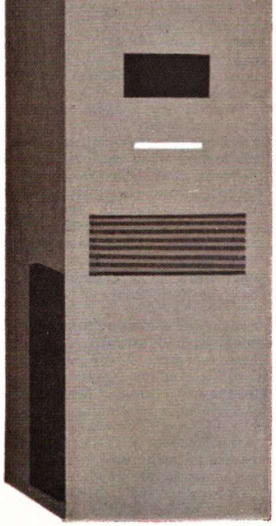


DRAWING BY JAN BALET



by Elizabeth Sweeney Herbert

AUTOMATION CLEANS UP

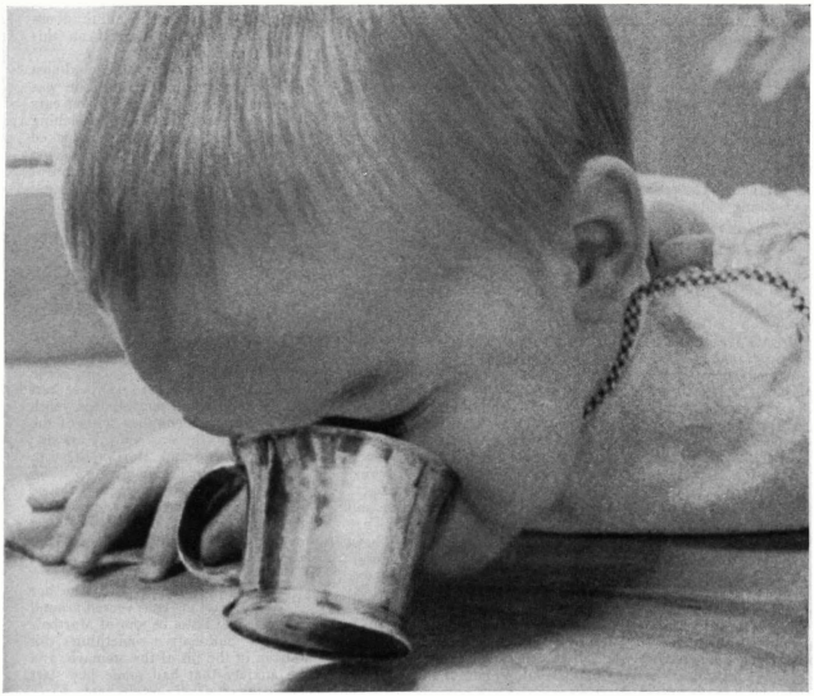
All over the house automatic appliances are doing the jobs that once demanded hours of human drudgery. Dishes, furnishings, clothes, even the air itself, are kept clean by the click of a switch, the turn of a dial.

The dishwasher is a prize example of automation, carrying out unaided the entire washing, rinsing, drying cycle. But it's more than that — in terms of the time saved, a neat kitchen, and squabbles over dishwashing ended.

The washer and dryer are two more appliances that can take over a tiresome, backbreaking part of housework—freeing the homemaker's time as well as allowing her to quickly provide clean clothes for her family in any weather.

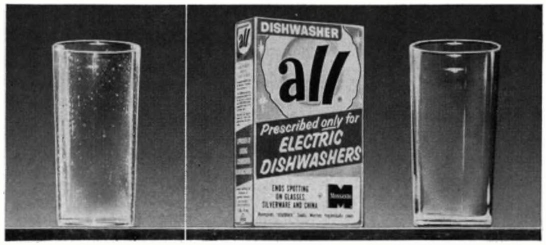
The precipitron, new electronic marvel, virtually eliminates a major part of housework by cleaning the air of 90 per cent of the dirt that normally enters a room through open windows or the air intake of a heating system. Sketched directly above, it is connected to the heating-and-cooling system of the house and filters the air that passes through it. Airborne particles of dust, soot, lint, even pollen, receive a strong electrical charge that makes them cling to collector plates as a nail clings to a magnet—instead of circulating through the house to settle on furniture, curtains, carpets and walls. Accumulated dirt is flushed down the precipitron's drain at the flick of a switch.

The vacuum cleaner makes short work of dirt that even in a precipitron-equipped house is bound to be tracked in. Made to glide at a touch, today's cleaner really takes the drudgery out of house-cleaning and, with its many attachments, does a thorough job on everything in the room.



NO DOUBTS—ABOUT THE CLEANLINESS OF BABY'S CUP—THE SPOTLESS BEAUTY OF PARTY CHINA. WITH DISHWASHER *all* IN YOUR TIMESAVING ELECTRIC DISHWASHER...

every dish is a shining tribute to your care!


DISHWASHER
all
Prescribed only for
ELECTRIC
DISHWASHERS
ENDS SPOTTING ON GLASSES, SILVERWARE AND CHINA
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*DISHWASHER *all* leaves no unsightly film which may breed germs. Formulated with new DC-T (controlled chlorination), an exclusive development of Monsanto laboratories, DISHWASHER *all* received highest detergency ratings ever scored in tests by manufacturers' dishwashing clinics.

Concerned about family health? Entertaining the boss and his wife? Then you'll love DISHWASHER *all*—because its exclusive formulation* gently yet thoroughly removes stubbornest foods from fine china, gives crystal and silver a hand-polished lustre. No wonder every leading dishwasher maker wants you to use DISHWASHER *all!*

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for electric dishwashers

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MONSANTO

(Continued from page 109)

diced, but the discussion ended by her mother's giving a little sigh and saying, "I think Lily had better have it."

That had been a bitter one to swallow. Martha was 14 then, and she had just suddenly become excitingly aware of Ben Howard, who was in her class and who was going to be at the party.

To make matters worse, Lily grew to be quite pretty, much prettier than Martha. *So you would think, wouldn't you,* Martha would say to herself, *that your mother would let you, the plainer one, have the best of everything?*

She somehow couldn't believe that her mother would like Lily better simply because she was prettier. For all her growing antagonism toward her mother, Martha knew she was not a shallow woman who would be swayed by superficialities. And certainly Lily wasn't preferred because she was cleverer. Far from it. Martha had always been the clever one, the one who could draw and sew better, the one who got the high marks.

The strange part of it was that there was never any antagonism between her and Lily. It never occurred to Martha to resent Lily. You just went around with a little knot somewhere inside you that you couldn't loosen, and you couldn't possibly hate Lily because she was so unconscious of it all, and bland and friendly and sweet in a docile, unthinking kind of way.

Until the business with Ben, she and Lily were never competitive in any way where friends were concerned. Lily seemed to gravitate toward people even younger than she. Their mother encouraged them to have friends visit them, and their father cheerfully took them to and from their friends' homes in the pickup truck which was the only car they had for a long time.

Until the year I was 17, Martha thought, lying restlessly in her berth on the train taking her back. That was the year Papa began making good money with the development he started on the lake, and we had a new car and Lily and I got some nice new clothes. Even Mother got herself a new dress that year because Papa insisted, although she thought it a waste of good money. And I had that heavenly watermelon-pink organdy that I wore on my first date with Ben.

She was 17, and to cover her pangs of insecurity she had acquired a flip, rather sarcastic manner that she thought extremely sophisticated.

The manner captivated most of the girls. It scared off a lot of the boys, however, which didn't bother Martha too much. She thought them a dreary lot anyway, with the exception of Ben Howard. And, miraculous fact, Ben Howard had been showing signs of late that he could be captivated by the manner too.

TURNING off the light in her berth, trying to compose herself for sleep, Martha thought, remembering that first date with Ben. There must be a clue there somewhere. Was it because Mother decided when she saw Ben that first time that he would be the right husband for Lily? Or was it Lily who decided? Or was it Ben? No, it couldn't have been Ben. He didn't decide until years later.

It had been a balmy May evening and there was a Decoration Day dance at the pavilion on the lake. Ben had asked Martha a week before if she would go with him, and she had kept the delicious secret to herself all week long, afraid something might happen to spoil it. But on Friday at school Ben had said, "I'll pick you up about eight. Dad's letting me have one of the cars."

So Saturday evening, after she and Lily finished the dishes, Martha went to the sitting room where her mother was sewing in her straight-backed chair and her father was listening to the radio while he read his newspaper.

She said, "Ben Howard is taking me to the dance tonight."

She thought her mother looked at her a little strangely, and she wanted to say angrily, "Well, why should I tell you anything in advance? You're never interested in anything I do except where it concerns Lily."

Her father said, "Well, that's nice, honey."

Her mother reached for the sweetgrass basket, selected a length of embroidery silk and said, "You're not going out with him just because his father is president of the bank and because they have two cars, are you?"

Martha wanted to cry out to her mother, "Must you spoil everything for me? Doesn't it ever occur to you that I have feelings, that I might be going out with him because I think he's wonderful?"

But she let no expression show on her face as she said airily, "Why else?" and started out of the room.

She could hear her father chuckle and say, "She'll give the boys a rough time, that one." There was nothing but silence from her mother.

She was standing before her mirror in the watermelon-pink organdy, with a soft breeze moving the white curtains at the open windows, bringing a drift of sweetness from the early roses.

Her breath caught in her throat because it was almost unbearably marvelous—the night and the scent of the roses and the time ahead with Ben.

She plied a hairbrush dreamily through her black hair, thinking she looked almost pretty tonight, trying to decide whether to wear her hair in an upsweep or let it hang loosely, and had just decided on the upsweep when Lily wandered into her room.

There was something about Lily that often made even Martha, the rejected sister, as she thought of herself, feel a little dewy-eyed looking at her. She had an innocence and sweetness of expression that was almost other-worldly. She had silky, blonde-brown hair that she wore rather long, and greenish eyes and very white skin, and a slim, beautifully formed body that she seemed entirely unself-conscious about.

She said, "Do you like him a lot, Martha?"

Martha shrugged and said in her most casual tone, "He's not bad for a youth of eighteen."

Lily picked up the white wool stole Martha had laid out on the bed and stroked it gently. She said, "Do you suppose it's because I'm younger that Mother always gets so worried about me? I've only had two dates with boys in my life, and both times she's made Papa come looking for me. And the boys never asked me for dates again."

Martha remembered both times, how her mother had kept watching the clock, saying finally, "Charles, I think you'd better drive in to town and see what's keeping Lily so long. They were going to the show, but it's been out a half-hour already."

Papa had said, "Well, now, Emma, they're probably just having a soda, but if it'll make you feel better, I'll go."

Martha said, "You ought to be glad she's that concerned about you. She probably wouldn't care if I *never* came home."

Lily gave a little giggle. "Oh, you just like to say shocking things." Then, a little wistfully, "I wish I could be clever like you and say the kind of things you do."

What a laugh *that* was, thought Martha. Lily wanting to be like her!

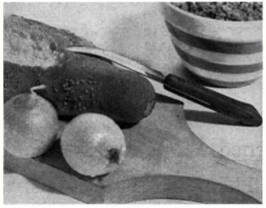
Lily put down the stole and said, "I hope you have a marvelous time, Martha," and started out.

TRY THIS

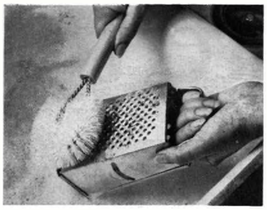
Good tricks

by Alice Cline

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYHOLM-SCHERCK



Use curved serrated grapefruit knife to scoop out soft center of bread before you stuff it with your favorite filling



Vegetable brush cleans grater quickly, efficiently. It saves dish cloths, sponges — and prevents snagging of fingernails

Fill empty frozen-juice cans with water and freeze to make extra-large-size ice cubes for parties or summer picnics

Cotton-tipped swabs do an efficient job cleaning around the push buttons on your range and washing machine

Martha said shortly, "Thanks, chum," not wanting to think about Lily or anyone but herself on this enchanted evening.

She finally got the hairdo almost the way she wanted it, and she was fastening the pearl buttons to her ears when she heard Ben's car crunching the gravel in the driveway. She picked up the stole and flew out of the room and started down the stairs, afraid of — Well, of what? she said to herself in exasperation. What's there to be afraid of?

So she went back to her room and waited a few minutes and then went down slowly, very cool and sophisticated.

When she reached the lower landing she could see into part of the sitting room, and the sight of Ben standing there looking too marvelous for words in a white linen jacket made her pause for a while to compose herself. He was a tall, dark-haired youth with a quiet, serious look most of the time; but now he was smiling his shy, friendly smile; and Martha thought, Oh, you wonderful, darling Ben.

Her mother was saying, "I know your mother and father, of course, but not living in town I don't get to know too many of you young people. I'm sure you know our other daughter, Lily, don't you?"

Ben said, "Well, yes, I've seen her at school," and his eyes veered around to where Lily must be, out of Martha's range. Suddenly something hit Martha in the pit of the stomach, and the anxiety that had made her start down the stairs in such haste came rushing back.

She went quickly into the room then, saying, "Hi, Ben. I hope I didn't keep you waiting." Meaning, *Let's be off quickly now, before something spoils my evening.*

Lily said wistfully, "Gosh, I know you'll have a wonderful time. I suppose everybody'll be there."

Martha was watching her mother's face, and she saw something change her expression, something swift and fleeting that Martha couldn't identify. Then the older woman looked down at the sewing in her lap and said, "Well, maybe Martha and Ben can take you along with them. Would it be all right, Ben?"

No! Martha wanted to shout. *It wouldn't! You mustn't spoil my first date with Ben.*

Ben said politely, "Why, sure, Mrs. Burnett, if she'd like to come."

Lily was radiant. "Oh, *really?* How marvelous! I'll run up and change my dress. Martha, you don't mind having me tag along, do you? I won't be five minutes."

She flew out of the room and Martha said coldly, "Let's wait for her in the car, Ben," not wanting to be in the same room with her mother any longer.

IN THE years that followed she became almost resigned to having Lily tag along with her, but that night there was nothing resigned about her.

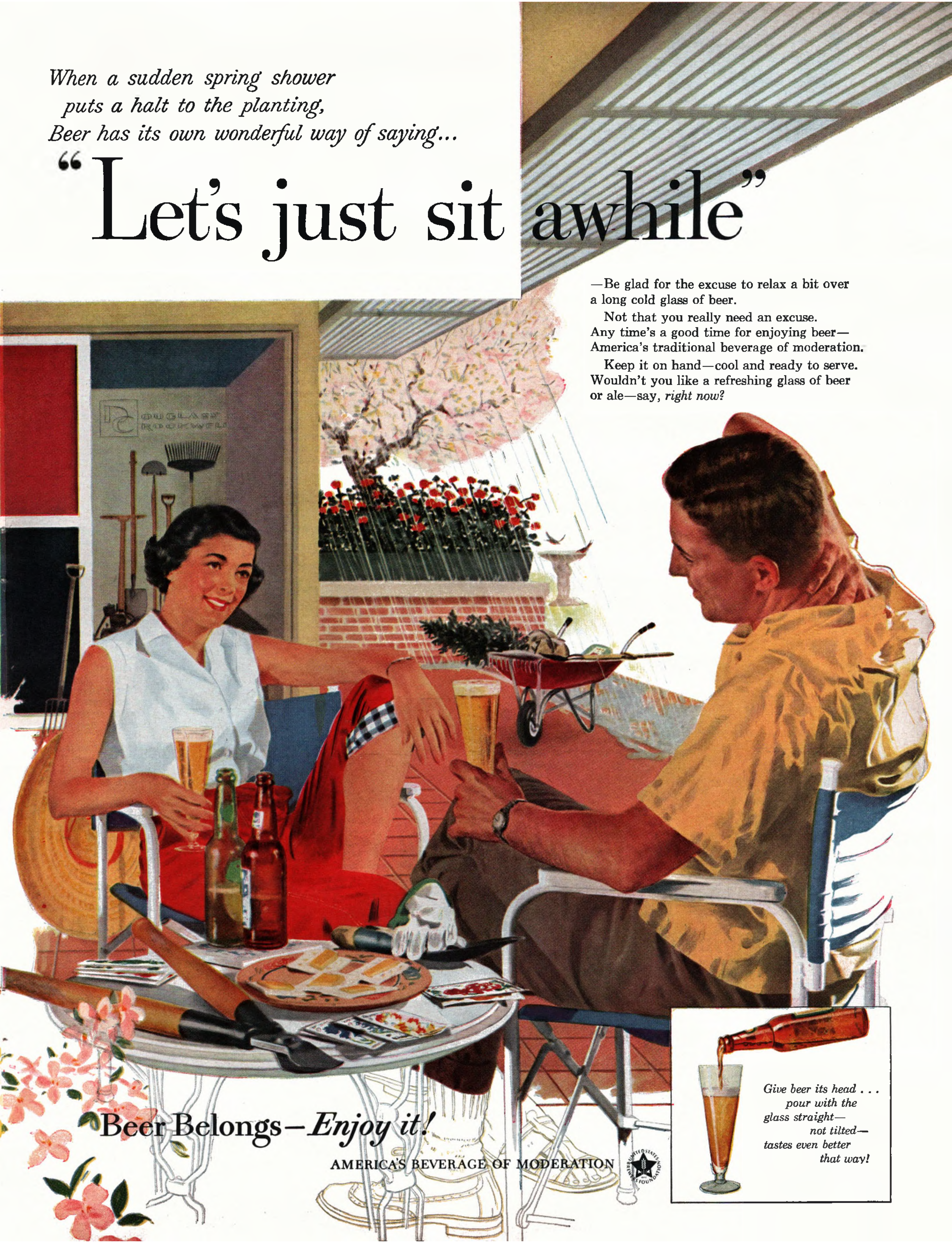
Ben was as nice as a young man could be, bringing his friends to meet and dance with Lily, careful not to let her feel she was a burden. But then, to make matters worse, Arne Nielson showed up and highhandedly monopolized Martha, which left Ben and Lily together much too much to suit Martha.

Arne had never paid any attention to Martha before. She supposed she should be flattered by his sudden interest, he being an older man and a medical student, but it meant nothing to her now. She had had a crush on Arne in her early teens, and once had even invented an imaginary ailment

(Continued on page 114)

When a sudden spring shower
puts a halt to the planting,
Beer has its own wonderful way of saying...

"Let's just sit awhile"



—Be glad for the excuse to relax a bit over a long cold glass of beer.

Not that you really need an excuse. Any time's a good time for enjoying beer—America's traditional beverage of moderation.

Keep it on hand—cool and ready to serve. Wouldn't you like a refreshing glass of beer or ale—say, *right now?*

Give beer its head . . .
pour with the
glass straight—
not tilted—
tastes even better
that way!

Beer Belongs—*Enjoy it!*

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

(Continued from page 112)

so she could be taken to Dr. Nielson's office in the hope of seeing Arne, who she knew was home from college at the time. But Arne had scarcely noticed her, and after repeated attempts to attract his attention had failed, she consoled herself with the judgment that he was "stuck up."

At the end of his second dance with her that evening, he held her at arm's length and surveyed her critically. He said, "You've grown up very satisfactorily. You're not as pretty as your little sister, but you have something she lacks, a certain distinction, a certain *savoir faire*."

She said haughtily. "Oh, yes. I'm considered *très soignée*."

He laughed. "Well, don't get *trop soignée*. Keep on improving, and—who knows?—in a few years I might ask you for a date."

She said tartly. "I can't wait. Now will you take me back to my escort?"

"Look. I'm only home for the weekend, and you can see young Ben any time. And why are you so anxious to return to that callow youth? I'm five years older. I'm a man of the world. I'm going to be a famous surgeon someday. Besides," he added, smiling, "you wouldn't be here today if it weren't for my dad."

She said disdainfully, "Yes, I know—your father brought us into the world. How touching! And you'll probably end up a small-town doctor just like him."

She had the grace to realize suddenly that she was taking her resentment and frustration out on Arne, and said contritely, "I'm sorry; I shouldn't have said that. I love your dad and you'll be lucky if you do end up like him."

He said, "Well, that's better. Just for that, I'll ask you for a date right now. How about tomorrow?"

She said, "Sorry, I have a date. Ask me again in five years."

But in five years he was interning in a hospital half the continent away, and she was expecting to marry Ben. . . .

SHE fell asleep toward dawn, and instantly, it seemed, the porter was calling to tell her that in a half-hour they'd be in Centerville, where she changed for Anniston. She washed and dressed in a kind of stupor, eyes burning, head throbbing.

When she got off at the little mustard-yellow station at Anniston, the first person she saw was Ben Howard. While the breath went out of her lungs she thought unsteadily, They shouldn't have done this to me. They shouldn't have sent Ben. And all the years of loving him engulfed her.

They stood for a moment looking at each other without talking, and something leaped into his eyes and burned there. She wanted to cry out, "Don't look at me like that! You belong to Lily now!"

She followed him blindly to the car. "How is my father?"

"He's holding his own. That's about all they'll say. We'll pick up your mother and go on to the hospital. You won't be able to stay long. He's to have absolute rest, but it'll do him good to know you're here."

They drove the two miles to the house, talking very little, constraint rearing a barrier between them. She breathed the air that was like cool spring water, her eyes and heart remembering the view of mountains and trees and brooks.

Back in the city she had scarcely realized that fall was upon them, but here in the crisp, clear air it burst upon the senses in all its heady magnificence—the brilliantly turning leaves, the winy smell of fallen apples, the sweet odor of decaying vegetation.

Ben said, just before they turned into the driveway, "You've changed a lot. You look wonderful, but you seem different."

She said, "I haven't changed at all, really. Except maybe on the outside."

He gave her a long, troubled look as the car came to a stop.

Then she was once again in the big warm kitchen that smelled of freshly baked bread, and her mother was giving her a quick, almost shy kind of kiss and turning and saying, "Ben, take Martha's bag up to her room, please, and then we'll go to the hospital."

When Ben was out of the room she said, "I want to take a loaf of this fresh bread to your father. He never could stand any other kind."

She busied herself with the loaf of bread and wax paper and string, and Martha watched her silently, wondering as she had so many times what went on in her mind, in her heart. She was not a tall woman, but she gave an impression of height, somehow, perhaps because she stood straight and strong. Everything about her looked strong—the dark, deep-set eyes; the finely lined skin stretched over the strong bones of her face; the long, capable-looking hands—even the dark gray hair seemed to grow out of her scalp with strength.

Martha thought, She's like a weathered, sturdy old tree—only I've never been able to lean against her.

She said, "Is Papa in much pain?"

Her mother said, "Oh, no, not now. He's comfortable now. Have you been well, Martha? I'm glad you came."

Oh, I'll bet, Martha thought. And said, "Oh, I'm dandy. Happy as a lark and healthy as a horse."

Her mother's hands stilled on the package and she gave Martha a strange, almost sorrowing look.

Ben came back and said, "Ready?" and they went out silently to the car.

Martha sat in the back, huddled tiredly in a corner, eyes closed from pure exhaustion. Now and then Ben would make a remark to her mother, who sat beside him, and she would answer, but to Martha, on the verge of sleep, their voices had a faraway quality, like voices faintly heard across a lake.

It was ten miles to the hospital in Oak Falls, and she willed herself to sleep for those ten miles, to forget and sleep and refresh herself. But her tired mind kept rummaging through the bits and pieces of her life, spreading them out before her inner sight, taking up the sorry tale where it had left her in sleep that dawn. . . .

BEN went to college that fall of the year he was 18, and Martha went to work for her father in the little office in the sample cottage at the lake development. It had been a lovely summer, all things considered, that first summer of her romance with Ben. They went swimming a lot at the lake, and Saturday nights they danced at the pavilion, and although Lily was usually along, Martha refused to brood about it, and squeezed what pleasure she could out of everything.

Now and then her mother would invite Ben to Sunday dinner and Martha would squirm through the ordeal, impatient to be away from the table so she and Ben could wander off alone. But somehow her mother usually managed things so that Lily accompanied them.

She and Ben wrote regularly when he was at college, and he would always end his letters, "Regards to Lily," and she would end hers, "Lily sends best."

She lived for the holidays and vacations when Ben came home, and he always called her as soon as he arrived. He seemed completely devoted to her, and she began to relax a little and not be so fearful that something would happen to spoil her lovely romance.

Lily had wanted to get a job too, but their mother had said it would be better if Lily stayed home and helped in the house. So that second summer, when Martha was kept busy at the development, Ben would take Lily swimming or hiking or for rides when Martha wasn't available.

In Ben's junior year at college, Martha's mother allowed her to go to one of the house parties on the condition that Lily go too, so Ben arranged a date for Lily.

That was when Martha first became really uneasy, seeing how well Ben and Lily got along. They had a lot of little private jokes and he seemed completely unself-conscious around her. Martha thought, Well, what can you expect? He sees more of her during the summers than he does me.

SHE vowed then that the next summer would be different; she'd take some kind of drastic measures. But it turned out that Lily, and Ben's family, saved her the trouble.

In the first place, Ben's parents took him to Europe for his last free summer (he was going into his father's bank when he graduated), and Lily started going out with Roy Hoskins.

Roy was a handsome no-good who sponged on his hard-working parents and took an occasional job that he never kept long. None of the nice girls in town were allowed to have anything to do with him. He was working for John's Market that summer, and, delivering groceries to the Burnett home, he renewed an acquaintance with Lily that had started in grade school.

Lily managed her first few dates with him cleverly and secretively, but inevitably her mother learned the facts and forbade Lily ever to see him again.

That was a bad time for all of them. Her mother would say to Martha, "You've got to help make Lily see she mustn't have anything to do with that boy." And Lily would say, tears in her lovely eyes, "Martha, I love him. He's the only one for me. Make Mother understand that I've *got* to see him." And Martha would say to both, "It's none of my affair. Leave me out of it."

When Ben came back from Europe, Lily was still defying her mother and meeting Roy whenever she could.

Ben said to Martha one day, "Your mother told me about Lily and Roy. She asked me to see what I could do. She's right, you know. Lily shouldn't waste her time on him. I'll try to talk a little sense into her."

That next summer, when Ben was finished with college and working in the bank, Martha's father started another development in Oak Falls. Martha went to work there for him and didn't have much time for Ben.

Often when she came home late with her father, tired from a busy day, her mother would say, "Ben came by. I told him you'd be late, so he took Lily to the early show." Or for a ride, or for a swim.

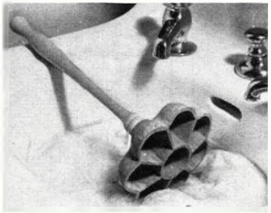
(Continued on page 118)

TRY THIS

Washday assistants

by Doris Hanson

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYHOLM-SCHERCK



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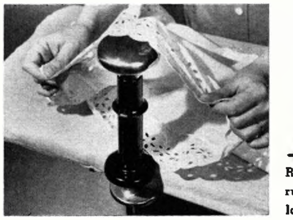

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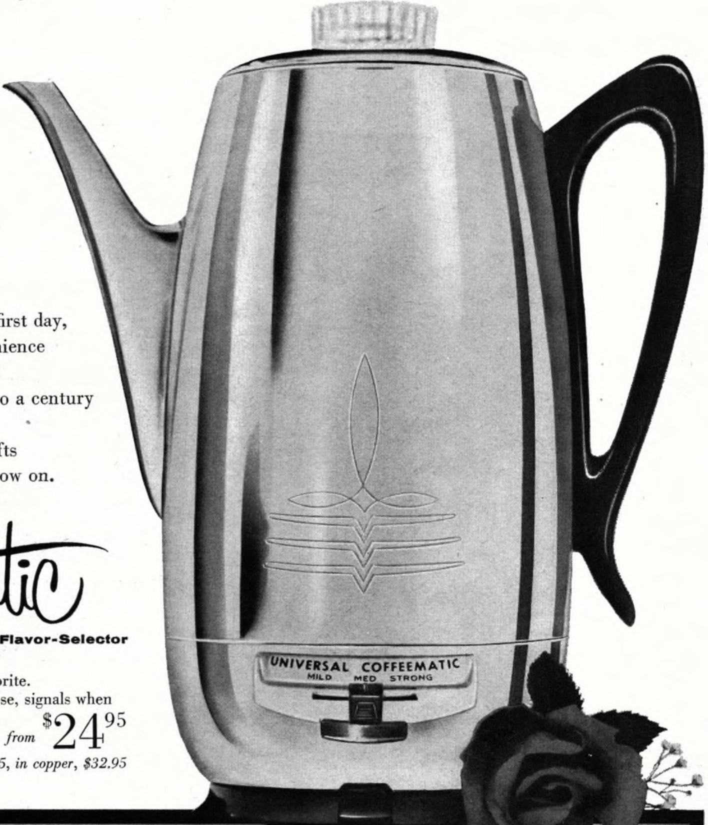

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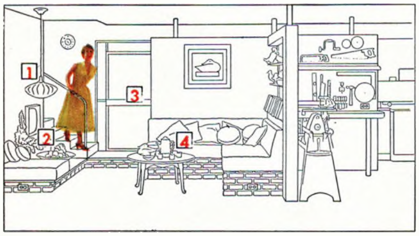

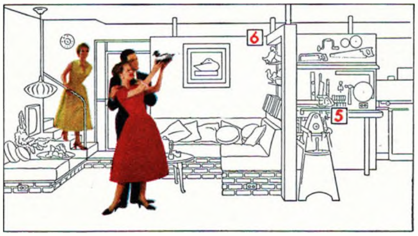

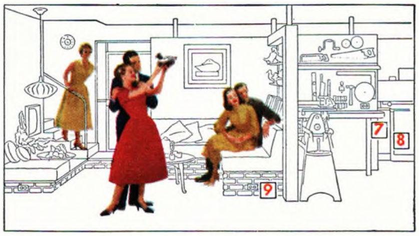

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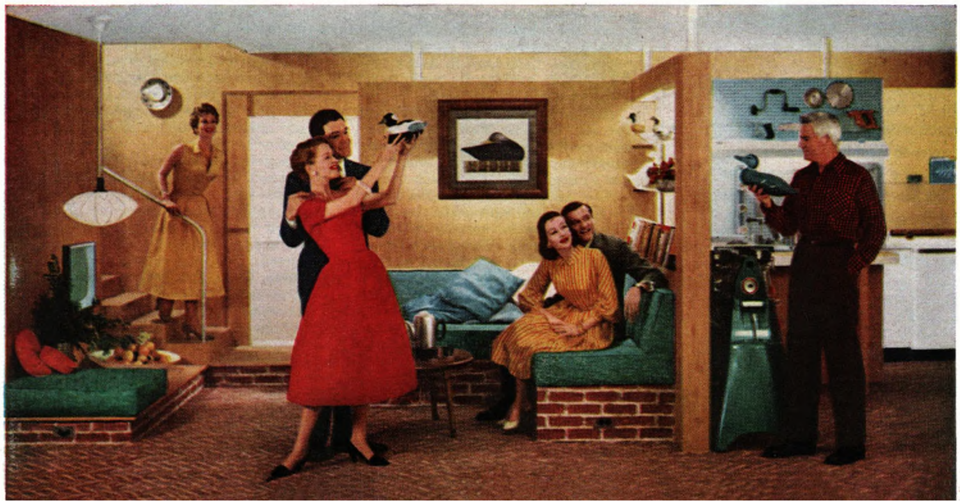

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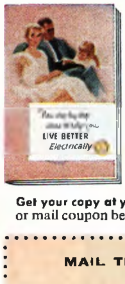

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A Father Tells His Daughter About Men and Marriage
HELLO, MY LOVE
BY ALEC RACKOWE

Adlai, Jr.

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Enjoy June

Redbook

ON SALE MAY 29th

(Continued from page 114)

When Martha did see Ben during that period he seemed troubled, a little unsure of himself.

One day he said, "I think Lily's finally decided to give up Roy. I told her I'd try to keep her from being lonely—take her out now and then. You don't mind, do you, Martha? She's such a helpless little thing, and she kind of relies on me."

Martha said with heavy sarcasm, "Oh, no, of course I don't mind. Why don't you marry the girl?" Then, at the look that came over Ben's face, she said from the depths of her anguish, "Oh, Ben, what's happened to us?"

He said unhappily, "I don't know, Martha. I don't know that anything's happened to us. I just feel I have to help Lily. I'm very fond of her, you know."

All that fall, Ben divided his time between Martha and Lily, and the night of the first snowfall, a week before Martha's twenty-second birthday, her mother called her in to the sitting room. Later Martha was to think, She set the stage, all right. She sent Lily and Papa off on some imaginary errand and probably told Ben to keep away.

Her mother drew the sweet-grass basket toward her, searched in it carefully, not meeting Martha's eyes. She said, "I had a long talk with Ben today and he's decided he wants to marry Lily. Your father's going to build them a house over on the lake. He'll be a better husband for Lily than for you."

At first Martha just sat there stupidly, breathless with shock, and then anger and a raging sense of injustice burned through her.

She said, "You fixed it, didn't you? You've been working for years to get Ben to marry Lily."

Her mother looked at her then, and for the first time Martha saw naked pain written on that usually stolid countenance. Her mother said, "You don't understand, Martha—"

"No, I don't. But I'll never forget it. And I never want to see you again. I'm getting out of here tomorrow."

"Wait, Martha. Wait awhile. Someday—"

"There'll be no more somedays in this house. I hate it. I've always hated it."

Her mother said slowly, "I'd cut off my right hand before I'd deliberately hurt you."

Martha said, "It's a little late for that," and started blindly out of the room. She raced up the stairs to her room, where she closed the door and started wildly to pack, tears blinding her eyes. And when Ben came and called to her, and her mother called to her, she refused to go down.

Her father drove her to the station in the morning, and the snow that had fallen all night was still coming down in large, feathery flakes that blotted out the landscape. He was clearly distressed, and tried clumsily to comfort Martha.

When she got out at the station he said, "You shouldn't go this way, honey. I don't know too much about what's gone on—I leave these things up to your mother, but—I'm afraid it's my fault."

She said, "Don't be silly. You're the only good thing in my life. It's just because Mother's always hated me."

He gave her a stricken look. "No, you're wrong, Martha. She loves you. You don't understand."

"Oh, I understand. Please go now, Papa, before I break down."

He said, "Let me know where you're going to be and I'll come see you," and kissed her and walked away.

He hadn't been gone more than a moment, it seemed, when Ben emerged from the thickly falling snow, coming to where she stood under the station shed. She started away from him and he put out his hand and drew her back.

He said, "I don't want to hurt you, Martha. I hate having to hurt you. And the funny part is, I do love you. I've been going through hell. Because I love Lily too, in a different way. I feel she needs me to take care of her. Your mother told me I ought to make up my mind which one of you— She said it wasn't right, and I knew it wasn't, and then while I was talking with her I realized that Lily needs me more than you do."

Oh, yes, Martha thought furiously, my mother would certainly make that clear to you.

He went on, "You're probably better off this way anyway. In the city you'll meet the kind of people you should know. You're strong and clever. I'm not good enough for you."

Did she tell you that too? Martha wondered. She said coldly, "Please go away. You and I have nothing more to say to each other."

He waited a moment in troubled indecision and then turned finally and went back into the snow. And Martha thought, I'll never be with you in the snow again, nor in the sunshine, nor in the moonlight. . . .

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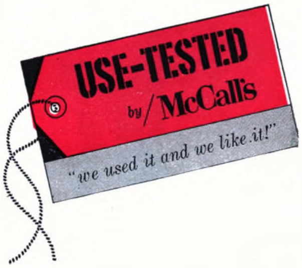
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The car drew up in front of the hospital and Ben said, "Here we are," and helped Martha and her mother out. He stood looking at Martha, his eyes searching, almost pleading. "Lily and I will pick you up later," he said, and went back to the car.

Martha went in alone to her father's room while her mother waited on the sun porch. He was lying flat on the bed, looking pale and depleted, but his face brightened into a happy smile at sight of her.

The special on duty got up, said pleasantly, "Now, don't stay too long. We don't want to tire him," and went out.

Martha went to her father and kissed him, and stood for a moment smoothing the thinning hair back from his forehead. She said, "Well, Papa, you're finally getting a rest after all these years."

"Yes, I guess so. It's good to see you, honey. How are you?"

"Oh, I'm fine." She tried to put conviction into her voice. "The successful career woman, that's me. My boss is going to teach me photography, too, when we have time."

"That's good. You always were smart, Martha."

"Well, I'm bound to be, with a smart father like you. Are they treating you right here, Papa?"

"Oh, sure. Martha—" he hesitated as if searching for the right words—"they won't let you stay long. Look, Martha, if anything should happen to me—now, don't get that look on your face, I'm just saying *if*—I'd like you to keep an eye on Jessica. You know—Aunt Jessica, your mother's cousin."

It was so unexpected a request that she was speechless for a moment. She said, puzzled, "Of course I know Aunt Jessica. I haven't seen her in years and years."

He said, "Don't let your mother know. Just look in on her now and then, or keep in touch. See if she's all right, or needs anything."

The special came back briskly. "Time to go, dear. Your father must rest."

She was in the corridor heading for the sunroom when a man in a white coat grasped her arm. "Well, hello, Martha."

She turned, surprised. "Why, Arne! When Mother said Dr. Nielson, I assumed she meant your dad. Are you Papa's doctor?"

He raised his eyebrows, smiling. "You mean my fame hasn't spread to New York? No, Dad's been taking it easy the last couple of years—his heart's not too good. I've taken over most of his practice."

"It's wonderful to see you again. Arne, how's my father?"

He patted her hand. "He'll pull through, don't worry. He won't be able to do all the things he did before, but if he takes care of himself he should have a lot of good years ahead."

She was so grateful that she could have kissed him. She looked at him with a new respect and awareness. He was a big, nice-looking, blond man, with clear blue eyes and strong, even teeth. He had an air of competence; he seemed to emanate strength and manliness; and Martha thought, Why, he's a very attractive guy. He probably has all the nurses and female patients in a dither.

He said, "Remember when you said I'd end up like my father?" He laughed easily. "How prophetic you were. I didn't like the idea then, but now I'm glad it turned out that way. This is the place for me. I missed it like the devil when I was away."

She looked at him in surprise. "You did? I wouldn't care if I never saw it again. I hate it."

Arne raised his eyebrows. "I doubt that. You've just got city nerves. And you've been worried about your father. Relax, Martha, and enjoy it. There's so much to enjoy here."

They had come to the sun porch, and Arne went in to talk to Martha's mother and give her the latest report. He said, "I'm driving back to Anniston in just a little while. Can I take you along?"

Martha's mother said, "I'll stay. Ben and Lily will pick me up later. Martha, why don't you go with Arne? You look tired. You could probably use a nap."

Martha said, "I could. I didn't sleep well on the train."

Her mother said, "Arne, why don't you come by later and have dinner with us? It seems we never see you except when someone's sick."

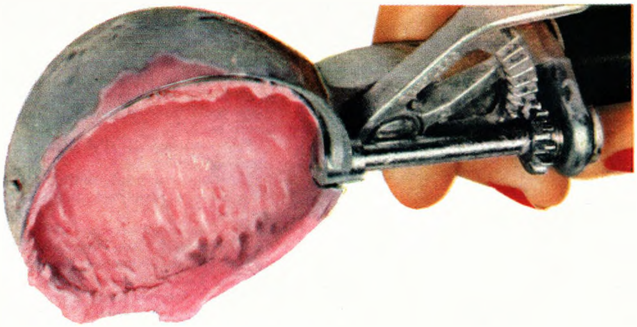
His eyes went from her to Martha, and then he turned back and said happily, "Well, thank you. I'd like that very much."

And Martha thought, What is she up to now? Trying to fix me up with Arne, to make up for what she did about Ben? But she was relieved that she wouldn't have to go back with Ben and Lily and her mother.

It was pleasant driving with Arne through quiet, tree-lined streets, with the October sun bright on the crimson and yellow leaves and the occasional scent of burning leaves stinging her nostrils nostalgically.

"Are you planning to stay awhile, Martha?"

(Continued on page 120)



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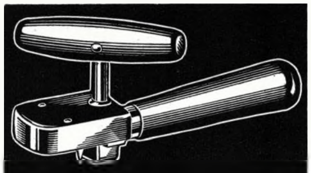

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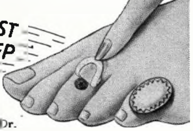

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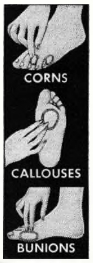

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(Continued from page 119)

"Just until I'm sure that Dad's all right."

"You look very handsome and prosperous. Your father's told me how well you've been doing. I don't suppose you'd want to give it all up and come back."

"Heaven forbid! I've had all of Anniston I want."

He shot her a quick, smiling glance. "Probably a man back there in the city, eh?"

No. The man's here and always has been. She said, "No. How about you? Is it a girl that's keeping you here?"

"No. I wish it were. I want to get married before too long. Before I turn into a sour old bachelor."

"You could probably take your pick."

He said. "Thank you, dear lady. And I'll return the compliment."

She said, "No, I can't take my pick. Unfortunately."

He looked at her and then looked back at the road and she wondered if he knew how she had felt all these years about Ben. But he had been away at medical school and interning during her unhappy time.

When they were almost in Anniston, Arne said, "Martha, why don't you do a kind deed and go to see Jessica Marlowe? She's some kind of relative of yours, isn't she?"

She turned to him in astonishment. "That's the second time today someone's said that. What's with old Aunt Jessica?"

He returned her look briefly and then said to the road ahead, "Well, someone should look in on her now and then. She's become a recluse. People say she's 'touched' and no one bothers with her. I stop in occasionally to see that she has food in the house. I inherited her from Dad."

Martha said, "I wonder why my mother never sees her and would never let us have anything to do with her."

She dug back through the years, remembering a time when she was four or five and Aunt Jessica had come out to the farm. Martha's mother hadn't allowed her into the house, talking to Aunt Jessica in a voice that made Martha shiver with its cold, concentrated anger—or hatred. "I want you to leave right away. And you're not to come here ever again."

She remembered another time, when she was in the second or third grade; Aunt Jessica had stopped her on the street, running her fingers through Martha's hair, saying, "My, you're a sweet child. I'm your Aunt Jessica, you know. Why don't you come to see me once in a while? Be sure to bring Lily too."

Martha had gone to Aunt Jessica's house a few times just to defy her mother, but she hadn't taken Lily because she was afraid Lily might tell their mother.

As they came into Anniston, Martha said, "Wait, Arne. Aunt Jessica lives down this street. Drop me off there, will you?"

He said, "She needs someone to take care of her. She should be in a home where she'd get proper treatment."

He stopped the car in front of Jessica Marlowe's little white house. The porch was heavily covered with a vine whose leaves had turned scarlet with the fall. He shut off the motor and looked at Martha.

"Why don't you come back, Martha? I mean, to stay. It would be nice having you here."

She said, smiling, "Thanks, but no, thanks."

"How about that date we talked about so long ago?"

She searched his face silently for a long moment, thinking, He's nice. I like him. I could probably grow to like him a lot. Any girl would be a fool who wouldn't. And then I'd be trapped back here in this hateful place—with Ben always just around the corner.

Arne took her hand in his firm doctor's hands, and she wanted suddenly to lean against him and have him put his arms around her and blot out everything else. But she disengaged her hand and got out of the car, saying lightly, "Ask me again later. You're coming for dinner, you know."

She went up the path that had foot-high weeds growing up between the flagstones, onto the cluttered, leaf-strewn porch, and banged the brass knocker that badly needed polishing. She remembered it from her childhood as an immaculate, shining house, and it made her sad to see it now looking like an old woman who has long ago lost all pride in her appearance. When Aunt Jessica finally came to the door she looked the same way, Martha thought.

Memo to mothers:

Make thick foamy milk shakes in a second with the brand-new milk-shake mix.

Take your choice of vanilla, chocolate, strawberry

She was a small, thin woman with untidy white hair and myopic blue eyes, dressed in a graying blue dress, with a Paisley shawl thrown round her narrow shoulders. She reputedly had been a very pretty young girl, but there was little evidence of that now. Martha thought, she can't be 60 yet. She's only a few years older than Mother, but she looks ancient.

Aunt Jessica peered at her with squinted eyes, half-frowning, half-smiling. "Who is it?" she asked. "I don't know you."

"It's Martha, Aunt Jessica. Martha Burnett."

Aunt Jessica said, "Martha? Little Martha? Well, come in, dear child. I've been wondering when you'd come to see me again. Are you still in school, Martha?"

Martha said gently, "No, dear. I finished school quite awhile ago."

She followed Aunt Jessica into the tiny, cluttered living room, shocked at the condition of the house. There were old newspapers, magazines and books piled on every available surface, and dust carpeted everything. Aunt Jessica sat in the only uncluttered chair, and Martha cleared off a rocker in a cloud of dust.

She said, "Have you had lunch, Aunt Jessica? I thought I'd have lunch with you."

"I don't remember, dear. Why didn't you bring Lily with you? I'd like to see Lily too. Let me look at you, Martha. You always looked just like your father, a very handsome man. All the girls were wild about him. But we won't talk about that now, will we?"

Martha pondered that, going to inspect the contents of the sour-smelling refrigerator, lost in contemplation of her father as a handsome young man with all the girls wild about him. Aunt Jessica too, she wondered?

She went back and said, "I'll run down to the market and get us something real nice for lunch." She walked briskly to the village, coming back with her arms piled with groceries, and went about making a hearty lunch for them.

Jessica ate hungrily, and immediately afterward fell asleep in her rocker in the living room. Martha washed their dishes, and the others that were piled in the sink, trying to be as quiet as possible. She started to clean the rest of the kitchen, but gave it up as an all-day job. She would come over every day while she was in Anniston and get the place thoroughly cleaned up. She thought fiercely, She's *got* to be taken care of. I'll have to find out about homes. I wonder if she'd mind going to one? But she can't stay here like this, alone.

She went to the little downstairs bedroom that Jessica used, repelled by the condition of the room and the state of the bedclothes. She found two sheets that were almost clean and remade the bed, stuffing soiled linen into a bag to take with her, and then started dusting and straightening the rest of the room.

There was an overflowing box beside the bed that was a jumble of letters and papers and old snapshots, all looking as if they had been pawed over countless times. Some had spilled onto the floor, and Martha picked them up and started putting them back neatly into the box, pausing now and then to examine an old snapshot.

Aunt Jessica had been a very pretty girl, with a gay, wide smile and twinkling, flirtatious eyes. Martha paused for a long time over a picture of her mother and father and Jessica, all smiling, and Martha thought, That's the only time I've ever seen my mother look really happy. Jessica had written on it: "Charles and Emma and Yours Truly—June, 1926."

A year before her mother and father had married, Martha thought, figuring rapidly. Had they all been good friends then? Apparently so, from the smiles in the faded snapshot. What had happened to the friendship; what had Jessica done to incur her mother's enmity? Had both girls been in love with Charles? Had it been the way it was with her and Lily and Ben? But Emma had married Charles. Jessica should have been the unforgiving, hating one.

She searched determinedly through the rest of the snapshots, looking for something, anything, a clue, feeling suddenly almost frightened of what she might find. She ran old letters through her fingers, looking at handwriting and dates, and then stopped cold with a worn envelope before her that was addressed in her mother's writing, dated September 16, 1933. *The year I was five*, Martha thought, remembering the time Aunt Jessica had been turned away from the house.

I mustn't read it, she thought, her heart pounding all at once with guilt and fear. But she pulled out the worn sheet, with the ink blurred here and there from—what? Tears? A nervous, perspiring hand?

“Jessica: [it said] You promised you would go away, but you haven't. There's no way I can make you leave, but *you must never come near my home again.* You knew the only way I would take the child was on the condition you stayed out of our lives and never saw any of us again. And today you violated your promise. Maybe God will forgive you and Charles for the wrong you did me. I never will.”

MARTHA stood reading and re-reading the letter, a horror and incredulity burning through her like fever. And now at last she knew.

No! I won't believe it! My father and Jessica . . . While he was married to my mother . . . Only she's not my mother. Aunt Jessica is. *I'm the bastard daughter of Jessica Marlowe.*

She sat heavily on the edge of the bed she had just made, staring into nothing, eyes burning, the horror building instead of diminishing.

No wonder Mother—*But she's not my mother!*—no wonder she hated me; no wonder Lily always got the best of everything. No wonder she never laughed, never acted the way other wives and mothers do. To have the constant reminder of her husband's infidelity there in the same house with her always, to have to raise his love child, pretend to be a real mother to her . . .

She made herself get up finally, found her coat, made herself say to herself, *Really, of all the corny situations.* And then she was crying, muffling her sobs so Jessica wouldn't hear. When that stopped she found a piece of paper that was scribbled on only on one side and wrote: “Dear Aunt Jessica: I'll be back soon to see you. Love, Martha.”

She put the note on the cluttered table, looking away from the lolling, sleeping head, thinking wildly, No, you can't be my mother! I won't believe it! I don't want you to be my mother! and turned and went out of the house.

She got the bus at the corner, made small talk with Art Downs, who had been driving the bus for as long as she could recall, never afterward remembering what was said, or getting off the bus and walking to the house.

She had forgotten her tiredness, and she prowled the house feverishly, wondering. What do I do now? Do I let Mother—You can't expect me to stop calling her Mother now, can you? she asked herself in exasperation—do I let her know I've learned our fragrant family secret? And what about Papa? Do I go to him and say, “How could you do this to me? And to your wife?”

She considered the fact of her mother's living with that secret knowledge all the years, and she thought, It must have been terrible for her. She could have been a lot worse to me, I suppose.

When her mother and Lily and Ben came in, it was almost a shock to see them all looking so normal and as usual. She and Lily hugged and kissed, she said hello again to Ben, but it was her mother who held all her interest. She watched her secretly and avidly, trying to read into the heart of this strange woman she had never understood, feeling a kind of monstrous pity for her.

When Arne came, she was so happy to see him, someone who was outside this sordid family plot, that he said in pleased surprise, “Now, that's the kind of greeting I like. Just for that I'll take you out dancing later.”

But halfway through dinner he had an emergency call from the hospital and had to leave. Martha saw him to the door and he said in haste, “Tomorrow?” and she answered, “Yes, Arne,” and he was gone.

She and Lily did the dishes, and she remembered the night of her first date with Ben, when she and Lily also had done the dishes. Only she had been vibrantly happy then, and Ben had not been in the sitting room with her mother as he now was.

Had her mother thought then, with her first sight of Ben, Now, here's a nice young man. Too good for Jessica's daughter. I'll fix it so Lily gets him.

“Are you happy, Lily?” Martha asked.

Lily looked surprised. “Oh, sure. Why not?” And Martha realized Lily would always be happy, no matter what. She was sweet and good-natured, but she had no great depths of feeling to confuse and tear her apart. “I'm kind of sorry we haven't any children, but I probably wouldn't be much of a mother anyway.”

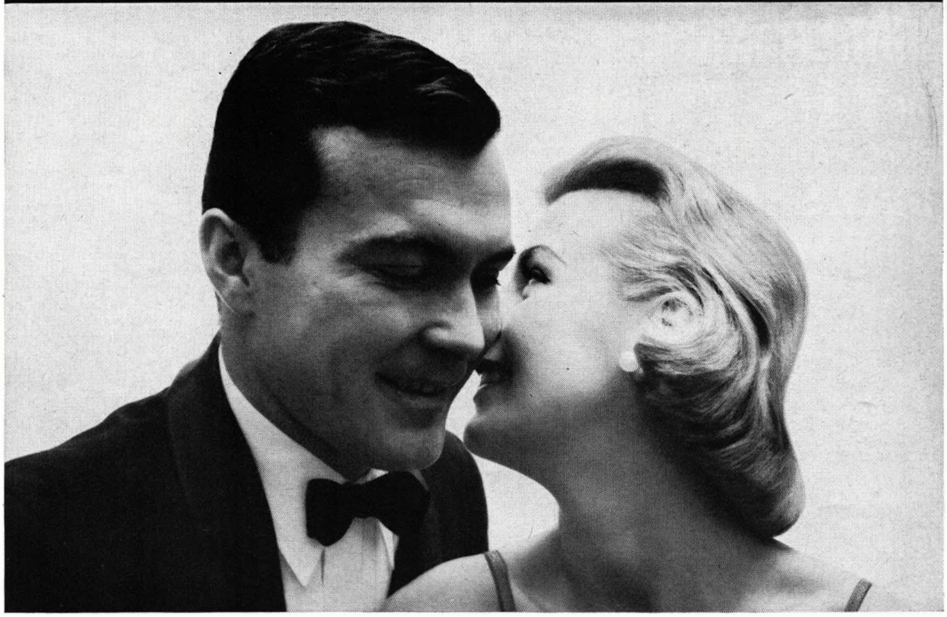
She wiped a dish slowly, and then said hesitantly, “Martha, were you angry with me for marrying Ben? You went off in such a rush, and then you didn't come to the wedding—”

Martha said, “No, of course I wasn't angry with you. I had just heard of a good job in the city,” she improvised, “and I didn't want to miss out on it, and then I was too busy breaking into it to come back. I never liked it here anyway.”

Lily seemed relieved. “I thought that's what it was. I always knew you were too clever to want to stay forever in a place like this. I figured you had

(Continued on page 122)

They're Making Plans!



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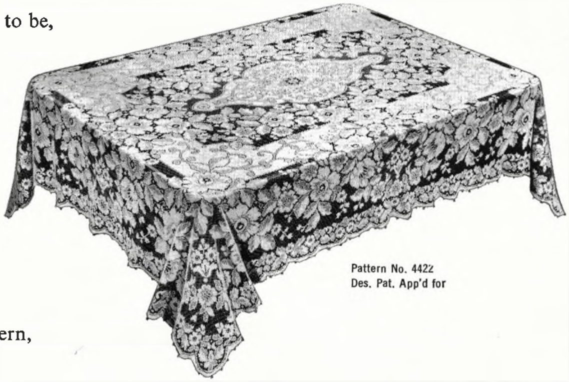

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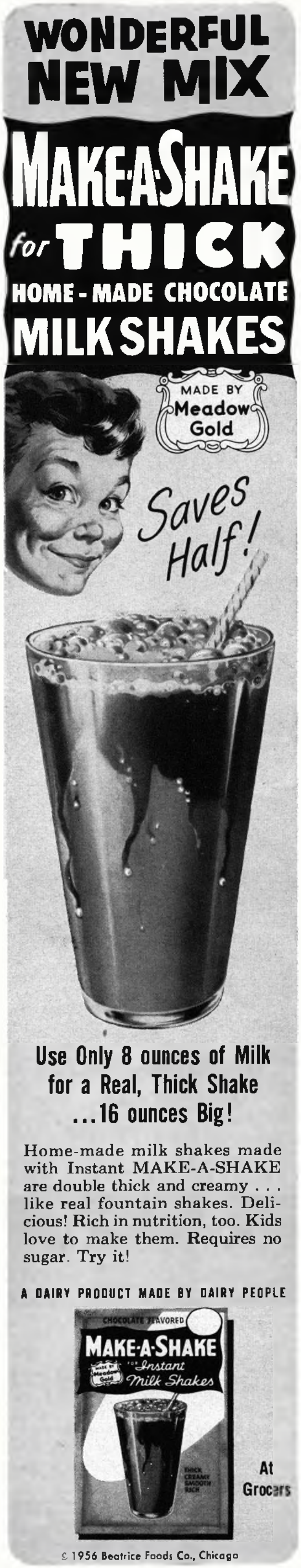

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(Continued from page 121)

turned Ben down, but I never discussed it with him because I thought it might upset him."

Martha gave a small snort of laughter. "You're way off on that one, honey. I'm the girl men throw over."

Lily laughed too. "Oh, you. You could have anyone you want."

Martha said brusquely, "Let's forget it, shall we?"

They joined the others in the sitting room and talked of Papa's illness and Martha's job and Lily's and Ben's house; and then Lily and her mother went upstairs so Lily could make a choice of some embroidered linens her mother wanted to give her. Martha and Ben were left in a resounding well of silence.

Martha said finally, "I'll make another pot of coffee," and went to the kitchen, wanting desperately to be alone, to be able to brood in solitude.

She turned from measuring coffee to find that Ben had followed her into the kitchen. She said, "Oh," a little breathlessly, because the something she had seen in his eyes that morning was back again.

He said, "Remember when you used to make coffee after we came back from the movies or a dance . . .?"

She said, "Don't bring all that up."

He said unhappily, "I can't help it. Every time I look at you I remember—"

"Well, don't look at me."

He came close to her, grasped her arms gently. "I was confused—I was young, I guess. Martha . . ." And then he put his arms around her and pulled her against him hard and kissed her.

She yielded to his kiss, eyes closed, and time went backward and she was a young girl in love.

They heard Lily and her mother coming down the stairs and drew apart. Ben left the kitchen and Martha finished making the coffee. And it sang through her with a kind of guilty exultation, He still loves me. I'm the one he's always loved. He never would have married Lily except for Mother. . . . *But she's not my mother.* And then she was back at that again.

She went to bed as soon as they left. She was just dropping off to sleep when the thought of Jacques came to her out of the dark, and she realized with dismay that she hadn't given him a conscious thought since she'd last seen him at the train door. She got out of bed and wrote him a hurried note so the postman could pick it up in the morning, saying her father was improving and that she'd be in Anniston probably a week longer.

She got back into bed, prepared to be plagued by thoughts and fancies, but went instantly to sleep.

SHE led a harried life that next week. She went to the hospital every day, where she watched her father's gradual improvement. It was like seeing someone come alive before your eyes. She told him she had called on Jessica and was helping to get her straightened out, trying not to reveal by any look or attitude that she knew, wondering morbidly how this man she had always loved could have committed such a deed, feeling a kind of grudging admiration for her mother that she had guarded the secret as closely as he.

Then on to Jessica's, where she cleaned and scoured and scrubbed, stopping on the way to buy necessities and small luxuries. She refused to think of her as anything but Aunt Jessica, pushing all the rest back into the corners of her mind.

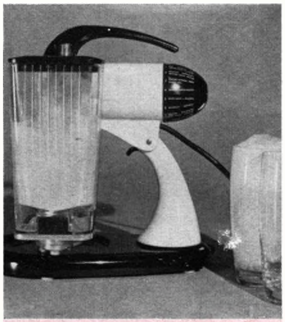
There were evenings with Arne when he was free—happy, companionable evenings when she could toss her cares over her shoulder. They found they had many tastes in common and always had a great deal to talk about. She had asked him to make inquiries about a home for Jessica, and he discussed the situation from all angles with her.

Jessica had only a small income, so it was necessary to find a place that was not too expensive. Martha said she would make up any difference, knowing that eventually her father would help too, if necessary, which was probably what he'd had in mind when he'd asked her to see Jessica.

Sometimes she wondered if Arne knew the situation. Now and then a word or a look of his would set her to puzzling about it. Dr. Nielson must have delivered the baby. She remembered Arne's saying, "You wouldn't be here today if it weren't for my dad."

She doubted that it had been here in Anniston. Her mother had probably taken Jessica away somewhere when her condition was about to become apparent, and waited with her until her time came, when Dr. Nielson no doubt had been sent for. She could see her mother arranging it all, handling the situation in her cold, strong, competent way, returning with the child as her own and banishing Jessica from her life. Dr. Nielson would have kept the secret, but when Arne took over his father's practice he might have come across the records.

NYHOLM-SCHERCK



IT'S HANDY

a mixer attachment

Blender attachment makes a mixer doubly useful, does a variety of jobs: grates orange rind, purees leftovers for soups or sandwich spreads, blends fruit juices, shreds coconut, makes gravies and sauces. Blending jar holds a generous amount—enough for two tall sodas at once. Attachment is for a Sunbeam mixer, costs about $13

If Arne knew, however, he did nothing to let her suspect it, and certainly didn't seem to be bothered by her questionable status. He did seem to be bothered, though, by the fact that Ben was so often at the Burnett house, usually without Lily.

Lily had had Martha and her mother to dinner, showing off her house proudly, and Martha had exclaimed and admired, thinking, This should have been my house. She tried not to look at Ben, nor be alone with him; but every time their eyes met, a quick, guilty thrill would race through her while her senses remembered their embrace.

After that, Ben was constantly at the house on one pretext or another. He would come to ask if he could drive Martha anywhere, to the hospital, or to the market, or to visit old friends. Twice he even came in the evening, saying, "Lily's playing cards" the first time, and, "Lily's visiting" the next.

The first time he sat around restlessly, making small talk with his mother-in-law while his eyes followed Martha; and the second time he said to Martha, "Let's go for a ride. I want to show you the new dam they put in up the river. It's quite a sight by moonlight."

Martha looked curiously at her mother to see what her reaction might be, but she didn't look up from her sewing except to reach for the scissors in the sweet-grass basket and snip a thread. So Martha went with Ben.

THERE was frost in the air and Ben turned the heater on. For a time there was silence in the car except for the hum of the motor and the whirr of the heater.

Finally Ben said, "It's almost like it used to be, isn't it, Martha? I wish we were back there. I wish . . ."

And because she felt the same way she said almost desperately, "Stop wishing, Ben. You're not being fair."

He drew the car to the side of the road and turned off the motor. Without a word he took her in his arms. He just held her there in a tight embrace, not trying to kiss her, and suddenly she was sobbing against his shoulder.

He said softly, "Don't, Martha. Don't cry. We'll do something about it. We'll make it all right some way."

He lifted her face and kissed her, and all the years she had been starved for his arms around her and his mouth on hers welled up in her frantically. She clung to him, thinking, Yes, we'll have to do something. We can't go on this way.

And then suddenly she was struck with a horrifying thought, and she drew shakily away from Ben.

Was this how it had happened with her father and Jessica? Had they too, meeting secretly after he was married to Emma, clung together guiltily, selfishly, throwing everything to the winds, tangling up all their lives in a way that could never be straightened out?

She thought in horror, I won't be like Jessica! She said almost angrily, "Take me home. Take me home this minute!"

They rode back in silence, and when they reached her door she got out quickly, saying, "Good night," without asking him in.

She started up the stairs to her room, but her mother called to her. She went reluctantly to the sitting room, feeling guilty and perturbed and desperately confused.

Her mother said, "Sit down, Martha," and laid her sewing aside, and looked at Martha for a long moment. Martha tried to read what was in her mother's eyes. Doubt? Pain? Confusion? Martha wanted to say, "Don't look at me that way now. It's all your doing. It's all because of your meddling and trying to play God with our lives."

Her mother said quietly, "You can have Ben, you know. You can take him away from Lily easily. If you'd want to do such a thing."

Out of the old familiar resentment Martha said, "Why not? You spoiled it for me once. Why shouldn't I grab at happiness now?"

"It wouldn't be happiness," her mother said. "Ben was never good enough for you. He's a nice boy—all right for Lily, but not for you. Heavens, you'd be bored to death with him before a year was out."

Martha considered that wonderingly. "Would I?" she asked herself, realizing she had never thought beyond that wonderful, desirable-above-all-things moment when she would be Ben's wife. Defiantly, somewhat pleadingly, she said to herself, "No, I wouldn't," not wanting to relinquish the dream she had carried with her so long.

But she knew with sudden, illuminating disillusionment that her mother was right. She had responded to Ben now because she had carried the thought and hunger for him around for too many years. He was the wonderful toy in the shop window that you never can afford, and years later when you have the money for it you realize you've outgrown it.

Martha said, "But you should have let him decide. You should have left us alone."

Her mother looked away from her, her eyes dark with worry and doubt. "Maybe. I probably did many things wrong. I thought it was the best thing at the time. I was worried when Lily was seeing Roy Hoskins. I was afraid she'd—get into trouble. I thought she ought to be married, and Ben needed someone to make up his mind for him. I wish I could make you understand, Martha. It was hard for me to know what to do."

There was something almost pleading in her eyes that seemed to say, "There were reasons you don't know about, that I can't tell you."

Martha said, "I know. I know more than you think. I've found out why you've always hated me."

Pain and bewilderment darkened her mother's eyes and deepened the lines in her forehead. "*Hated* you?" she said softly. "Hated *you?*"

"Well, maybe not hate. But why you preferred Lily, why you always gave the best of everything to Lily. I know that Lily and I aren't full sisters. I've been seeing Aunt Jessica since I got back. I found a letter that you wrote her a long time ago. It was easy to figure it all out."

Her mother put her face into her hands, covering her eyes, the strong head bowed at last. "I had to do it that way. Maybe it was wrong—I'm not very smart about such things. I had to go ahead blindly, trust I was doing the right thing. I never got over it, really—maybe I shouldn't have carried it around with me always like I did. But I couldn't take it out on Lily. I decided right from the first that I would never in any way treat her as if—"

Martha cried, "*Lily?* What are you talking about?"

Her mother took her hands from her eyes and looked at Martha in bewilderment. "But it was Lily. I thought you said you knew."

It was so shocking Martha could do nothing but stare at her mother for a long time. Then she said, "But I thought of course it must be me. That that was why you always let Lily have the best of everything."

Her mother said, "Oh, no, Martha—no! You're my very own. Maybe I worried too much about Lily. It's like if someone gives you their child to take care of, you worry more about it than you do about your own. Because you feel your own is all right—it's got *you.* And I was always afraid I'd favor you too much, being my own. I tried to be fair, but it was hard."

There was a tightness in Martha's throat and she couldn't say anything, watching her mother pityingly.

"When you were children and you'd come into the house without her, I'd be frantic, thinking something had happened to her and then I would be to blame for it because perhaps I didn't love her the way I loved my own. I swore to myself when I took Lily it would be as my own, and never in any way would I let the poor innocent child know differently. It was a hard thing to do. Maybe I went too far the other way."

She broke off, looking away from her daughter, and it seemed to Martha she was looking down through the years, trying to see where she had made her mistakes.

She went on, "If I were to have let you have something Lily couldn't have I'd have been afraid it was because my judgment was warped because you were my own flesh and blood. I had to harden myself toward loving you too much. I wish I could make you understand. I'm not clever like you, Martha. I don't know the right words for what I want to say."

Martha touched her mother's hand and swallowed past the tightness in her throat. She said softly, "I know, Mother. I understand."

She could even understand how it had been about Ben. Perhaps it had been the same way with Papa. Perhaps he too couldn't decide between Emma and Jessica, and then afterward, with Jessica still on his mind . . . Her mother might have been afraid history would repeat itself if Ben and Martha had married. No doubt that was why she had insisted on their going out in a foursome, thinking Martha's presence would protect Lily somehow.

She said again, "I understand, Mother. Really I do. I wish I had

(Continued on page 125)

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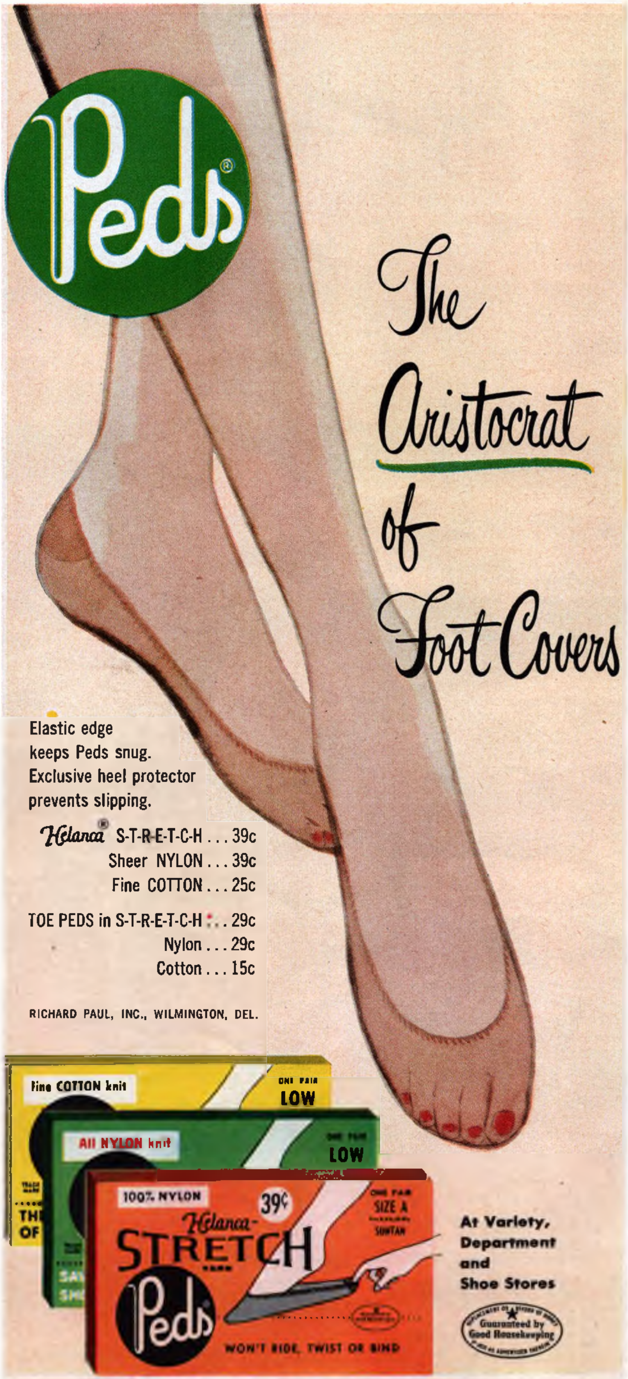

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(*Continued from page 123*)

known a long time ago, though. I wouldn't have suffered so many years."

Her mother shook her head sadly. "I was wrong. I didn't realize it till lately. I guess I punished your father too much for his mistake. I never could get over it. I didn't know you might be suffering too. I guess I was looking at everything wrong. You seemed to draw away from me, and I'd think, I don't blame her for not loving me. I'm a poor miserable thing who couldn't even keep her own husband faithful after a year of marriage. I didn't know how to draw you back to me."

There was the sound of tires crunching on the gravel outside and her mother got up, drew a handkerchief from her pocket, blew her nose and wiped her eyes. "It's probably Arne. He called earlier and said he'd drop by when he finished his rounds. I'll go up."

Martha said, "Mother . . . " hesitantly. She looked at this woman she had never understood before, this woman she had thought cold and hard and unfeeling; and now all she could see was the strength that had always been there, the integrity, the determination that had made her go blindly ahead doing what she had considered the right thing, even though sometimes it turned out to have been very wrong.

Martha went to her mother and put her arms around her and kissed her gently on the cheek. "I'm glad you told me. And I'm glad you're my mother. All the time I thought it was Jessica, I couldn't bear to believe it wasn't you."

WHEN she admitted Arne he said. "I called earlier and your mother said you were out with Ben." He took off his coat and muffler and draped them over a chair, following her into the sitting room. "It's not fair. The vice-president of a bank has a lot more time on his hands than a doctor. Is Ben trying to cut me out, an old married man like him?"

She scarcely heard him. She said. "Something wonderful just happened to me." *I found my mother. After all these years I know her now.*

He said, "You look as if someone just handed you the crown jewels." Then his face clouded. "Is it something to do with Ben? I've been wondering if you're still eating your heart out for him."

He sat beside her on the sofa and took one of her hands in his, searching her face.

She said, "No, it's not Ben. I guess for years I did eat my heart out—at least I thought so at the time. Now I'm not at all sure. I feel sort of the way you do when you've thought of a word sounding one way all your life and then one day you find out it's not pronounced that way at all. And now it doesn't seem much more important than that either. Which is funny, after all the years I lived with it."

And now that at last she knew where some of the pieces in the puzzle belonged, it seemed that everything else fell easily into place. Perhaps her clinging to the thought of Ben all these years had been part of that resentment toward her mother, had been a kind of defiance, a slapping back at her, a kind of crutch to lean on when the thought of being rejected by her mother became insupportable.

Arne said, smiling, "Then there's no man who can cut me out? You said there wasn't anyone back in the city."

Only Jacques, she thought. Dear *Frère* Jacques. And out of the clearness of her new vision she could see Jacques's face before her, hear his voice, and the thought of him smote her like a blow to the heart.

She realized that though she hadn't been thinking of him consciously during the past week, an awareness of him had always been there within her, sustaining her, waiting to spring out at her in a magical way when her mind was clear.

She looked at Arne a little regretfully, not wanting to hurt him. And she couldn't understand now why there had been moments when she'd thought he might be the one.

She said gently, "Let me tell you about Jacques Bernais, the man I work for. When I went to the city five years ago I was a miserable, scared creature, unwanted, unloved, I thought. My self-esteem had been rubbed into the ground, and I must have been a fright. I was sent by an agency to this man who was looking for an assistant. The first thing he said to me was, 'You know, you could be a very striking girl if you'd learn how to make the most of yourself. Here, let me show you what to do with your hair.' "

She smiled at Arne, barely seeing him, remembering Jacques that first day. She said, "Of course it's just that he's an artist—he's a brilliant photographer—and can't bear to see anything unlovely—you know, not made the most of. It's the way he is about his pictures. Then after he'd fixed my hair and showed me how to knot my scarf properly, he said, 'Oh, by the way, can you type?' "

Arne said dryly, "I trust that you could."

(*Continued on page 126*)

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MARGARINE

(Continued from page 125)

"Oh, yes. I used to do Papa's secretarial work. I think Jacques must have known that I needed someone to take an interest in me. He seems to know things like that by instinct. That first year he put me back on my feet, spiritually speaking—and physically too, I guess, because he just about made me over. And he taught me everything I had to know about his business. He was always so tolerant of the stupid mistakes I made at first. And because he had such confidence in me, it communicated itself to me. He would say with that wonderful, magnetic smile, 'Of course you can do it. I don't make mistakes about people.' And sure enough I found I was able to do anything he thought I could."

Arne said, "Of course I don't suppose there was anything personal in all this on his part?"

"That's the funny part of it—there wasn't. I was just a stray dog he'd picked up and wanted to make happy. And then, of course, there was that thing he has about wanting everything to be as right and beautiful as possible. He was never anything but kind and gentle and understanding to me. He was happily married, and then after I'd been with him about a year his wife died very suddenly."

Arne said, "That was several years ago. You've both had plenty of time to get together. Why not, if he meant so much to you?"

She said, frowning, "I just never thought of him that way. I had a lot of dismal things cluttering up my mind. And he never made any real passes at me. He was always unfailingly sweet and considerate, and amusing in a wonderful, crazy way that sort of slapped me back on my feet when I needed it."

Arne said wryly, "All right, Martha. All right. It's not flattering to a guy to get dewy-eyed about someone else in his presence."

"I'm sorry, Arne. I like you so much. It's just that I've had a big day of finding out things and I guess I'm a little slap-happy from it."

He got up and stood for a moment looking down at her quizzically. Then he stooped and kissed her on the forehead. "Well, it might have been nice."

"Yes, Arne. I'm sure it would have been. I wish I were two people."

SHE waited until she heard him drive away, then she put her hands to her cheeks, feeling their burning heat. Oh, Jacques, she thought. I must be delirious. All of a sudden I'm so frantic to be with you I can't stand it.

She went to the phone and put in a call to his apartment and waited, throat dry, hand moist on the receiver, until she heard his voice. Then she let out her breath in a kind of thankful sigh.

She said, "Jacques," softly. "Dear *Frère* Jacques."

He said crossly, "I thought perhaps you had forgotten how easy it is to pick up a telephone."

She said happily, "I've just been telling someone how wonderful you are, and then I really began to believe it."

"Wonderful, she says!" She could see his eyes rolling heavenward. "So wonderful that she can't spare a minute to call her poor old boss. But don't think I've been wasting my time."

She said, still in that happy daze, "That's nice, Jacques. I'm glad."

"She's glad now! Look here, Martha, let's stop all this nonsense. You probably know perfectly well that I haven't been doing a thing but moon around here, waiting to hear from you, waiting to have you back."

She said softly, "Dear Jacques. No, I didn't know. But I'm glad."

He said, "I'm glad you're glad. And you must give me credit for knowing when to be serious and when not. If I had said anything like this to you before you went away you would have laughed in my face."

She said, "Jacques, have you known what a fool I was, carrying around an old worn-out love like a hangover?"

"Of course, you silly, lovely girl. But I also knew it would be about now that you would have yourself straightened out. I was just going to get my car and come up for you."

She couldn't say anything, almost suffocated with joy at the thought of being with him again.

He said worriedly, "Martha, you're not answering. Is it all right if I come up to get you?"

She said, "Oh, yes, darling. But hurry. You'll love it up here—it's beautiful in the fall. And you must meet the rest of my family, particularly my mother. You'll like each other."

"Of course I'll like her. And of course she'll like me. Now listen, Martha, you must understand that this is all very serious. I mean marriage, you know."

She said, "Of course, Jacques. Dear *Frère* Jacques. I understand thoroughly. Now hurry."

He said softly, "Incidentally, Martha darling, I love you very much," and broke the connection abruptly as if he was in a very great haste to be on his way.

THE END

My Aunt Julia

Continued from page 23

I ungallantly recalled having seen the same expression in the eyes of a patient just before he pulled a knife on me. I curbed an impulse to frisk her.

Aunt Julia had lots of haircloth chairs and a haircloth sofa in her parlor, as well as the inevitable rubber plant. She also had innumerable photographs of forgotten members of the family, most of which were in big oval walnut frames with gilt edges.

"They are all going to you, Cousin Henry, when my poor old heart finally gives up," she explained, boring into my soul with her coal-black eyes. "You are the only remaining member of my dear husband's family. I am all alone in the world now, except for my dear mother's stepson who lives in California and never answers any of my letters."

V and I toured the portrait gallery with dismay but with what we hoped was a passable show of enthusiasm. Then Aunt Julia paused and drew from the recesses of an ornately carved walnut writing desk a handsomely framed miniature portrait of a stunning young girl. She had light brown curls falling to exquisitely shaped shoulders and gorgeous blue eyes fairly dancing with health, happiness and impudence. V and I stared, speechless. The profane emotion of envy filled my mind. The miniature was a gem.

"There she is, Cousin Henry," announced Aunt Julia with infinite pride. "Ann Franklin Pleasants, your great-grandmother and my dear husband's grandmother." She rolled the name impressively through her thin lips, her black eyes fixed on my face. Evidently she detected an appreciative expression, for the first trace of a smile of satisfaction hovered at the corners of her mouth.

"This miniature has your name written on the back, Cousin Henry. When I am gone, it is to be yours. I would give it to you now, except that my dear husband treasured it so deeply that it seems just a part of him remaining to comfort me in my declining years."

V and I went home on a flood tide of good will fostered by the prospect of inheriting the miniature.

Aunt Julia developed a terrific rash of correspondence after our call. We were, of course, duly grateful. Both of us were thinking more than we should have about that gorgeous miniature of Ann Franklin Pleasants. Then the tone of one of Aunt Julia's letters grew plaintive.

Her poor old heart, she insisted, was giving out very rapidly, although she was under the care of an excellent Philadelphia specialist. "Really," she wrote, "he is *so* dictatorial. He insists that I must obey his orders to the very letter. It would be such a comfort if you and your dear wife would come to see me. After all, you are the only one of my poor dear husband's family I can lean upon now. Do not fail me, dear Cousin."

I read the letter aloud to V. We looked at each other. "I guess this is it," I commented.

"You mean *we* are it," corrected V.

We had no trouble in finding the house this time. We parked the car and mounted the steps to the front door. The blinds of the two large windows of the living room which faced out on the porch were not drawn as they had been at the time of our previous visit. There was an ominous silence in the old house. The letter box was overflowing and some circulars were scattered about on the porch. I rang the doorbell, which jangled loudly.

There was no response. I waited a minute or two and rang it again. V and I now strained our ears to catch some sound from within, but only echoes from the bell could be heard. I rang the bell a third time, then knocked hard on the door. A neighboring dog began to bark. I glanced up the street, thinking that Aunt Julia might have gone on an errand in spite of her insistence that she never left the house. It disturbed me a little to see several heads, aroused by the barking dog, poking out of the windows of several neighboring houses.

V moved over to the window nearest the front door and cupped her hands over her eyes to get a better view of the

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interior of the big living room. She immediately jumped back, looking wildly at me. "There's a figure lying on the sofa at the other side of the room. Look!"

I looked. Sure enough, there was Aunt Julia stretched at full length, motionless. Her face was turned toward the wall and we could not see her eyes. On the wall just above her the miniature of Ann Franklin Pleasants was now hanging. Evidently our enthusiasm over this heirloom had caused Aunt Julia to remove it from the ornate writing desk and place it where it could be appreciated.

"Maybe she's dead," murmured V in hushed tones.

It was possible, of course.

"What shall we do?" V asked anxiously. "She hasn't any friends or relatives nearer than California, she told us. We can't just leave her here."

I went around to the kitchen door, but it was locked tighter than a jail. "I'll go to a neighbor's house and phone this number," I told V. "You keep an eye on the corpse and see if she comes to life."

"Don't be disrespectful," admonished V.

She plastered her face against the windowpane again while I went across the street and asked to use a telephone.

There was no answer, though, when I called.

"What ho?" I inquired of V as I returned to Aunt Julia's porch.

She looked at me. "Darling, I really do think she's dead. She never moved all the time you were telephoning. I could hear the bell all the way out here."

"Well," I said, "I'm not going to do any housebreaking with all the inhabitants of this burg witnessing it."

I returned to the neighbor's telephone and explained matters to police headquarters, suggesting that there was no urgency. However. by the time I returned to V the clang of the patrol-car bell sounded in the offing, and soon three burly policemen were stamping up the porch steps. A crowd began to form on the sidewalk. The front yard filled with men, women, children and dogs. Cars were beginning to block the street.

The sergeant strode to the window and took one look at the still form on the horsehair sofa. He uttered an exclamation, swung around to the door, gave the bell a yank that nearly disemboweled it and without waiting for possible results smote the wooden panel with his brawny fist. Then he turned back to the window and struck the glass just below the catch with the butt of his gun.

Suddenly the door swung wide open. There stood Aunt Julia. She seemed to stand seven feet six inches in height. Her hair stood straight out from her head in all directions. I was faintly reminded of a telephone pole with an eagle's nest at the top that I once saw in Arizona. The police sergeant swore in surprise.

"I never *heard* of such a thing!" began Aunt Julia in a shriek. *"People, people! On my porch! Police* breaking down my door and trying to smash my *window! The idea of such a thing!"*

"But, Aunt Julia," I said soothingly, "V and I thought you must be ill when you didn't—"

"And *who* are *you?"* she snarled, looking from V to me and back.

"Your cousins, V and Henry," I croaked.

"Never heard of you!" she shrilled at us.

Someone in the crowd snickered. The police sergeant began, "Lady, this gentleman—"

"Why *shouldn't* a lady be permitted to lie down on a sofa in her own *house?"* Aunt Julia interrupted. "Do the neighbors and police have to storm in and tear the whole place down when she tries to obey her doctor's orders? *Doctor's orders,* I said. He told me to let *nothing* interfere with my rest periods. No door-answering! No telephone-answering! *Who are all these people, anyway? Get out of here!"* She slammed the door.

The sergeant and I looked at each other.

"Sorry," I said. "Here's my name, license card and other credentials. You'll have to report this, I suppose."

"You're a doctor, aren't you?" inquired the sergeant, glancing at my license card. He jerked his head toward the door. "Those doctor's orders she's on, they yours?"

"No," I replied. "They're not mine."

"Well, forget it, anyway," he said.

V and I didn't talk much during the trip home. We never heard from Aunt Julia again. Her eventual demise, several years later, left us neither the miniature nor the rubber plant.

Not long ago V heard from an elderly aunt she had never known about. The lady claimed to have married a brother of V's grandmother and wondered if we could come to see her. She added that she was on doctor's orders and didn't have long to live.

V looked at me inquiringly.

"We don't have so long to live ourselves, when you think of it," I told V, "so let's enjoy the life we have left. No more distant relatives!"

"Are those doctor's orders?" asked V, smiling.

"That's just what they are," I replied.

THE END

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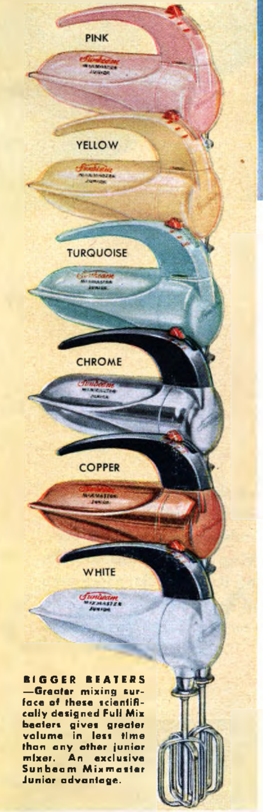

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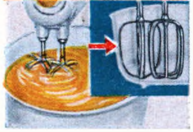
SUNBEAM MIXMASTER has all the marvelous features that give you higher, lighter, finer textured cakes—creamier, fluffier mashed potatoes—velvet-smooth icings and sauces—better, easier food-preparing. Mixmaster's larger Bowl-fit beaters • Automatic Bowl-Speed Control • Motor that gives FULL POWER on all speeds • Automatic Beater Ejector • Automatic Juicer and the famous Mix-Finder Dial are the advantages *you want and deserve* in the food mixer you choose.

POWERFUL MOTOR
New patented-governor controlled POWERFUL motor. The beaters never vary the mixing speed for which they are set whether the batter thickens-up or thins-out. You get EVEN mixing at all times.

Sunbeam exclusive BOWL-FIT BEATERS



Only the LARGER, exclusive Sunbeam Bowl-Fit beaters fit both the sides and bottom of the bowl to mix all the batter. No by-passed pockets or unmixed whirlpools.

ORDINARY BEATERS

Ordinary mixers have smaller beaters set away from the sides of the bowl. Therefore, most of the batter escapes their beaters—piles up around the sides—is never mixed.

The ONLY food mixer with this marvelous Blender attachment.

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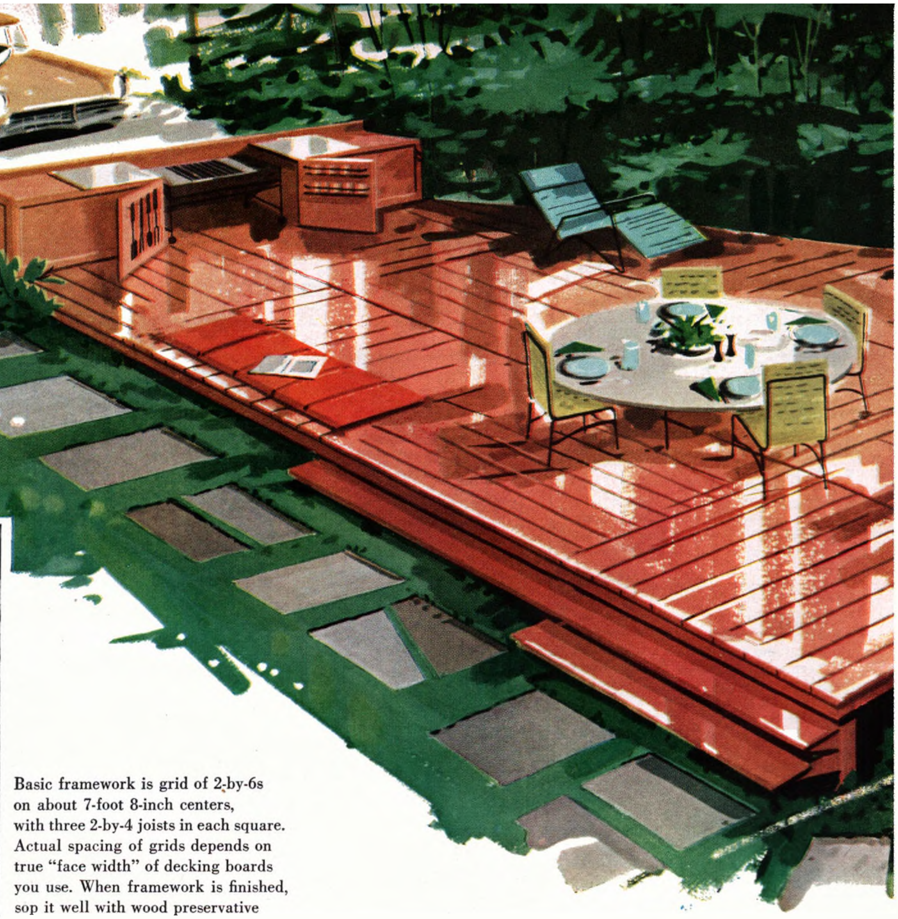
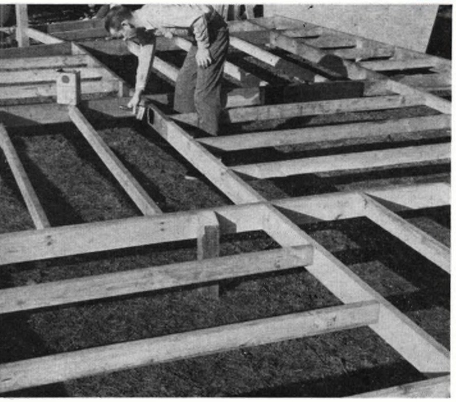


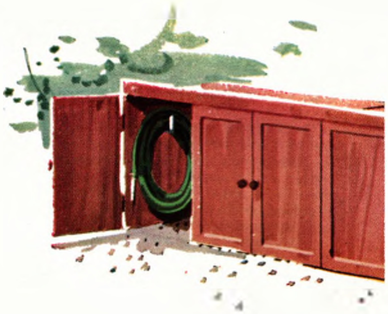
by Jackson Hand



Basic framework is grid of 2-by-6s on about 7-foot 8-inch centers, with three 2-by-4 joists in each square. Actual spacing of grids depends on true "face width" of decking boards you use. When framework is finished, sop it well with wood preservative

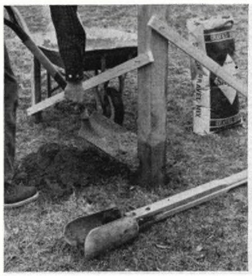
McCall's designs a

WOOD TERRACE



A convenient, attractive place to eat and play outdoors has become as necessary to modern living as a roof over one's head. With McCall's design for a wood terrace, everyone can have that place—plus lots of storage for outdoor tools. Because it doesn't call for costly grading, filling and paving, the terrace is ideal for any terrain. And ideal for any home handyman to build. Attach the terrace to the house, or build it not too far from the back door. Let it be any shape that fits the landscape, but make it big—twice the size of your living room if possible! The whole family will be using it. The illustrations here and on the next page will carry you over the problem spots in building the terrace. There aren't many.

1



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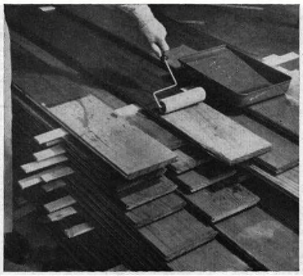

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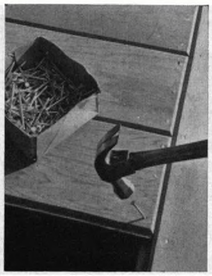

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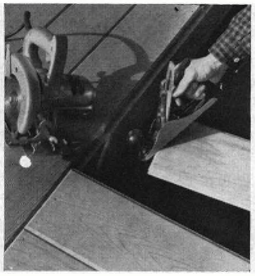
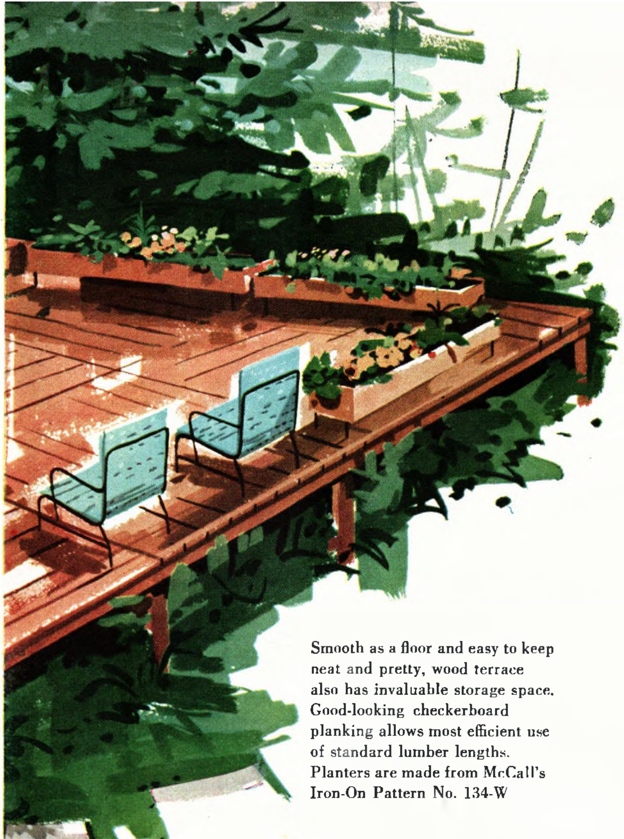


5

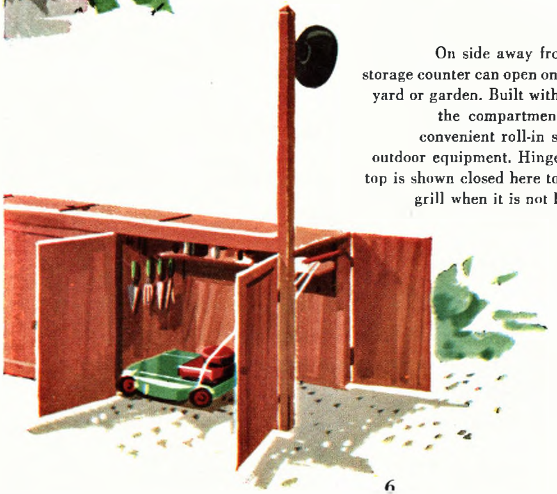
1 Foundation is 4-by-4 posts, well-soaked in wood preservative, set at least 18 inches deep at or near every corner of grid. Line up and space posts carefully, then fill holes with concrete, troweled away from posts for drainage. **2** Fast way to apply preservative to both sides of decking is with a roller

3 Aluminum nails prevent rust stains. Drive them at an angle; they'll hold better. **4** Plane tongue off last board in each square and bevel ends of the boards that meet it. **5** Portable electric saw makes quick work of trimming boards, is worth the purchase or rental cost as a work-saver on whole terrace



Smooth as a floor and easy to keep neat and pretty, wood terrace also has invaluable storage space. Good-looking checkerboard planking allows most efficient use of standard lumber lengths. Planters are made from McCall's Iron-On Pattern No. 134-W

On side away from terrace storage counter can open on driveway, yard or garden. Built without floors, the compartments provide convenient roll-in storage for outdoor equipment. Hinged counter top is shown closed here to cover the grill when it is not being used



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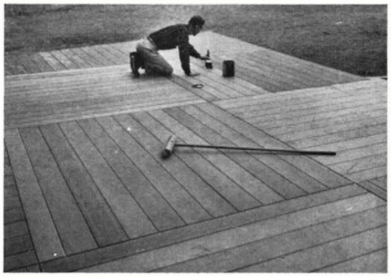

7

6 Finish terrace with two coats of penetrating resin sealer, available in many colors, or with deck paint. **7** Storage counter is made of thin exterior-grade plywood (over framework detailed on next page) with 1-by-3 trim nailed over it. Use plane to smooth trim and to make top level before counter top goes on

Continued on page 130

There's something NEW about the old grind...

it's the powerful new

Oster® M.R. ELECTRIC MEAT GRINDER

Here at last, is the world's *first* electric meat grinder for home use. Now, with one power-packed unit, you can grind all types of foods . . . from the coarse grinding of meats for tasty, money saving meals . . . to the very fine grinding of nuts (even hard almonds) for those delicious cookies or delicate pastries. No clamping down . . . no vibration . . . just smooth, efficient power that grinds as fast as you can feed it. Yours . . . including recipe-instruction book and hard wood pusher . . . $49.95.

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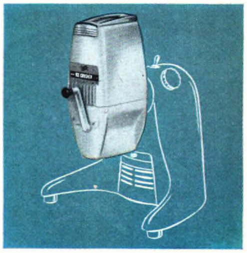

Special Ice Crusher Head . . . Attaches quickly . . . easily to meat grinder base. Crushes nine degrees of chips . . . fine to coarse . . . for cocktails, chilling glassware, or for a relish or vegetable tray base. Stainless steel cover, rustproof . . . price $12.95.

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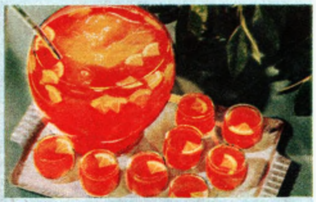
Please send me more information . . . without obligation . . . on the Oster Electric Meat Grinder ☐ and Ice Crusher Head ☐

NAME ....
ADDRESS ....
CITY .... ZONE ...... STATE ....

MOST REFRESHING DRINK OF ALL... Frozen Lemonade made with plain water! Give it a party touch by garnishing with plump berries, mint and slices of fresh lemon. Frozen Lemonade is rich in nature's own Vitamin C... has no artificial flavor... gives you a lift that never lets you down! Enjoy a pitcherful now!

MAGIC IN MIXED DRINKS! Time-saver for Dad, too! Frozen Lemonade blended with club soda, ginger ale or other carbonated mixers takes on exciting new character. Try it next time you entertain!



FESTIVE PUNCHES AND COOLERS! Perfect for any dance or party. Use Frozen Lemonade as the base; add berry or grape juices; perk up with sparkling water, bits of fruit. Thirst-quenching! Economical, too!

LOOK! 3 wonderful ways to enjoy a lemonade lift!

EVERYONE GOES FOR PURE, REFRESHING LEMONADE—when it's handy! So make a pitcherful every morning for your refrigerator raiders. This takes only seconds with Frozen Lemonade from sunny California, and it's the same delicious beverage as if you squeezed fresh California lemons yourself. Why let your family drink just anything when pure lemonade made with Frozen Lemonade costs so little—**less than 3¢ a glass?** Pick up a half-dozen cans next time you shop.

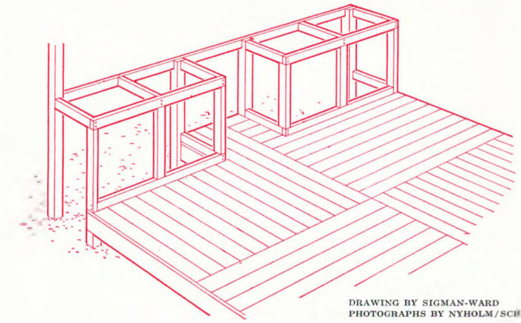
So easy with

FROZEN LEMONADE

from Sunny California

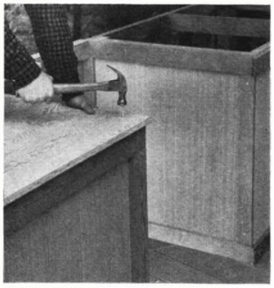
LOOK FOR CALIFORNIA on every can of Frozen Concentrate for Lemonade you buy. That's where the world's best lemons grow. That's where the finest brands of Frozen Lemonade are packed. Lemon Products Advisory Board, Los Angeles, California.

WOOD TERRACE *continued*

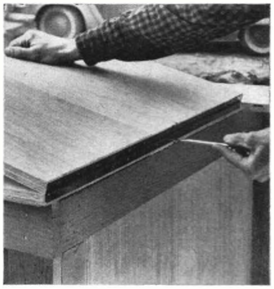


DRAWING BY SIGMAN-WARD
PHOTOGRAPHS BY NYHOLM/SCHERCK

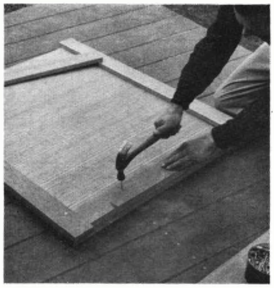
Construction sketch shows how to nail together 2-by-4s for storage counter. Height should be about 40 inches, depth about 30. Leave storage opening in front for grill you'll use, let rest of space open on back side of counter



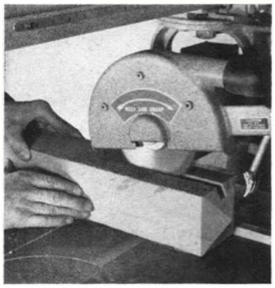
Make counter top of ¾-inch exterior grade plywood, leaving about an inch overhang. Fasten it with aluminum drivescrews, or 2-inch brass screws



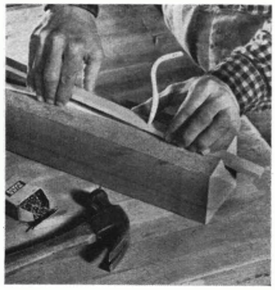
Use piano hinges for lids that open on top and for doors in front. Contact-cement sheet aluminum to lid bottoms; they'll be easy to wipe off



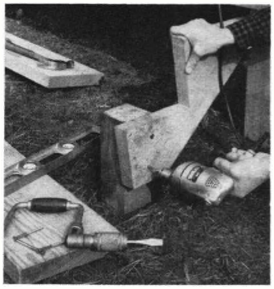
Make simple false-panel doors by nailing 1-by-3s to front and back of thin plywood cut to size of opening. Trim to final size with plane



For lamp on corner post, run sheathed wire in trench from house connection up post in groove you can cut or have the lumber dealer do for you



Cover wire in groove with strip of wood held with brads. Wire should be installed before the post is set. Have electrician make the connection



Terrace should be about 8 inches off ground. If ground slopes on approach side, make one step for each 8 inches of rise, using planks 2-by-10 or wider

To order McCall's step-by-step Home Project Plan No. 157-W for the terrace and Iron-On Pattern No. 134-W for the planter, see page 152

CHENILLE
MUSLIN
CORDUROY
LINEN
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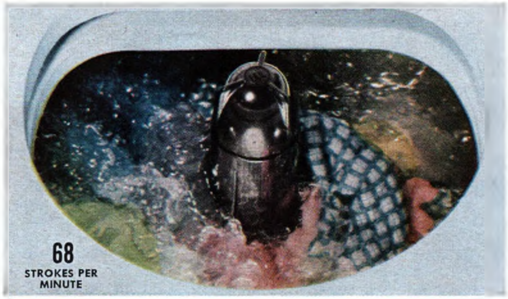
REGULAR FABRICS *(left, above)* come clean at regular setting. **DELICATE FABRICS** *(right, above)* wash safely at slower gentle speed.

SPEED IT UP!

Set dial for regular fabrics. Automatically you get thorough agitator action; 7 rinses; safe, 500 R.P.M. spin speed.

SLOW IT DOWN!

Set dial for delicate fabrics. Automatically you get the slower, gentle agitator speed. Spin-drying slows to 335 R.P.M.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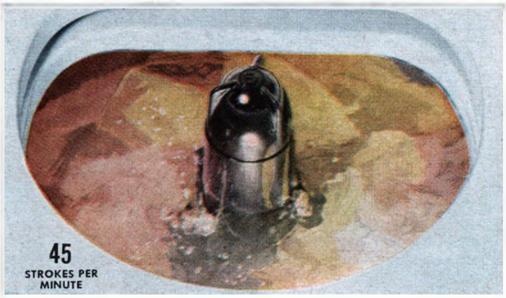
STROKES PER MINUTE


45
STROKES PER MINUTE

New 2-speed RCA WHIRLPOOL does the regular wash, the delicate fabrics, too—with 2 different speeds, 2 adjustable time cycles—both in one automatic washer

Now you can wash anything washable—automatically. And you get this two-speed automatic washer only from the makers of RCA WHIRLPOOL.

No more hand-laundering! Now the new 2-speed RCA WHIRLPOOL washes automatically all the delicate fabrics, synthetics, blends—all the frilly things you've been afraid to wash except by hand.

And when you dial for regular fabrics, RCA WHIRLPOOL'S famous thorough washing action really makes cottons, denims, linens come clean.

You get all these new improvements, too: 3 water temperatures; 3 water levels; germicidal lamp; famous SUDS-MISER; 5-year warranty on sealed transmission. See the complete line of RCA WHIRLPOOL Automatic Washers and Dryers (gas or electric) from $159.95 to $359.95, as little as $2.54 a week. Whirlpool-Seeger Corporation, St. Joseph, Michigan.

See the Milton Berle-Martha Raye Shows on Tuesday nights, NBC-TV

JUST TALK TO THE WOMAN WHO USES AN RCA WHIRLPOOL—THEN SEE YOUR DEALER

THOROUGH WASHING ACTION EVEN UNTIES KNOTS. See the RCA WHIRLPOOL Imperial washer, shown with matching dryer.

The Duchess of Windsor

Continued from page 31

liked the Prince, and truly revered him as the man who would one day be his King. I laughed, but I was surprised that, even as I did so, I felt a slight annoyance.

Our life resumed its now familiar pattern. The Prince had gone on to Balmoral to spend a few days with his parents after attending the launching of the great Cunard liner named after his mother. Soon after his return he came to Bryanston Court for dinner and invited Ernest and me to Fort Belvedere for the weekend.

During that fall I gained further insight into the character of the Prince. His favorite brother, George, who for many years had been his most intimate friend and companion, was to be married on November 29 at Westminster Abbey to the Princess Marina of Greece. Because it was the first Royal marriage since that of the Duke of York eleven years before, all England was excited. But, as I watched the Prince during the weeks preceding it, it seemed to me that a sadness enveloped him. He and his younger brother were very close, and the bonds of blood were strengthened by an unusual kinship of spirit. Prince George, however, was more tempestuous. In the years before I knew him, he had sowed his share of wild oats; but the Prince of Wales had taken him in hand, drawing him back once again into the accepted pattern.

Before his wedding George was at the Fort almost every weekend. So, for that matter, were Ernest and I. I rather suspected that, with Princess Marina still in Paris with her parents, selecting her trousseau, the Prince, who was to be best man at the wedding, thought it was just as well to keep a close eye on the bridegroom-to-be until he had been safely led to the altar. We all had great fun together. Prince George was genuinely in love with Princess Marina, a most beautiful woman, whom I had met earlier that year at the Fort, and he was also delighted at the prospect of at last having his own home.

Many brilliant dinners and soirees were held for the popular couple, culminating in a state reception given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace a day or two before the wedding. Ernest and I were invited.

This reception was rendered truly memorable to me for the reason that it was the only time I ever met David's father and mother. David led me over to where they were standing and introduced me. It was the briefest of encounters—a few words of pleasant greeting, and we moved away. But I was impressed with Their Majesties' great gift for making everyone they met, however casually, feel at ease in their presence.

The wedding took place at eleven A.M.; and the Abbey was crowded with dignitaries from the Empire, and foreign royalty. The Prince had provided Ernest and me with very good places on a side aisle, from which we had an uninterrupted view of the solemn and moving ceremony.

Now that Prince George, newly created Duke of Kent by his father, was out of the Prince's life, I became aware of a deepening of the sadness—perhaps pensiveness is what I mean—in the Prince's mood. There was no outward change in his spirit, but as I watched him, I sensed that he was attempting to bridge a void that was no less difficult for him to accept emotionally now that it was a fact. It was upsetting to see a man of such dynamic qualities, a man so active and so often filled with the true joy of life, suddenly disappear into uncertainty. Whether he was aware of this, or would even have admitted it to himself, I do not know; but I do know that he was reaching out for something that was as yet unknown to him, something to which he could anchor his personal life. It was easy for the rest of us to change or rearrange our lives; but for him it was not only difficult. it was well-nigh impossible. And this poignant seeking for an absolute in his life was very moving to me, more moving than I perhaps realized.

There was a certain dualism about it—a nostalgic reaching backward for those old familiar values he had drifted away from and, at the same time, a hopeful reaching out for new certainties that he had not yet quite attained.

This was also the time of certain changes at the Fort, a subtle reemergence of those who before my time had been part of the Prince's circle. Only one member of the Prince's family was now a fairly constant figure there—his cousin, Lord Louis Mountbatten, now Earl Mountbatten of Burma, First Sea Lord. "Dickie" was no stranger to me. I had met him with his beautiful wife, Edwina, during my Washington days, and I had always thought him one of the handsomest of men. His good looks were coupled with an arresting physical presence and an extraordinary drive. Indeed, when they came to Washington on their honeymoon in 1922, I was instantly impressed that so attractive a man would be married to so beautiful a woman.

While it was evident that Dickie was outstanding as a naval officer, no one could be with him any length of time without sensing that the Navy occupied only a part of his total interest. He bubbled with ideas on every conceivable subject—housing, relieving unemployment, new strategies of attack in polo, or how to cure the chronic maladies of the British Exchequer. He bombarded the Prince with pamphlets, books, and clippings, all urgently commended to the Prince's attention.

In spite of Dickie's exuberance and ingenuity, the gap in the Prince's life caused by his brother's marriage was not easily filled. Nor did the usual round of visits that the Royal Family was accustomed to make, staying at the various country seats of the great families, do little more than politely interest him. This round of Royal visits was considered by the Prince's brothers, and even more so by their father, to be quite the best way of life. Knowing how much the Prince loved to hunt and shoot, it took me a long time fully to understand why he found something lacking in this finest of all possible worlds into which he was born. I discovered that, much as he respected what this splendid tradition represented, he felt intuitively that it was already beginning to fade into the past. He was in search of a new way of life that would be more in tune with a new world.

Often I felt I had become part of this search. Each day drew me more intimately into his life. Our dinners alone together were more frequent. Hardly a day passed without his telephoning, perhaps only to tell me of some idea that had occurred to him during his duties, or even only to ask my advice about some housekeeping problem at his beloved Fort.

Until now I had taken for granted that Ernest's interest in the Prince was keeping pace with mine, but about this time I began to sense a change in his attitude. His work began to take more and more of his attention. Often he would not return in time for dinner, or when the Prince suggested dropping in at Sartori's or the Dorchester afterward, Ernest would ask to be excused on the plea that he had an early-morning appointment or that papers from the office needed his attention. He also seemed less and less interested in what I had to say about the Prince's latest news and interests.

I first realized how far Ernest and I had grown apart when the Prince invited us to Kitzbuehel in February for the skiing. I naturally accepted for both of us.

When Ernest returned home that evening, I told him excitedly about the trip to Austria. He was unresponsive, and abruptly cut me off with an announcement that he had no interest in skiing and moreover had urgent business which would require his presence in New York at that time.

Later that evening, after a rather silent dinner, he asked me whether my mind was definitely made up to go. I remember answering, "Of course. Why not? I wouldn't dream of missing it."

He got up from his chair and said, "I rather thought that we might have gone to New York together. I see now that I was wrong." I asked if he couldn't come out for at least some of the time. He answered that it was quite out of the question.

With that he went to his room, and for the first time I heard his door bang.

The Prince's party left early in February. It consisted, besides myself, of Bruce Ogilvy and his pretty wife, Primrose; her younger sister, Olive; and Commander James Dugdale, an old friend of David's.

As always, the Prince's arrangements for our comfort were perfect. We stayed at the Grand Hotel, situated at the edge of the ancient town of Kitzbuehel and with an excellent view of the Grosse Aache Valley below and the Kitzbuehler Horn. I must say, however, that in spite of the glowing descriptions the men brought back each afternoon of the glories and challenge of the upper slopes, I was never tempted to try them. It was solely to avoid being put to shame by young Olive that Primrose and I ventured out upon the gentlest of the nursery slopes. But I came to understand the appeal of the sport and to look forward to my days on the snow. Even so, the pleasure of a successful downhill run never quite equaled for me the pleasure of the afternoon rendezvous of our party in a village inn, sipping hot chocolate before a blazing fire and watching the sun fall behind the mauve peaks.

Our prearranged fortnight at Kitzbuehel passed all too quickly. Then with an impulsiveness that no longer surprised me the Prince announced that we were off, not to London, but to Vienna—"I feel like waltzing, and Vienna's the place for that."

And so in the effortless manner at which I never failed to marvel we went by train through the Alps and to the Bristol Hotel in Vienna. The Prince's days were largely spent with the British Minister. Sir Walford Selby, making formal calls. But the evenings, happily, he reserved for Strauss. There was a brief but wonderful interlude of this; and then one evening the Prince spiritedly asserted that "while these Viennese waltzes are wonderfully tender, there is nothing to match the fire of the gypsy violins." It now seemed only natural that next morning we were on our way to Budapest.

The fascinations of Budapest have been extolled in song and story. But nothing had quite prepared me for the strange, almost hypnotic quality of the gypsy violins. Across the river, in Pest, was a little unpretentious—in fact, almost dingy—tavern to which we were all taken one evening by a young man in the Hungarian Foreign Office. He promised us that here was played the best gypsy music in all Hungary. I remember a dim room lit by flickering candles, rough wooden tables on which stood bottles of sweet Hungarian wine, intent faces wavering in and out of the changing shadows, and the Prince and I sitting together as the music of half a dozen violins sobbed and sighed and exulted with soulful outpouring. The music summed up all the world's melancholy. I had the feeling of being caught up in the inescapable sadness and sorrow of human suffering; and the look in David's eyes told me that he was in the grip of the same deep flow of feeling.

Waltzes (even of Viennese perfection) and gypsy music (even of Hungarian wildness) can hardly be considered the sturdiest handmaidens of reality; rather they are the stuff dreams are made on and from which illusions spring. And at this stage I was scarcely in a condition to differentiate these two worlds between which I giddily swung.

Nor were my uncertainties diminished on my return to Bryanston

NEXT MONTH . . .

The most exciting chapters in the Duchess' life

The Drama of the Abdication

- *Her flight from England during the height of the crisis.*
- *Her indecision... Should she break with the King—perhaps run away to China?*
- *The plot to save the throne for Edward.*
- *Letters to her from Ernest Simpson and his comments on her "friends."*
- *Her reactions as she listened to the famous "Woman I Love" speech.*

Court. Ernest had undergone a change; the shadow that had fallen across our parting had taken on almost palpable substance. This time he was incurious, almost indifferent, about the details of the trip; and, if anything, he was more uncommunicative about his sojourn in New York. There can be nothing more baffling in a human relationship than silence, the dark loom of doubts and questions unexpressed. This was the situation in which Ernest and I now found ourselves—a situation from which we were never to emerge as long as we were together.

I was troubled, but my concern was no more than a tiny cloud in the growing radiance that the Prince's favor cast over my life. I became aware of a rising curiosity concerning me, of new doors opening, and a heightened interest even in my casual remarks. I was stimulated; I was excited: I felt as if I were borne upon a rising wave that seemed to be carrying me ever more rapidly and ever higher. Now I began to savor the true brilliance and sophistication of the life of London.

Among the people I came to know were two of the best-known hostesses of the time—Lady Colefax and Lady Cunard. Their houses were focal points of the wit, the wisdom, and politics of Great Britain and, indeed, of the world.

The spring of 1935 the first Labour Prime Minister in British history, the forsaken Ramsay MacDonald, finally succumbed to Stanley Baldwin, the self-appointed embodiment of John Bull, who, as such, would presently draw a curtain between me and the world I had just begun to enter. Hitler was on the move; Mussolini's legions were poised menacingly on the frontiers of Ethiopia; and the keener minds in British political circles were dismayed, disturbed, and divided. It was at Sybil Colefax's house that I first met Winston Churchill, then at one of the lowest ebbs of his political fortunes.

Emerald Cunard went in for artistic and musical figures, although one encountered much the same group at both houses. She numbered among her intimate friends and admirers George Moore, the distinguished novelist, and the eminent and temperamental conductor Sir Thomas Beecham. Her parties were famous for their variety; and on some evenings there was an interlude of chamber music, often with Sir Thomas playing.

While I was under many illusions, I was not deluded about why I was now being taken up by so many influential people. The word had clearly gone abroad that the Prince was interested in me. No doubt there was a good deal of curiosity as to what sort of woman had captured the attention of the Prince of Wales. But I knew that these skilled maneuverers considered me important only as possible bait to bring their elusive Prince more frequently into their own gatherings. Implicit in these invitations was the unexpressed hint and hope that I would say, "May Ernest and I bring the Prince?" or "Would you mind if the Prince dropped in after dinner, on his way home from the Fishmongers' Banquet?"

It may seem incongruous that the Prince's compatriots should have looked to me, an American, to bring him closer to them. There is a simple explanation. Without in the slightest way ever losing touch with his countrymen, he had got out of the habit of attending many of what might be called the purely social functions. For one thing, his arduous and prolonged imperial journeys, with their social and civic demands, had surfeited him. For his own self-preservation he felt a deep need, while in England, to have some private life.

Perhaps an even more persuasive influence in this withdrawal had been the instinctively self-protective desire of the former recipients of his affection to surround him with their own friends. Perhaps their purpose had been served all too well by David's gentleness, his desire to please those who are close to him. His emotional roots had been transplanted too many times to have a firm grip. It was for this reason that the Fort had come to mean so much to him; it was here that he hoped to find firm and final lodgment for his life.

Having gradually come to realize that David looked for fulfillment in the company of those whom he loved and their friends, I now quite unintentionally found myself filling the void that had been left in his life. In addition, I discovered that he rather took for granted that Ernest and I would be on hand to help him with the small, semiofficial dinners he gave from time to time at York House.

I must in all fairness to Ernest say this: whatever he may have been thinking or feeling, he loyally played his part. That spring, at Eastertime, David proposed taking the Hunters and us to Cornwall to see the famous camellia and rhododendron gardens at the height of their bloom. Ernest could not have been more charming. It was almost like the trips into the English countryside when he was first teaching me about his country. Nor did he ever show a sign of strain or stress in his demeanor during our weekends at the Fort, which were now continual.

This was the year of the Silver Jubilee, the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of King George V's accession to the British Throne. Never have I witnessed such an outpouring of public respect, admiration, and love. Dominion prime ministers, Indian princes, African potentates, sheiks, tribal chieftains, and other lords and masters of the Empire assembled to pay homage to a greatly beloved sovereign. Every evening there were state dinners, balls, and celebrations of all sorts.

Because of David, Ernest and I were invited to the State Ball at Buckingham Palace on May 14. After the King and Queen had made their entrance and taken their seats on the dais at the end of the room, the dancing began. As David and I danced past, I thought I felt the King's eyes rest searchingly on me. Something in his look made me feel that all this graciousness and pageantry were but the glittering tip of an iceberg that extended down into unseen depths I could never plumb, depths filled with an icy menace for such as me. Also through the panoply of pomp I discerned that here was a frail old man. The King was then only a few days away from his seventieth birthday, and David had told me more than once of his concern over his father's failing strength. A premonitory shiver ran through me at the thought of what his passing might bring, the immeasurable changes that of necessity would come to all of us. In spite of David's gaiety and the lively foxtrot, the sense of foreboding refused to lift; in that moment I knew that between David's world and mine lay an abyss that I could never cross, one he could never bridge for me.

Yet the wave that was bearing me surged faster and ever higher, driven by the gala spirit of the Jubilee Year. There was scarcely an evening we

(Continued on page 134)

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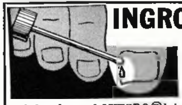

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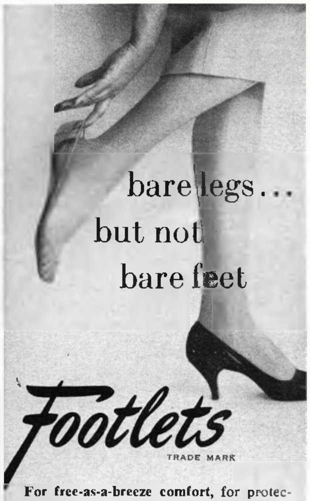

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(Continued from page 133)

were not together at the theater or at one of the great houses or at an embassy reception.

The Trooping of the Colour, the Derby, Ascot—these marked the rapid passing of the spring of 1935. David decided to go to Cannes for his summer holiday. We were a small group—Lord and Lady Brownlow, Helen Fitz-Gerald, Lord Sefton, the Buists, and Jack Aird. The pattern of the preceding summer at Biarritz was largely repeated. We took a cruise on the Duke of Westminster's yacht, "Cutty Sark," to Corsica; later, Daisy Fellowes lent us her yacht, "Sister Anne," for another cruise.

It was early October before I was back in London. Ernest had, of course, been invited to be a member of the Cannes party, but had again declined. During my absence he had made another trip to the United States. I had the feeling that more than business was now drawing him back to America. We were both going our separate ways; the core of our marriage had dissolved; only the shell remained—a façade to show the world.

The rest of that fall and winter I was busy. When not at the Fort for the weekend, I was at one or another of the country houses of my ever-widening circle of new-found friends.

David, as was his unfailing custom, spent Christmas with his family at Sandringham. We were all at the same house party at Melton for New Year's. The year 1936 began pleasantly enough, with no visible indication of the catastrophes that would engulf us before its close.

The first ominous turn of events came in a fortnight. I could not describe it better than David has done in his book, *A King's Story:*

> On Thursday afternoon, January 16, I was out shooting with friends in Windsor Great Park. An urgent note from my mother was brought to me in the field. "I think you ought to know that Papa is not very well," the note began, and in the calm way that I knew so well my mother went on to say that, while she herself did not consider the danger immediate, Lord Dawson (the King's physician) was "not too pleased with Papa's state at the present moment." She therefore suggested that I "propose" myself for the coming weekend at Sandringham, but do so in such a casual manner that my father should not suspect that she had warned me of his condition.

I happened to be at the Fort that afternoon when he came in with the note in his hand. Without a word he gave it to me to read. He disappeared and I heard him telephoning his pilot to have his airplane ready the next morning to fly him to Sandringham.

Having seen him off from the Fort, I returned to Bryanston Court. That evening he telephoned to say that the news was not too serious, that his father seemed no more than terribly tired. The next day, however, David's word was discouraging. He told me the King was dying, that he could not live more than a day or two, and that he himself was motoring to London in the morning to tell the Prime Minister.

On Monday evening I attended a movie given for charity with the Lawson-Johnstons. During the showing, Lord Dawson's famous bulletin was read out: "The King's life is moving peacefully to its close." At the end of the performance, when "God Save the King" was played, the old familiar words had a deeply personal significance to everyone who heard them.

The Lawson-Johnstons persuaded me to return to their place for supper. Shortly after midnight, as I was getting ready to leave, I was called to the telephone. It was David speaking from Sandringham.

"It's all over," he said.

I could think of nothing better to say than, "I am so very sorry."

Then he said, "I can't tell you what my own plans are, everything here is so upset. But I shall return to London in the morning and will telephone you when I can."

It was only as I hung up that I realized that David was now King.

Next day, January 21, David was back in London for his Accession Privy Council, the first ceremony at the beginning of a new reign. After it was over, David telephoned, and I thought he sounded very tired and overwrought. I wished profoundly that there was something I could do, but obviously there was no place for me at such a time and under such circumstances. Reading the newspapers that morning, I had sensed that the impenetrable barriers custom and veneration hedge about a king were already rising around David. And my sense of this was heightened when David, as by an afterthought, asked if I would like to see him proclaimed King by the Heralds. I told him that of course I would. He then said one of his aides would make the arrangements.

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Rhubarb
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DAIRY

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VEGETABLES

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Corn*
Cucumbers
Green beans*
Lettuce
Potatoes
Spinach*
Tomatoes

*Canned

FISH

Halibut
Mackerel
Shrimp
Soft-shelled crabs
Whitefish

MEAT

Bacon
Beef
Broilers-fryers
Ham
Table-ready meats

Sir Godfrey Thomas called up the following morning to say that one of the four Proclamations of the Accession in London would take place at St. James's Palace, and he added that "His Majesty"—and it gave me a start to hear so familiar a voice using this awesome title—was also inviting some of our friends, Helen Fitz-Gerald and the Hunters among them.

From an empty storeroom that looked out on Friary Court, I watched the Garter King of Arms, attended by Heralds, Pursuivants, and Trumpeters, dressed in their medieval costumes, come out on the palace balcony. To my amazement, David suddenly appeared beside me. If I was startled, Godfrey Thomas and the others were astonished. Helen Fitz-Gerald made a flustered curtsy. As soon as I could pull myself together I made mine. Turning to Godfrey Thomas, who was finishing his bow, he remarked lightly, "Godfrey, this may strike you as somewhat unusual, but the thought came to me that I'd like to see myself proclaimed King."

This surprising episode ended with the Guards' Band in the courtyard playing "God Save the King." As the majestic strains reverberated from the courtyard walls, it was almost impossible to believe that all this was now for David. Tears came to my eyes and David, standing beside me, was also deeply moved.

As we made our way down from the storeroom, I could not help saying, knowing how much was on his mind, "How thoughtful of you to bother thinking of me and to ask me here. This has made me realize how different your life is going to be."

He gently pressed my arm, "Wallis," he said, "there will be a difference, of course. But nothing can ever change my feelings toward you." Then with a sudden smile he was gone.

The pressure of kingly business was all but crushing during the first few weeks. Still, not a day passed that I did not hear from David, a brief word on the telephone or a hastily scrawled note delivered by his chauffeur.

The Court was in strict mourning, and there were no more little dinners for us at restaurants. To be sure, the weekends at the Fort continued, but with a difference. There was a perceptible stiffening in protocol, a heightening of formality. It was no longer possible for David to shut out the affairs of state, or to exclude entirely those who by custom had the right of attendance upon the Sovereign. The red dispatch boxes containing State documents requiring the King's signature or scrutiny followed him to the Fort; the forays against the last remaining stands of laurel all but came to an end. David's every move became a matter of public interest; whom he saw and where he went were recorded daily in the Court Circular; and the Royal Standard flying over whatever residence he might be occupying informed the world of his whereabouts.

It was not easy to adjust myself to this changed atmosphere. I felt isolated. I hid my feelings; there was nothing else to do with them. As I watched David becoming absorbed in his duties, it seemed to me there was little left of Peter Pan; he had become the prisoner of his heritage.

Then there was something else. David's bachelorhood had long been a matter of some anxiety to his parents. He had once told me that he could count on his mother's raising the subject at least once a year. It was always done, he said, with the tact at which his mother was unexcelled—never anything obvious, but rather a mild suggestion that perhaps it was time he married and settled down with a "suitable" lady of his choice. By this time I knew David well enough to be able to visualize how he must have put his mother off. He, too, was an expert in the art of the masterful evasion. I could imagine his saying, "Oh, Mama, let's not bother with that now. You know that I'll get around to it at the proper time."

If this pressure upon him had been uncomfortable before, it was now bound to become relentless, for one of the prime duties of kingship is to provide an heir to the Throne. In the back of my mind I had always known that the dream one day would have to end—somewhere, sometime, somehow. But I had characteristically refused to be dismayed by this prospect. Perhaps the only brave—or, more accurately, reckless—thing about me is a heedlessness of consequences. I was prepared to take whatever hurt was in store for me, when the day of reckoning came.

In the meantime Ernest had gone to New York again. It was now made unmistakably clear that he had found a new emotional center for his life. There was another woman. The details are unimportant; the situation became known to me through one of those coincidences that are stranger than fiction—a letter meant for Ernest that was misaddressed to me.

This disclosure forced me to face up to what both Ernest and I had long known. Even the outer shell of our marriage had disintegrated. Ernest should be free to pursue his new happiness, relieved of the weight of a dead marriage. I had divorced Win because he was destroying his own life and I was afraid he might carry me down with him. Now I might be imperiling my own life and I did not wish to gamble with Ernest's. All in all, I felt it would be better for me to be free to follow my uncertain destiny in my own way without further involving him. So I reasoned, and not under any illusion that I was a misunderstood woman.

Once my mind was made up—and there were several days of painful reappraisal of my life—I determined to seek legal advice. Having no solicitor of my own, I told David of my decision and asked if he would recommend suitable counsel. He said gravely that, of course, it would be wrong for him to attempt to influence me either way, that only I could make the decision. "You can only do," he finally said, "what you think is right for you."

He arranged for me to see his personal solicitor, now Sir A. George Allen, at his office. The solicitor heard me out with the cool detachment of his profession. Then he asked, "Are you quite sure, Mrs. Simpson, that you want a divorce?" I assured him that my mind was made up. "As you know," he said, "I'm not a divorce solicitor." He went on to say that he would try to find a solicitor for me who specialized in such matters but that it might take some time. Several weeks later he called me to say that Mr. Theodore Goddard would take my case. And from then on I acted on Mr. Goddard's advice.

While events were thus moving toward the breakup of my old life, I was becoming more and more immersed in David's new existence. Practically every evening, on his way home from the Palace, he would stop off at Bryanston Court for a cocktail and a brief chat. I was fascinated by the eagerness with which he entered upon his kingly duties. There are those who have said that he did not want to be King, that he had no appetite for the rigid, highly organized pattern of that life. This is simply not so. In all my countless hours with David I never once heard him say that he did not wish to be King. All his talk was the other way—

what he would do when he was King. Now he was excited and challenged by what he took to be his mission to modernize the monarchy within its traditional glory and strength. This was extremely important to him, and he talked about little else. And it puzzled and angered him that the modest innovations that he began to introduce were met by the Court functionaries with unyielding opposition. Even I, remote as I was from the Court, could feel their cold resentment.

Spring came on. One day in May at the Fort while we were walking in the garden he mentioned that he was inviting the Prime Minister to dinner at York House and he wanted me to be present. Then he paused, and, with his most Prince Charming smile, added, "It's got to be done. Sooner or later my Prime Minister must meet my future wife."

I had long known, of course, that the idea of our marrying someday was in his mind, but he had never before put it directly into words. And one reason, perhaps, was that he himself had not been quite sure. As a Prince his loneliness could be assuaged by passing companionships. But as King he was discovering that his loneliness was now absolute; there was no longer an easy passing through the barriers of his position. "To every thing there is a season," we are told in Ecclesiastes, "and a time to every purpose under the heaven . . . a time to weep, and a time to laugh . . . a time to rend, and a time to sew . . . a time to love, and a time to hate. . . ." And for David the time had come to marry. The man who had dismissed marriage as something for the ever-receding future now felt the need of a wife to share his burdens. It was my fate to be the object of his affection at the crucial moment of his decision. But his words now filled me with apprehension.

"David," I exclaimed, "you mustn't talk this way. The idea is impossible. They'd never let you."

My concern failed to change his mood. "I'm well aware of all that," he said almost gaily, "but rest assured, I will manage it somehow."

As we walked along, I tried to dissuade him from harboring this thought. But he turned aside my every sensible objection with lighthearted insouciance.

Finally I said, "There's your family. There's your mother."

The smile vanished. A look of pain crossed his face. "Yes," he said, "that may be difficult."

And being convinced that even his strongest hopes would be unavailing against her unwavering principles, I could not take his aspirations seriously.

David went ahead with his plans for the Baldwin dinner. As usual, I helped him plan the menu and the table decorations. The guests included Dickie and Edwina Mountbatten; Lord and Lady Wigram; Duff and Diana Cooper; "Joey" Legh, who was David's equerry, and his wife Sarah; Emerald Cunard; Admiral of the Fleet Sir Ernle Chatfield and Lady Chatfield; and Colonel and Mrs. Charles Lindbergh. David often sat in the middle of the table at large parties, so it happened that Ernest was at one end and Emerald at the other, and Mrs. Baldwin sat on the King's right. The Lindberghs were just back from Germany, and the Colonel's Cassandralike forebodings of the growing superiority of German air power could hardly have added to the pleasure of the Prime Minister's evening.

The Prime Minister's biographer, G. M. Young, in his book *Stanley Baldwin*, has written that Mr. Baldwin was "intrigued" by our encounter. The biographer goes on, "Mrs. Baldwin's comments, then and after, were less bland. For her, and for women like her throughout the Empire, Mrs. Simpson had stolen the Fairy Prince." My recollection of that evening is that the Baldwins were pleasant but distant. As so often before in the company of those of power and influence, I was conscious of the assaying glance, the unspoken, probing question beneath the polite surface.

As best I can recall, this was one of the last times that Ernest and I were publicly together in David's company. Not long afterward I told Ernest that I was starting divorce proceedings. He moved to the Guards' Club.

Having made my difficult and painful decision, I refused to look backward. I had little time for regret; my every hour was taken up by expanding social activities in London and the weekends at the Fort.

BY THIS time the question of David's summer holiday was in his mind. He planned to rent Maxine Elliott's villa on the French Riviera, near Cannes. Unfortunately for this plan, France had meanwhile been caught up in a wave of civil turmoil brought on by Blum's Popular Front; in fact, David was informed by his worried Ambassador that the Red flag had been flown in plain sight of his intended abode. Since it would be impolitic for him to appear under such circumstances, he gave up the idea of the Riviera and chartered a yacht, the "Nahlin," belonging to Lady Yule. He decided now to explore new waters—the Dalmatian Coast, Greece and the Aegean Isles, and the Bosporus. His hope was to recapture the carefree spirit of our last two summers, and perhaps build up a little diplomatic good will in a region of growing concern to his government.

David having arranged for the yacht to proceed to Sibenik, on the coast of Yugoslavia, the main party assembled in France, with the exception of the Duff Coopers and Herman and Katherine Rogers, who joined us after the cruise was under way. On the evening of August 8 we departed in a private car on the "Orient Express."

On the following night we were due to arrive at Zagreb, where our car was to be shunted over to the local train to the coast. En route, however, David was bombarded with telegraphic invitations from Prince Paul, the Regent of Yugoslavia. The Prince was insistent that our party break the trip and visit him. David finally consented to hold our car in the little town of Kreinberg, near Prince Paul's country seat, long enough to have tea with him and Princess Olga before continuing on our way. The meeting between the Balkan Prince and the British Monarch was hardly calculated to hearten either Foreign Office. In a Slavic style worthy of his mountain-chieftain forebears, Paul led us in a wild motorcade through the countryside, scattering peasants and chickens in a flurry of blouses and feathers, curses and cackles. David commented, "This is just about what I expected. The only thing that bothers me is that I can't figure which he cares less about, the peasants or the chickens or us."

Next morning we arrived in Sibenik. The "Nahlin" was trim and gleaming white as she rode alongside the dock; and to come upon her so, in a picture-book setting of mountains and sunlit sea, made me appreciate as never before the pleasure and power that attended those in the company of a king.

(Continued on page 136)

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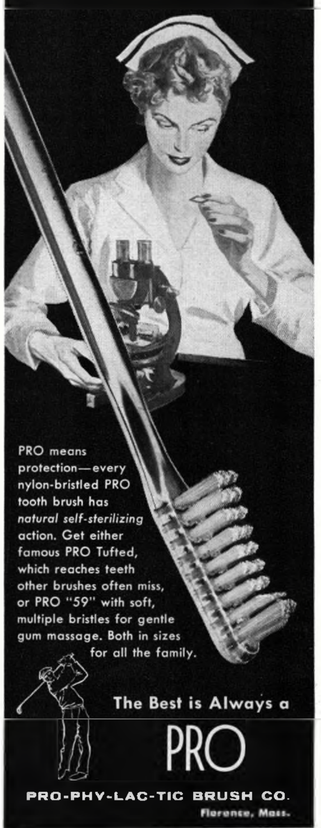

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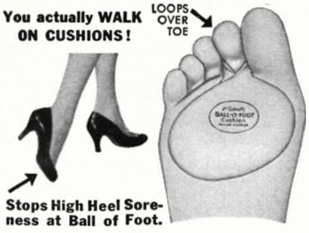
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Dr Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion

(Continued from page 135)

We were there a few hours before getting off. The Premier and many local dignitaries greeted David. Twenty thousand persons from all parts of Dalmatia, dressed in their colorful native costumes, swarmed around, all laughing and shouting kindly words of greeting to the British King. To my surprise, I found myself almost as much the object of their attention as he. Eyes turned from him to me and back again to him, and there seemed to be in the air an unspoken understanding and approval. That should have been a warning to David and me. It meant that our feelings had ceased to be our private secret; they were becoming the property of the whole world, even of the remote peasants of a faraway kingdom. But David and I were oblivious to the dangerous undercurrent of this charming and seemingly irrelevant incident. Since nothing as yet was really settled between us—since in the nature of things nothing could be, until fact and fantasy had been resolved by the impersonal workings of the constitutional process—it delighted both of us that strangers should so spontaneously wish us well.

IN ANY event, as the "Nahlin" made her way to Albania, putting into Adriatic ports at our leisurely whim, that whole coast seemed to be ringing to the tidings of our progress. Our privacy vanished in a gala outcry of welcome and shouts of "Long Live the King!" One clear, warm, starlit evening on the Albanian coast, while our yacht lay at anchor off a tiny fishing village near Cetinje, David and I, spellbound and enchanted, watched the vast, sleeping shadows of the mountainsides come to life with a serpentine movement of lights as thousands of peasants carrying flaming torches filed up and down the steep trails. Across the silent water and echoing from the cliffs came refrains of folk songs.

"I suppose," David said, "you think this is for me."

"Of course," I answered unwarily. "Whom else would it be for?"

"You're wrong," he said, half-mockingly. "It's all for you—because these simple people believe a king is in love with you."

"This is madness," I expostulated. "If you're not more discreet, you'll have everybody else knowing that."

"Discretion," he said, almost proudly, "is a quality which, though useful, I have never particularly admired."

Earlier there had been a most amusing, but at the same time quite ominous, moment of revelation at Dubrovnik. Helen Fitz-Gerald and I had gone ashore with David to look around and shop a bit. As we turned a corner I heard a sudden burst of sound made up of shouts and cheers; advancing in our direction was a large crowd of men and women. They came surging around us and swept us along at a half-trot. Although laughing and in good humor, David was plainly surprised at so much attention in so small a town. The rollicking mob followed us everywhere we went; through the cheerful uproar I distinctly heard the cry *"Zivila Ljubav"*—Long Live Love. It was then I realized that matters were on the verge of getting out of hand. After we had returned to the yacht, I said sternly: "David, you have spoken a good deal about the desirability of this very democratic approach to monarchy. It seems to me that what I saw this afternoon calls for some re-examination of your theory."

David chuckled. "Perhaps you have something there. My father often used to say that while monarchy had to move on, things may move too fast and too far."

Two small incidents made me realize for the first time how very headstrong David could be. The first episode occurred when we were passing through the Corinth Canal on our way to Athens. The canal reminded me of a sword thrusting through the middle of Greece, with the walls of the cut rising sheer on either side and the current running swiftly. David was engrossed in the captain's seamanship as he maneuvered the ship under these tricky conditions. The day was very hot; David was on the bridge in shorts, with no shirt. Again the word of our coming had mysteriously preceded us; the banks of the canal were swarming with Greeks, all cheering, some snapping cameras. So narrow was the passage in places that it seemed as if the spectators had only to reach out to touch the King. The bucolic charm of this scene entertained me, but I soon found out that Diana Cooper and Jack Aird were not amused. In fact, they were appalled at the spectacle of their King on public exhibition without his shirt on.

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An argument ensued as to which of them would undertake the unpleasant duty of remonstrating with His Majesty. Neither being willing to broach so delicate a subject, Diana turned to me and said, "Wallis, look at all these people. Do you think you could possibly get the King to put his shirt on at least until we get out of sight of the Greeks?"

"After you, my dear Diana," I said. "If this were my President, I might. But you have had more experience in dealing with kings."

Needless to say, nobody stirred, and the King and the Greeks, each in their own way, thoroughly enjoyed the trip through the Corinth Canal.

Perhaps the concern over this episode laid the groundwork for a really embarrassing situation between Jack Aird and me after we reached Athens.

Lord Eric Dudley, an old friend of David's, was in Piraeus, the port of Athens, on his yacht. As we entered the harbor he sent a signal, inviting us to join him ashore for dinner. Eric Dudley's choice was a tiny and picturesque garden café. Because the Greek political situation was at that time most unstable, Jack Aird immediately implored me to use my utmost influence to dissuade the King from accepting the invitation.

"But, Jack," I protested, "I can't see any harm in the King's dining in a café. On the contrary, it strikes me as a nice democratic gesture."

Jack turned with ill-concealed anger. "It's undignified. Can't you understand that? You must use your influence."

"You know as well as I do," was my answer, "that he'll make his own decision. But if it will make you happier, I'll bring up your objections."

But when at an opportune moment I attempted to raise Jack's point, David dismissed it in his airiest manner. That evening we dined with Eric Dudley at the café. Jack dined alone aboard the "Nahlin."

From Greece we continued by leisurely stages to Istanbul, where we were entertained by Kemal Atatürk, who impressed me as one of the most forceful men I have ever met. Leaving the "Nahlin," we started our return trip on Atatürk's private train, which he had lent for the northern journey. In Bulgaria King Boris met us, and the next stage of the trip was made memorable for me by the fact that we had two kings in the cab of the engine, with King Boris, whose delight was driving locomotives, officiating at the throttle. When we finally retrieved David at Sofia, I asked him how things had been up front. "Splendid," he answered. "Boris is a virtuoso at the throttle and he let me blow the whistle at the crossings."

After a stop in Belgrade we went on to the now familiar tonic of the waltzes of Vienna. Here in this ancient and urbane capital on the Danube, with its long tradition of royalty and of sympathy for romance, our happy summer reached its high noon. But I was sure then that my wave was still far from reaching its crest.

Early in September we parted in Zurich, David returning by air to London while I went to Paris for a few days to shop and see my friends. It had been decided that the Rogerses and I would join him at Balmoral later in the month.

A DAY or two after arriving in Paris I came down with a severe cold, and while recuperating I caught up with my mail. Included in the letters from my family and friends were clippings from American newspapers. Reading them, I was first amazed and then shocked; the world beyond the narrow seas was seething with conjecture about somebody called Mrs. Simpson. Who was she and what was her role in the King's life? It was now brought home to me that the "Nahlin" cruise had been a mistake. What heretofore had been purely personal between David and me was now a topic of conversation for every newspaper reader in the United States, Europe, and the Dominions.

There were also several letters from Aunt Bessie in Washington—warm letters, each, however, drawing attention to a particular article or clipping. None of the enclosures was accurate or reassuring.

I was troubled, and when David telephoned, as he did nearly every day, I told him of my deepening misgivings and of some of the wilder things concerning us that were being bandied about. But David refused to attach any importance to what he called American newspaper gossip. "I've been all through this before. It was much worse when I visited Long Island. It doesn't mean a thing." To reassure me further, he reminded me that the British press was ignoring this nonsense and insisted that the furor would soon die down. Lulled by his confidence, I tried to put the matter out of my mind.

After a week, Herman and Katherine Rogers joined me and I felt well enough to start the trip north to Balmoral. David was already there. On the way I stopped off in London long enough to see my solicitor. Mr. Goddard. He had at the end of July commenced divorce proceedings against Ernest. He had decided that the case should be tried out of London and his choice was the Ipswich Assizes in the county of Suffolk. Mr. Goddard's reasoning was that the case would attract less attention in a quiet provincial town and could be disposed of more expeditiously and smoothly than in the crowded divorce court in London. This arrangement, however, would necessitate my taking residence within the jurisdiction of the court, and my solicitor had already picked a cottage, called Beech House, near Felixstowe.

Having disposed of this piece of business, and having given up Bryanston Court. I spent the night with the Rogerses at the Fort. Next day we all took the train to Aberdeen and David met us at the station, a thoughtful act toward me that was to drive another spike in the growing structure of misunderstanding. Some months before, the Aberdeen authorities had asked him to dedicate some hospital buildings, but, being still in deep mourning for his father, he had declined, and had delegated the duty to his brother, the Duke of York. By another of those unfortunate coincidences, my arrival was on the day of the ceremony, and many Scots, on learning of the King's presence in Aberdeen, chose to misconstrue his absence from the ceremony as being due to his desire to meet me. This mischance was to be typical of the way everything went from this point on.

My stay at Balmoral was important chiefly because it gave me an insight into a side of David's life of which until then I had had only glimpses. Here in the gray-turreted, pseudo-Gothic castle David had continued the tradition of his dynasty, a way of life that had remained unchanged for nearly a century. By custom the King at Balmoral surrounds himself with the age-old associates of the Sovereign: the Primate, the Prime Minister, Cabinet Ministers, and friends of the Royal Family. David, in his first and only experience of being host there, carried on this tradition. Among his guests were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch and Queensberry, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, and the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, who—like their ancestors before them—had been perennial guests there. Other members of the Royal Family gathered at the Castle, or, as in the case of the Dukes of York and Gloucester, at their lodges, Birkhall and Abergeldie Mains, nearby. However, David's talent for innovation persuaded him that these rather static groupings would be improved by a leaven of less exalted but nonetheless stimulating people such as he had entertained on the "Nahlin." When the make-up of this guest list was duly published in the Court Circular there were raised eyebrows from Inverness to Penzance.

For myself, I can only say that I enjoyed every minute of my stay.

On the first of October I was back in London, with many urgent matters pressing upon me. Foremost among these was preparing my imminent move to Felixstowe for the divorce case. I was also in the midst of completing arrangements for moving into a new home. Before leaving on the "Nahlin" cruise, I had taken a charming furnished house at 16, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park. Because my lease did not start for a week or so after my return from Scotland, I stayed at Claridge's. David, too, was in the process of re-establishing himself. His mother had finally completed her move into Marlborough House, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester had taken over York House, and David, none too happily, was installed at Buckingham Palace.

It was necessary for me to go to Felixstowe some weeks in advance of the hearing of the divorce petition. George and Kitty Hunter had kindly offered to stay with me during the period of waiting, and early in October we drove down in my Buick. My first glimpse of the little house at Felixstowe was dismaying. It was tiny; there was barely room for the three of us, plus a cook and maid, to squeeze into it. There is nothing drearier than a seaside resort town after the season. The only sound was the melancholy boom of the sea breaking on the deserted beach and the rustling of the wind around the shuttered cottages. The date for the hearing had now been set for October 27; and while the imminence of the case was already producing profound repercussions in the inner circles of the Government and the Palace secretariat, not the slightest hint of this distant concern penetrated Felixstowe. When the Hunters and I walked down to the town for the mail and the newspapers, not a head turned at our passage. While this atmosphere did not

(Continued on page 138)

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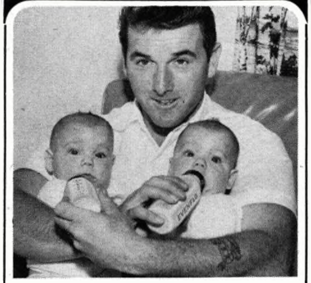

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(Continued from page 137)

make the tedium of waiting easier to endure, it had a lulling effect upon my inner anxiety as to the outcome of the proceedings.

Whatever the circumstances, whatever the reasons, a divorce is an unpleasant experience. The night before I was to appear at the Ipswich Assizes I could not sleep; I paced the floor for hours, wondering whether I was doing the right thing, whether my recklessness of consequences had betrayed me, whether I was right in my confidence that what I was about to do would bring no harm to the King. Finally a measure of calmness came; it was too late for me to turn back.

My case was to be presented by the distinguished barrister, Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C. (now the Right Honorable Lord Justice Birkett), with whom I had conferred before leaving London. On the morning the case was to come up, Mr. Goddard, with his partner Mr. Stenson, called for me in his car to drive me to Ipswich. As I had decided to return to London directly from the Assizes, I had packed my suitcases the night before; the Hunters were to bring them up in my car.

When we arrived at the Assize Court there were perhaps twenty reporters standing about. I was relieved that they made no attempt to question me.

I was much too tense even to follow the details of the proceedings, which lasted only a few minutes. About all I remember of that ordeal was the hostility of the judge as he scrutinized me while I was testifying and his obvious attempts to discomfit Mr. Birkett. For a terrible moment I felt sure that he was determined to deny me my divorce. Then I heard him say to my counsel, almost reluctantly, "Very well, decree nisi." A moment later, Mr. Goddard had me by the arm and was guiding me out of the courtroom and into the car. We started at once for London. The decree nisi that I had been granted required under the British law of that time a six months' wait before the divorce would become absolute and my marriage dissolved.

On the long drive back to London, Mr. Goddard exuded an air of quiet triumph. But for me there was no triumph—only a sense of relief. And that was to be short-lived.

There now faced me six long months of waiting before I was really free. Fortunately, with one of my rare flashes of foresight, I had earlier persuaded Aunt Bessie to postpone her planned summer trip to Europe until the fall. She was to leave New York in early November and I would soon have her company and counsel.

Mr. Goddard dropped me off at my new house at Cumberland Terrace. During my absence my cook and Mary Cain, who had been with me since my earliest days at Bryanston Court, had made good use of the time. The house really looked settled; my things were all properly in place; I felt life in my new status was off to a good start.

Shortly after I arrived, David telephoned from the Palace. He had already heard the news from Ipswich. As he was not going to the Fort until later, we were able to dine together at Cumberland Terrace.

The evening started off as a happy reunion. But it was not long before I realized that something was troubling David. Beneath his gladness over my having successfully cleared the hurdles at Ipswich, I detected a suppressed anxiety. Bit by bit, the reasons for his worried air came out. Several disturbing and important things had happened.

A week before, the Prime Minister had asked to see David at the Fort. David had been taken aback by the unexpectedness of the request for an audience, and Mr. Baldwin's desire that it be kept private. David told me, with obvious distaste, that the Prime Minister's purpose in seeking the interview was to express his concern over the divorce and to suggest pointedly that the King use his influence to persuade me to drop the proceedings.

My first reaction was one of utter bewilderment; then, as I began to grasp the enormity of what was on Mr. Baldwin's mind, I was appalled. For there could be only one explanation for his unasked-for and unprecedented intervention: he had clearly made up his mind that David wanted to marry me and he wished to foreclose such a possibility, once and for all. In an attempt to avoid a head-on collision with the Government at this delicate juncture, with the divorce petition not yet even heard, David had replied that my divorce was a matter that involved only me and that he would not and could not properly attempt to influence me.

That had been one development and it was connected with another. The Prime Minister had warned David that, in view of the seething speculation in the press overseas, the divorce petition might well force a disastrous rupture in the reticence with which the British press traditionally surround the private affairs of the monarchy. David had, in fact, foreseen that possibility. Several days before the Prime Minister's descent upon the Fort, and shortly after my move to Ipswich, he himself had moved to prevent a bracketing by the press of my divorce with the sensational rumors that were abroad concerning him and me. Through the help of two powerful newspaper publishers, Lord Beaverbrook, owner of the *Daily Express* and the *Evening Standard*, and Esmond Harmsworth, now Lord Rothermere, publisher of the rival *Daily Mail* and *Evening News*, both his personal friends, he had arranged a "gentleman's agreement" with the body of the British press that the divorce at Ipswich would be reported in a routine way.

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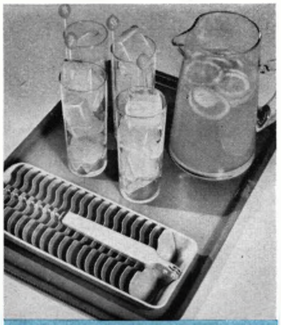

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For the first time I was frightened. David tried to reassure me and minimized the importance of the Prime Minister's call. He said, "Don't be alarmed; I'm sure I can fix things." David's reassurance notwithstanding, I was still convinced that we had not heard the last of Stanley Baldwin.

Aunt Bessie arrived early in November. Casual as she tried to be, her conversation brought home to me, as nothing else had done before, the lengths to which the American press had gone in its reporting of the King's interest in me. However, Aunt Bessie's account of some of these newspaper stories was not without its humor. My Warfield relations, she said, were not half so concerned over me as they were over the wild canards being circulated that my family had come from the wrong side of the tracks in Baltimore, that my mother had run a boardinghouse. "You'd think," said Aunt Bessie heatedly, "that we'd all come right out of *Tobacco Road*."

Well, there wasn't much I could do about that. Moreover, I was beginning to be seriously disturbed by the reaction of people much closer to home. I could no longer go out in public—even to my hairdresser's—without having people stop to stare at me. Obviously, despite the silence of the British press, the London circles in which I moved were now well aware of what the world outside Great Britain was saying. David laughed off these public embarrassments, insisting that they would soon blow over.

Now out of the darkening sky came a thunderclap, all the more shattering because of the unexpected quarter in which it originated.

During the second week in November, David left London for a brief visit with the Home Fleet. He invited Aunt Bessie and me to spend the weekend of his return at the Fort—the one beginning Friday the 13th. That Friday was truly a day of ill omen. My aunt and I drove to the Fort in the late afternoon. David arrived shortly thereafter. He was in high good spirits, pleased by the enthusiastic reception accorded him by the Navy and stimulated by the renewal of old friendships. However, after greeting us, he excused himself, explaining that an urgent dispatch from the Palace was waiting for his attention.

It was some time before he rejoined us. The moment he entered the library I knew that something was seriously wrong. He was pale and his manner abstracted. But he gave no hint or sign of what was troubling him. He has always had an extraordinary capacity for keeping his inner tensions locked up inside his mind and heart. During the evening of three-handed rummy, he seemed to shake off his depression.

David had friends at the Fort for lunch and dinner on Saturday. We were invited to the Duke and Duchess of Kent's Sunday afternoon for tea; they were then at Iver, not very far from Windsor. Shortly after lunch David mentioned that he had something to do at the Castle, something, as I recall it, concerning where portraits should be rehung. It was arranged that I should pick him up at Windsor an hour or so later and that we should continue on to the Kents'.

On the way back from tea, just to make conversation, I asked him about the pictures he had hung.

"Pictures?" he asked vaguely. "What pictures?"

"Why, David, isn't that what you went to Windsor for?"

Then he said gravely, "Darling, I must confess that my going to the Castle had nothing to do with pictures. I wish it had. I really went there for a private talk about a serious matter with my old friend Walter Monckton."

I had met Walter Monckton, now Sir Walter Monckton, Minister of Defence, once or twice in David's company, and knew him to be a distinguished barrister who had been to Oxford with David and who for many years had been Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales and legal adviser to the Duchy of Cornwall, of which the Prince of Wales is Duke.

"My reason for seeing Walter," David went on, "was to discuss with him an important letter that I received Friday evening—a letter I'll show you when we get back to the Fort. I didn't want it to get about that I was seeing Walter and so I met him at Windsor."

On returning to the Fort, he took me directly to his study and closed the door. On his desk stood one of the red dispatch boxes, which he opened with a key. From it he withdrew a letter. Handing it to me he said. "I want you to read this alone. After you've read it, I think you'll agree that there is only one thing for me to do—send for Baldwin."

With that he left the room. The letter was on Palace stationery and it was from the King's Private Secretary. It said:

> Buckingham Palace,
> 13th November, 1936
>
> Sir,
>
> With my humble duty.
>
> As Your Majesty's Private Secretary, I feel it my duty to bring to your notice the following facts which have come to my knowledge, and which I *know* to be accurate:
>
> (1) The silence of the British Press on the subject of Your Majesty's friendship with Mrs. Simpson is *not* going to be maintained. It is probably only a matter of days before the outburst begins. Judging by the letters from British subjects living in foreign countries where the Press has been outspoken, the effect will be calamitous.
>
> (2) The Prime Minister and senior members of the Government are meeting to-day to discuss what action should be taken to deal with the serious situation which is developing. As Your Majesty no doubt knows, the resignation of the Government—an eventuality which can by no means be excluded—would result in Your Majesty having to find someone else capable of forming a government which would receive the support of the present House of Commons. I have reason to know that, in view of the feeling prevalent among members of the House of Commons of all parties, this is hardly within the bounds of possibility. The only alternative remaining is a dissolution and a General Election, in which Your Majesty's personal affairs would be the chief issue—and I cannot help feeling that even those who would sympathize with Your Majesty as an individual would deeply resent the damage which would inevitably be done to the Crown, the corner-stone on which the whole Empire rests.
>
> If Your Majesty will permit me to say so, there is only one step which holds out any prospect of avoiding this dangerous situation, and that is for Mrs. Simpson to go abroad *without further delay*, and I would *beg* Your Majesty to give this proposal your earnest consideration before the position has become irretrievable. Owing to the changing attitude of the Press, the matter has become one of great urgency.
>
> I have the honour, etc., etc.,
> ALEXANDER HARDINGE.

I was stunned. This was the end I had always known in the back of my mind was bound to come. Such a letter, coming as it did from a man whose duty it was to maintain the closest contact with the King's Ministers, could mean only that the Government was preparing for a crisis with the King. Clearly, there was only one thing for me to do: it was to leave the country immediately, as Hardinge had implored, and I so told David when he returned.

Almost peremptorily he said, "You'll do no such thing. I won't have it. This letter is an impertinence."

"That may well be. But just the same I think he's sincere. He's trying to warn you that the Government will insist that you give up all thought of ever marrying me."

"They can't stop me. On the Throne or off, I'm going to marry you."

Now it was my turn to beg him to let me go. Summoning all my powers of persuasion, I tried to convince him of the hopelessness of our position. For him to go on hoping, to go on fighting the inevitable, could only mean tragedy for him and catastrophe for me. He would not listen. Taking my hand, he said, with the calm of a man whose mind is made up, "I'm going to summon Baldwin to meet me at the Palace tomorrow. I'm going to tell him that if the country won't approve our marrying, I'm ready to go."

It was the first mention between us that he had ever entertained any thought of stepping down from the Throne.

I burst into tears. "David, it is madness to think, let alone talk, of such a thing."

"In any event," he said, "I've got to have it out with the Government. Walter and I were agreed on that point this afternoon. Because of Hardinge's attitude, I can no longer use him as my official channel of communication with the Cabinet. Walter's going to act for me. I am far from giving up. There are things I still can do."

Among the things he had in mind to do was further to test the temper of the Cabinet by consulting several of his friends among the Ministers. He had in mind two particularly. One was Sir Samuel Hoare, First Lord of the Admiralty, whom he had known since the First World War, and who only a few days before had been his Minister in Attendance during the visit to the Fleet. The other was the Right Honorable Alfred Duff Cooper, the Secretary of State for War, a friend of almost equally long standing, who with his wife had been with us on the "Nahlin." Because of the delicate situation that now prevailed, constitutional etiquette required that he obtain the Prime Minister's consent for seeking such advice.

I WAS later to reproach myself for being deflected from my decision to leave England immediately. I should have realized that this was the fateful moment—the last when any action of mine could have prevented the crisis. What kept me from going? The answer to that hinges on a misconception on my part and, I suppose, the fundamental inability of a woman to go against the urgent wishes of the man she loves. The misconception sprang from my failure to understand the King's true position in the constitutional system. The apparent deference to his every wish, the adulation of the populace, the universal desire even of the most exalted of his subjects to be accorded marks of his esteem—all this had persuaded me to take literally the ancient maxim that "The King can do no wrong." Nothing that I had seen had made me appreciate how vulnerable the King real-

(Continued on page 141)

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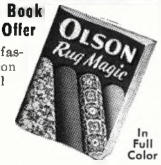

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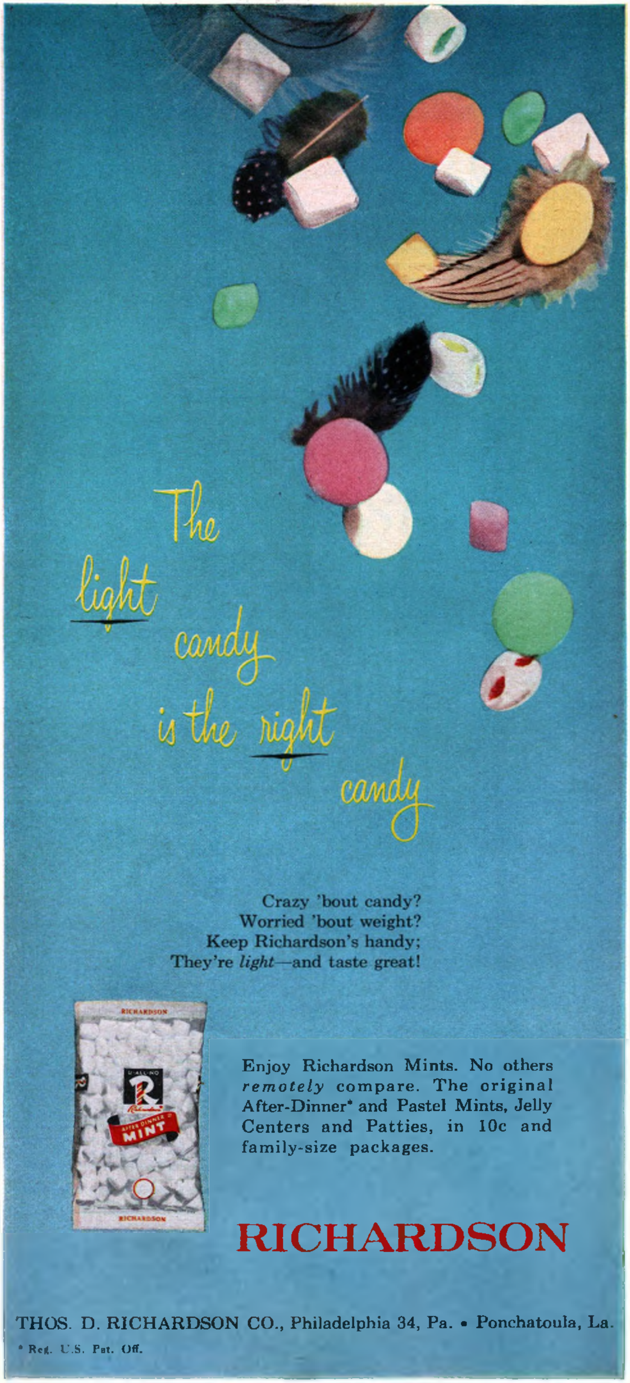

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Breath-holding is due to home conflict

Treat burns with cold water

News in Child health

Living skin can be grown in labs

Adolescent cramps are psychological

by Marguerite Clark

Frequent severe spells of breath-holding by a small child are a sign of "profound insecurity," often resulting from conflict with his parents, Drs. Alanson Hinman of Winston-Salem, N.C., and Lloyd B. Dickey of San Francisco report in the *American Journal of Diseases of Children.* The doctors described a group of their cases in which there was friction between the parents, frustration resulting from relatives living with the family or overstrict, demanding treatment of the children. These spells happen most often in the last half of the first year and during the second year. Usually they are precipitated by infant anger and frustration, the doctors point out. The youngster holds his breath because "he is helpless to cope with his parents and the world around him." Lacking a means of expression, he loses control and reacts with rage "so overwhelming" that he goes into a spell of breath-holding. Older methods of treatment, such as plunging the baby into cold water, ignoring him during an attack or threatening harsh measures, should be avoided, the doctors say. Instead, parents should try to remove the real sources of family conflict.

• • •

Cold tap water applied immediately to a burn reduces the swelling, pain, redness and fluid loss if the application is continued for 15 minutes or more, Drs. Levi W. Reynolds, C. Reed Brown and Philip B. Price of the University of Utah have found. Even after a five-minute delay, cold water is beneficial. The method has been tried with "encouraging results" on accidental burns, including one caused by boiling grease, where there was immediate and almost complete relief of pain, prompt healing and little tissue destruction.

• • •

Living human skin for grafting is being grown in the plastic-surgery department at Duke University. For a permanent graft to replace skin burned off, the victim's own skin must be used. A badly burned person, especially a child, may not have enough intact skin to spare. So a bit of his skin is set to growing in a special solution in the Duke laboratory. In two weeks the piece of skin so grown may have multiplied to ten times its original size—a good-size piece for grafting. These skin-graft experiments, it is hoped, will save thousands of lives lost every year as a result of severe burns.

• • •

About 35 per cent of all girls have menstrual cramps, about five per cent of the attacks disabling, says Dr. Somers Sturgis of the Adolescent Clinic, Children's Hospital, Boston, Mass. While some of this trouble may stem from physical causes, the majority of adolescent menstrual difficulties are psychological. Often the opportunity to talk out her worries with a sympathetic doctor is enough to cure a girl of painful periods. Dr. Sturgis suggests that hormones and other strong painkillers should be avoided in these cases and that aspirin or a placebo (sugar pill) be prescribed. Prompt correction of the adolescent girl's psychological difficulties while "at this still malleable age" is necessary, he emphasizes. Otherwise, "unfavorable patterns" regarding menstruation will become fixed and will "interfere with effective adult living."

• • •

Three or even more Caesarean deliveries do not necessarily make other pregnancies dangerous for either mother or child, according to Drs. C. L. Sullivan and E. M. Campbell of Boston. In a series of 1,000 consecutive Caesarean births at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Boston, it was found that maternal and infant deaths were not increased in cases of previous Caesarean deliveries. THE END

(Continued from page 139)

ly was, how little power he could actually command, how little his wishes really counted against those of his Ministers and Parliament. David did nothing to disabuse me of these misconceptions. And, too, right to the end it seemed utterly inconceivable to me that the British people would ever allow anybody who had served and loved them so well to leave them.

As for my second point, I can only say that David was determined that I stay; he insisted that he needed me. And as a woman in love I was prepared to go through rivers of woe, seas of despair, and oceans of agony for him.

ON MONDAY morning, November 16, I motored to Cumberland Terrace with my aunt. It was a tense day. As I went through my small activities, my mind was reaching forward toward David's evening meeting with his Prime Minister. It was almost dinnertime when he finally called from the Palace. David was always guarded in his telephone conversations—not only because of his innate reserve, but also because he could never be sure that someone was not listening in. This evening I could only gather that nothing important had been lost, but that no progress had been made. However, there had been one faintly encouraging development: Mr. Baldwin had agreed to David's consulting his friends in the Cabinet.

The succeeding days were extraordinary. I knew that momentous happenings were going on all around me, that the issue was fully joined between David and the Cabinet, that decisive actions were impending. But to me, waiting at Cumberland Terrace, these were only dimly outlined shadows. I knew that David was meanwhile seeing his mother and his three brothers, one after the other, but he never revealed what he was telling them. All that he ever said about these various moves and countermoves, his discussions with his family and the Government, and his own advisers, was, "I must work things out my own way." In the midst of it all, with his whole future trembling in the balance, he had to go off on an official tour of the depressed areas in south Wales.

While David was away, Esmond Harmsworth, whom I had known for some time, invited me to lunch with him. I knew, of course, that he and his father, Lord Rothermere, were sympathetic to David and to me. Esmond was chairman of the Newspaper Proprietors' Association and, as such, in cooperation with Lord Beaverbrook, had been instrumental in restraining the British press's handling of the divorce suit. During the early part of the meal we chatted aimlessly. Then suddenly the purpose of the lunch became clear. In a matter-of-fact way, Esmond said he knew that the King wanted to marry me and of the difficulties involved. Then he asked whether any thought had been given to the idea of a morganatic marriage.

His directness quite took my breath away, and I wasn't sure that I understood what he meant. The term morganatic was one that I remembered from my history books—something romantic having to do mostly with the Hapsburgs. I asked him to tell me what was on his mind. He then explained that this form of marriage was not infrequent among foreign royalty; it was one whereby a king or a prince could contract a legal marriage with a woman outside the royal circle, with his wife, however, not sharing her husband's position and titles.

Esmond had obviously done a good deal of research about this curious institution. He cited chapter and verse at considerable length. He was suggesting the idea in the thought that a morganatic marriage might be the only acceptable compromise solution for David and me, since there could be no question of my ever being Queen. "I realize, Wallis," he said, "that all this is not very flattering to you. But I am sure that you are one with us in desiring to keep the King on the Throne."

The whole idea was so astonishing and so filled with incalculable implications that I could not possibly express any opinion. And I told him so.

Esmond then urged that I at least pass on the idea to the King. Almost as an afterthought he suggested that a suitable title for me might be that of the Duchess of Lancaster—an ancient subsidiary title adhering to the Sovereign.

I was now completely at sea. Parting from Esmond, I was sure of only one thing: that I knew less than ever of the marvelous workings of the British political mind.

THURSDAY night, November 19, David returned to London from his tour of the coal fields. Aunt Bessie and I joined him the next evening at the Fort. David looked exhausted; the tension of inner struggle was obviously eating into his soul, and I felt the appalling strain he was under could not be allowed to go on. Therefore, but with many misgivings, I brought up Esmond Harmsworth's proposal. David's face showed his distaste. The custom of morganatic marriage, he said, had long since ceased to be acceptable in Britain, and the last example in his family nearly a century before had been lamentable. "Whatever may be the outcome of our situation," he declared, "I can't see a morganatic marriage as right for you."

Needless to say, I shared his distaste and could foresee the humiliation that would inescapably adhere to such an ambiguous role. Nevertheless, I now told him that if there was the slightest possibility that Esmond Harmsworth's proposal might ease the crisis and keep him on the Throne, it was our duty to consider it, regardless of our own feelings. Perhaps my putting the matter to him in this way, and at this time, was a mistake. He sighed wearily and said. "I'll try anything in the spot I'm in now."

No doubt it was all a romantic fantasy, but in any case David moved. The following Monday or thereabouts, on his return to London, David sent for Esmond. For reasons I never quite understood then, and even today still find inexplicable, David and Esmond decided to try it out on the Cabinet.

The first step was an informal call by Esmond upon Mr. Baldwin to lay the idea before him. Esmond reported to David that the Prime Minister was interested but wary about committing himself. At this point I became alarmed. David was obviously allowing his better judgment to be swept aside by his impatience to break the deadlock. I reminded him that Lord Beaverbrook, one of his oldest and stanchest counselors, and Walter Monckton had each warned that the whole idea was, however well meant, a trap; he was putting his head on Mr. Baldwin's chopping block. For the formal presentation of the morganatic proposal would give Mr. Baldwin the constitutional right to proffer the King advice, and the King would have to take it.

Once David was in the grip of an idea, wild horses couldn't hold him. He brushed aside my alarm, saying, "I've got to do something. At the very least I'll get my head in a more comfortable position on the block."

So on Wednesday, the 25th, David saw Mr. Baldwin again, to ask him whether he had considered the Harmsworth proposal. Both David and the Prime Minister have described at length their conversation on this critical occasion. Here it will suffice to say that David requested that Mr. Baldwin submit the question of the morganatic marriage formally to the Cabinet and the Dominions. Two days later the Cabinet met and, although no formal word was transmitted about the outcome of its deliberations, David learned before the end of the day that the morganatic marriage proposal had been overwhelmingly rejected.

As I have said, these complex and, for David, desperate maneuverings were scarcely known to me. What little I knew at the time—and, remember, not a word about the breach between the King and his Ministers had yet appeared in the British press—came to me in bits and snatches from David, by now seemingly withdrawn even from me. But as that terrible

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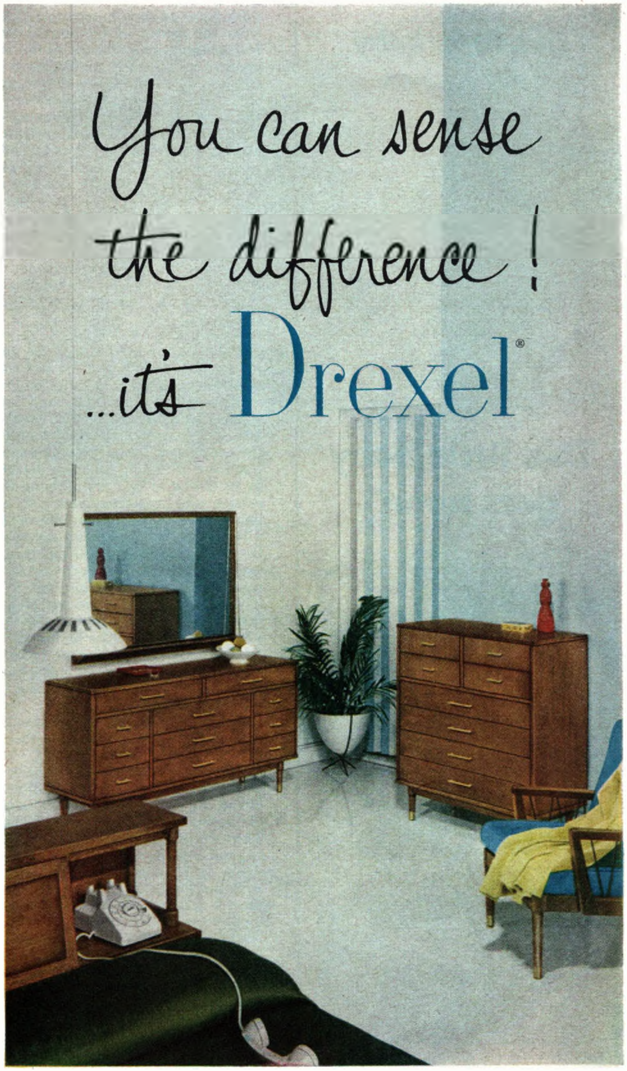
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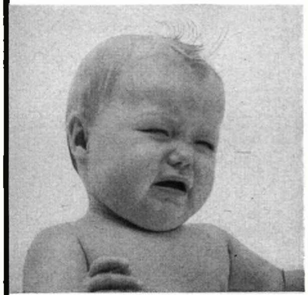

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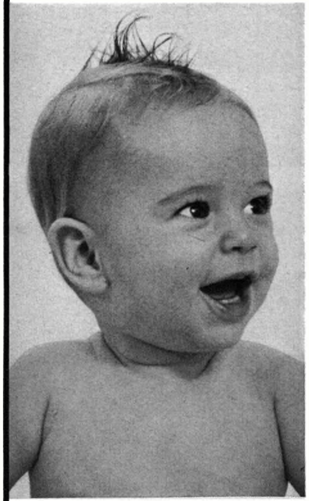

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(Continued from page 141)

week wore on even I, remote as I was from the center of the storm, could feel the mounting menace in the very atmosphere. It was by now almost impossible to get about the streets without strangers' turning to stare at me, and this was an eerie, unnerving experience. It was as if some mysterious and silent means of communication was carrying the story of the hidden crisis into ever-widening circles of the British public. My house was rapidly becoming a focus of attention; my aunt, looking out through the curtains, discovered that there was scarcely a moment when strangers were not loitering on the sidewalk, peering up at the house and noting our comings and goings.

Worse still, I began to receive strange letters—some signed but more anonymous—mostly critical and some even threatening. This was my first experience with notoriety, and nothing can be more dreadful. I began to feel like a hunted animal. Knowing the ordeal that David was undergoing, I did not wish to add to his burdens by confiding to him my growing difficulties and apprehensions. At this point, however, David was informed of a rumored plot to blow up my house. On the Friday morning of the Cabinet meeting he sent me a note by hand, suggesting that it would be wiser if Aunt Bessie and I got out of London for a bit and stayed at the Fort, where we should not be bothered. He added that he would pick us up in his car in the late afternoon and advised that I instruct the servants not to disclose our whereabouts.

About six o'clock that evening Cain entered the drawing room to announce that the King's car was waiting. Aunt Bessie and I hurried out. David emerged from the darkened interior of the car to help Aunt Bessie in and to squeeze my hand reassuringly. Then we were off on the familiar road to Sunningdale and the Fort. As the lights of London receded behind us, little did I know that this was the last time I was to see them for nearly three years.

The instant I entered the Fort I sensed the vast change that had come over its atmosphere in the short space of a week. The faces of the servants were drawn. David was immediately called to the telephone. There came over me the realization that this was no longer the enchanted Fort; it was the Fort beleaguered.

All through the weekend the tempo of activity mounted around David. There were constant comings and goings between the Fort and London of advisers, aides, and couriers. The telephone was never quiet. With so much clearly visible, it was not possible for David any longer to conceal from me the true magnitude of the crisis. On Sunday afternoon, after a lengthy conference with Walter Monckton and George Allen, David took me into the library and told me how things really stood. It was a somber recital. He had seen Sir Samuel Hoare and Duff Cooper; neither had held out any hope that the Government would allow him to marry me. Though sympathetic to David personally, Hoare had told him that he had only two real choices—renunciation of me or abdication. Duff Cooper confirmed Hoare's analysis of the Government's position. The course of action that he advised was an immediate withdrawal of the marriage proposal from the Cabinet's consideration; he urged David to proceed with the Coronation and at some more favorable juncture in the long future to reopen the question of marriage.

David had also consulted Lord Beaverbrook, who I believe was also in touch with Winston Churchill. Both had basically concurred with Duff Cooper. "So, you see, darling," David said in conclusion, "I'm trying to do everything within my power. Nothing is yet final. I still think something can be worked out. In any case, I haven't stopped trying."

I was crushed. I felt unutterably sorry for him in the dilemma into which his love for me had brought him so early in what had promised to be a glorious reign. David had mentioned that if there was only some way by which he could make his position known to the great British public, their decent and loyal sentiments would be felt in Downing Street and the present picture would be quickly reversed. The thought struck me that possibly the only way, and certainly the most effective, was for him to make a radio broadcast to the nation and to the Empire, telling his story and letting them hear his voice. In suggesting this idea, I was not unmindful of the extraordinary impact on public opinion of President Roosevelt's "fireside chats" and, indeed, of the famous Christmas broadcasts of David's father.

David was immediately interested. His face lighted up with a flash of his normal enthusiasm. "Darling, it may be grasping at a straw—but I'm going to try it. It's a damn good idea. But I'll have to get the Cabinet's permission and that will take some doing."

During the next few days the idea matured in David's mind, in long discussions with his principal advisers. Walter Monckton, George Allen, and Major (now Sir) Ulick Alexander, Keeper of the Privy Purse. They added to the basic idea of his telling his story a strategic touch. It was that he withdraw from England while his people considered the issue, meanwhile delegating the Royal power to a Council of State.

With something concrete to do, David threw himself feverishly into the writing of the broadcast. He decided not to request formal permission of the Cabinet until he had heard from Mr. Baldwin the final replies of the Dominions to the morganatic marriage proposal that had been submitted to them.

All this time my aunt and I were at the Fort. On Wednesday, December 2, David motored to London and received Mr. Baldwin at the Palace. David was back in time for a late dinner. One look at his face told me that the worst had happened. Not wishing to alarm Aunt Bessie, for whom he had formed a deep affection, he made no mention during dinner of the events of the afternoon. Afterward, he suggested we take a walk in the grounds. It was a foggy night. As we walked along the flagstone path behind the Fort, he told me what had gone on between him and the Prime Minister. The answers from the Dominions were not yet all in, but Mr. Baldwin was certain that their verdict would be an emphatic rejection of the morganatic marriage. Nor was his Government prepared to introduce the necessary legislation for such a marriage in the British Parliament. This door was now forever closed. "So it now comes to this," said David; "either I must give you up or abdicate. And I don't intend to give you up."

As I had said to him so many times before, I now repeated that abdication was unthinkable. His place was at the head of his people. He was scarcely listening. His mind was far away. Now, with everything on the final brink of disaster, with the Throne tottering and David beyond my reaching, I realized that the time had come for me to take matters into my own hands to the extent I could.

"David," I said, standing there in the darkness under the quietly dripping cedars, "I'm going to leave. I've already stayed too long. I should have gone when you showed me Hardinge's letter. But now nothing you can say will hold me here any longer."

To my great relief, he did not argue with me. On the contrary, it seemed as if I had unknowingly lifted a weight from his mind.

"It will be hard for me to have you go," he finally said. "But it would be harder still to have you stay." Then he told me that among the other dire developments of that day in London was the collapse of the "gentleman's agreement" that had kept the press silent on the question of our affairs. The next day's press, he warned, would be ablaze with every conceivable rumor and speculation about the two of us. "Wholly apart from anything else," David concluded, "your situation here would now become harrowing beyond belief. You are right to go. I must handle this in my own way, alone."

After we went back inside, I told Aunt Bessie of my decision and the reasons for it. In her wise and intuitive way she had come to much the same conclusion.

I was braced for a blow; but nothing David had tried to prepare me for equipped me to deal with what stared up at me from my breakfast tray in the morning. There in big black type in paper after paper were the words "Grave Constitutional Issue." I felt unnerved, faint. Everything that David and I had created between us—everything that David in his tenderness had seen in me—was now about to be rendered tawdry and common. Through my mind ran the question—*Why? Why? Why? Why didn't you follow your first instinct? Why didn't you go when you first knew that was the only thing to do?*

I dressed quickly. David was in the drawing room, at his writing table. As he heard me enter, he pushed aside the heap of newspapers at his elbow. "Don't bother, David," I said. "I've seen them."

He rose and took me in his arms. "I'm sorry, darling. I had hoped you wouldn't."

All that I could say—and it was inadequate enough—was, "Dearest David, I am sorry I've done this to you."

His answer was. "What's done is done. We've got things to do right now."

"You're right," I answered. "I must be out of England before this day is over."

David said he had already given thought to how my departure should be handled. His idea was that a trusted friend should accompany me. My privacy was gone; the hounds of the press would now be baying in pursuit, wherever I might go. But where?

We discussed several possibilities. Then it occurred to me that there was only one sanctuary within immediate reach—Villa Lou Viei, the house of Katherine and Herman Rogers at Cannes.

David had a call put through to them. When Herman came on the line I told him, as deviously as I could, that I was leaving England rather soon and would it be an imposition if I stopped with him and Katherine. Herman grasped my meaning. "Of course not," was his answer. "You must come to us."

After I had hung up, David said that his choice of a companion for me was his lord in waiting, a former officer in the Grenadier Guards, Lord Peregrine Brownlow. Perry and his charming wife, Kitty, had been frequent visitors at the Fort. David's choice was a happy one—perhaps the happiest during all the unspeakable trouble.

Knowing that every road from the Fort would be watched by the press, David arranged to put into operation a set of evasive tactics. His trusted chauffeur, George Ladbrook, would take my car to Newhaven and put it aboard the steamer to Dieppe. He would send along with me his most suave and least identifiable detective to deal with any awkward contingencies that might arise. Perry would come to the Fort under cover of darkness and conduct me to the steamer in his car, which no one would connect with my flight.

The rest of the day was consumed in a whirl of preparations. There was no chance of my trying to make any arrangements about my house at Cumberland Terrace, or the servants there, let alone to tidy up my affairs. All that I dared to do was send Mary Burke back to London to pick up a few clothes.

By then the day was gone. Perry Brownlow arrived from London just at teatime. All that afternoon, despite the distractions attendant upon my departure, David had been polishing the final draft of the broadcast. He had already summoned the Prime Minister to the Palace for an evening audience to seek his assent for presenting his case to the people, and it was his plan to leave for London as soon as I was off.

Hurried as were my last moments at the Fort, they were nonetheless poignant. I think we all had a sense of tragedy, of irretrievable finality. As for myself, this was the last hour of what had been for me the enchanted years. I was sure I would never see David again.

Almost as hard as leaving David was saying good-by to my dear Aunt Bessie, who had so loyally supported me all these years, and whom I was now leaving behind in the forlorn wreckage of my life.

We had to leave by seven o'clock to catch the boat. At the last moment I decided, because of the uncertainties ahead, that I could not take with me the little cairn, Slipper, whom David had given me at the beginning of our friendship and whom I had come to love dearly. We came out the door as the last bag was being put into the luggage compartment. Perry tactfully moved to the far side of the car.

David embraced me. His parting words were, "I don't know how it's all going to end. It will be some time before we can be together again. You must wait for me no matter how long it takes. I shall never give you up."

(To be continued)

They take the rap for Murrow

Continued from page 54

Zousmer put his hand on the writer's shoulder. "Don't worry, John," he said. "We've never lost a guest yet."

Though Gunther didn't know it, the same scene was taking place ten blocks south in the house of Julie Harris, the actress. Supervising here was Zousmer's partner, an equally talented man named John Aaron. Miss Harris, luckily rehearsing a play—it turned out to be her current hit, *The Lark*—was not at home, so Aaron didn't have to reassure her. But he had other problems; one of them involved setting up a complete broadcasting center in the Harris basement, which is roughly the size of a large matchbox. Aaron worked this out, though the technicians that night had to operate in a fairly complex maze of furnace pipes, steamer trunks, old chairs, and a lavish set of drying diapers belonging to Miss Harris' young child.

For Aaron and Zousmer (their billing, A to Z, pleases them), a "Person to Person" show is an almost catastrophically complicated problem in technique. It is like a housewife baking two cakes in two different kitchens by telephone, and trying at the same time to quiet the nerves of several jumpy guests worrying that the cakes might fall. Most television shows originate in studios, where the cameras and people can move around easily. A home is no such thing, and it is in homes that Aaron and Zousmer must work.

Aaron and Zousmer calculate that since "Person to Person" has been on the air—it is now one of TV's ten most popular programs—they have more or less wrecked 200 homes. As a result, for just about three years now they've been taking the rap for Murrow. The "wreckage" may be only temporary, but while it is in progress it is complete and overwhelming. Chairs are moved, pictures are taken off walls, basements and roofs are buried under noisy gear, rugs are pushed to other rooms.

In most cases the presence of furniture hampers the operation, but once the absence of it was nearly disastrous. This was the "Person to Person" broadcast in which Murrow visited Audrey and Jayne Meadows, the TV actresses, who shared one apartment.

The sisters were so delighted to appear on the program that they decided to refurnish their apartment completely. This shouldn't have been too grave a problem, since there was only a bedroom and a living room. They picked out furniture and consulted with their local moving man, a Mr. Meyerbach.

Aaron and Zousmer, who make most of the preliminary arrangements with guests, visited the girls, chatted about questions to be asked on the program and particularly observed how the furnishings might impede the movement of the cameras. Audrey and Jayne casually mentioned their plans to redo the apartment, and the boys just as casually remarked, "How nice."

A week or two later, on the afternoon of the broadcast, the heavy equipment was being moved in just as Mr. Meyerbach arrived. Audrey introduced him. "This is our moving man," she said.

Mr. Meyerbach and his helpers first emptied the bedroom, carrying the furniture through the living room, past both the girls and Aaron and Zousmer. Then he started on the living room. Everything was moved out except the couch on which Aaron and Zousmer were sitting. Audrey and Jayne by this time were seated on the floor. Mr. Meyerbach approached Aaron and Zousmer.

"Would you mind, please?" he asked politely.

It was only then that A and Z realized what was going on. Seeing things moved around was so much a part of their past experience that they had thought this was merely preparation for the show. They looked in horror at the sisters.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Aaron, "that you're moving out all your furniture?"

"Yes," said Audrey. "Remember, we told you."

"But how about the show tonight?" Zousmer asked. "This place will be bare!"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Meyerbach, "this rug's got to go."

Despite the emptiness of the apartment, the broadcast that night was a smash hit. Aaron and Zousmer, with Murrow's assistance, improvised. The Meadows sisters moved around the tiny flat, explaining to the audience just where they planned to put all their new furniture.

"It was charming," said Zousmer, a man whose experience has made him tolerant. "At least without rugs we could wheel the cameras around."

The turmoil into which A and Z can plunge people is no doubt fresh in the memory of former President Truman. When Murrow first approached the Trumans about a visit to Independ-

(Continued on page 144)

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Quelques Fleurs:
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Its French Garden fragrance casts a lingering spell
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(Continued from page 143)

ence. Harry Truman didn't refuse but his wife did. She felt that the house, which needed painting, wasn't presentable. (Aaron and Zousmer often encounter resistance on the part of guests who fear that their homes aren't quite right.)

But the third time Murrow asked, Mr. Truman acceded both to him and to his wife. He had the house painted. The broadcast was one of the most successful of the whole "Person to Person" series.

Aaron and Zousmer have had occasion to rearrange other houses and furnishings, though not often on such a scale as the Trumans' paint job. Before Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt appeared on "Person to Person," Zousmer asked if a chair in her Manhattan apartment could be moved. Mrs. Roosevelt readily agreed, to the great delight of her secretary.

"I've been trying to get her to move that chair for months," she explained. "Maybe she'll leave it where you put it." Weeks after the broadcast, Zousmer learned that the chair still rests where the exigencies of TV placed it; he regards this as a minor tribute to the taste of C.B.S. technicians.

The thought of appearing on "Person to Person" can strike terror into some people's hearts, and part of A's and Z's job is to calm them down. Most of their trouble is with show-business people, who, as professionals, might be assumed to be immune from stage fright.

Tallulah Bankhead was terrified when she was informed there wouldn't be a script.

"No script!" she wailed. "But then I can't blame a writer if the show's a flop!" Tallulah also campaigned to have her talking myna bird shown, but A and Z said no. They had a feeling that a talking bird trained by Tallulah Bankhead might have a vocabulary somewhat too colorful for the average listener.

Groucho Marx was worried before the broadcast, but he calmed down after it started. Then his cat got into the act. Groucho was showing Murrow his game room when the cat suddenly leaped onto the pool table. Groucho couldn't think what to say for a moment. Then he asked, "Ed, what'll I do with the cat? Do you want it in the side pocket?" Groucho brooded about it afterward. "Was it funny?" he kept asking Aaron.

Other entertainers have been nervous too. Marilyn Monroe stumbled through her lines. Sid Caesar forgot his wife's name. Bob Hope, in the middle of the broadcast, suddenly blurted out to Murrow, "Ed, why am I so nervous?" But the top example of absent-mindedness induced by fright was Jerry Lewis' answer when Murrow asked if he used his swimming pool much.

"Only for swimming," Jerry replied.

Both Aaron and Zousmer have by now become expert in placating guests. When the show visited Marlon Brando, the actor insisted on wearing his hair with a kind of spit curl plastered on his forehead.

"It looked batty," Aaron recalls, "but if it was what he wanted, I figured there would be no point in upsetting him. So I asked him to change it but didn't insist. When he saw that I wasn't going to argue about it, he went upstairs and combed his hair in a more normal way. I knew he would."

Bob Hope once suggested a bit of business to Aaron for his show.

"All right, sir," said Aaron, "but it won't be funny."

"Young man," said Hope, "are you trying to tell me about television?"

"No," said Aaron, "but I am trying to tell you about 'Person to Person.'" The business was omitted.

Guests on "Person to Person" can move freely from room to room because on the show they are virtually tiny broadcasting stations. They carry batteries concealed in their clothing, a tiny antenna and a small microphone. With men, the microphone—developed by Murrow's staff and known as a "Murrowmike"—is placed under the tie. (No man, not even Mr. Truman, can wear a bow tie on "Person to Person.") With women, the microphone is customarily concealed in the bodice.

After one show, a doctor wrote to Kathleen Winsor, author of *Forever Amber*, that he had heard her heartbeat and had detected a slight metallic note in it.

"That shows I have a heart of gold," she wrote back.

Generally, A and Z are responsible for the preliminary selection of guests. Blizzards of suggestions pour into their offices. Press agents almost overwhelm them with demands, and assistants to presidents of big companies hopefully put forward the boss's name. A and Z consider all the possibilities. When they have decided on a likely candidate, they talk it over with Murrow. If he agrees, then they, or members of their staff, talk with the person; and if he seems to "come across"—to use show-business language—he is selected. On the day of the broadcast the person to be visited has lunch with Murrow, who asks many questions. Murrow, of course, knows many of the guests, but he generally lunches with them anyway.

Sometimes his role is simply to put the guests at ease. Sometimes he has to argue mildly with them. Businessmen, for instance, often want the broadcasts to take place in their offices. Murrow explains that "Person to Person" originates in homes—and besides, what would a man's wife and children be doing in his office?

On rare occasions, someone will refuse Murrow's invitation to appear for an unusual reason. Author Herman Wouk declined because he is an Orthodox Jew and the show, on Friday nights, would conflict with the Jewish Sabbath. The broadcast with Valentina, the designer, was delayed because her landlord would not allow the equipment in his apartment house. "I won't have my property made into a TV studio," he said. This program was later broadcast from a small apartment in her shop.

When things aren't too busy in the office, Aaron and Zousmer think about a party they would like to give someday. It would include everyone who has ever been on "Person to Person," a quite imposing list.

"We would of course hold it at a Conrad Hilton hotel," they say. "We would have three hostesses: Gwen Caffritz, Perle Mesta and Elsa Maxwell. There would be two kinds of music, one hot and one square, provided by Benny Goodman and Vaughn Monroe, and we wouldn't worry about union problems because James C. Petrillo would be there.

"Mrs. Oscar Hammerstein would decorate the room, with Salvador Dali. A triple blessing would be invoked by Archbishop Cushing, Rabbi Abba Hillel Silver and Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. The catering could be handled by Toots Shor, with the advice of Secretary of Agriculture Benson.

"For bouncers there would be Ezzard Charles, Rocky Marciano and Joe Louis. And if they couldn't keep order we'd have Air Force General Curtis LeMay drop a few bombs on the overenthusiastic. We would ask Dave Sarnoff of N.B.C. to make sure of rival network coverage.

"Mickey Spillane could provide some colorful crooks. Margaret Bourke-White could take the official pictures and Amy Vanderbilt could seat the guests. A book commemorating the event would later be published by Dick Simon, of Simon and Schuster.

"And as a final lure the food would be served out of refrigerators personally opened by Betty Furness."

But when they're not thinking about the party, Aaron and Zousmer proceed normally with their job of housewrecking. And as far as they're concerned, "Person to Person" will go on forever.

"We'll probably exhaust ourselves," says Aaron cheerfully, "before we exhaust the number of houses we can wreck."

THE END

The woman who talked too much

Continued from page 33

when I was your age! I sometimes wonder how I would look if I were young now, wearing the young dresses. I don't think they'd suit me. *You* look exactly right for the dresses now, so do all the young things—I do think it strange, there must be some girls now who look like I did then, yet I don't seem to see them. . . . Darling, your father and I are just a bit worried about your not getting enough sleep, you are out every night. I remember when I used to come home late my father was always sitting up for me, he used to look quite worn out, it made me feel guilty, even if it wasn't really so late, that made me feel it was. . . . It is odd how as you grow older late gets to be a different time—first later, I mean, and then, when you are middle-aged, earlier. Darling, it's *so* cold tonight, of course you don't seem to feel it—I never did either, perhaps it's something to do with the blood, young blood, I mean. I remember once I went out with a young man not your father—isn't it silly, I can't remember his name? It was snowing, I wore just an evening dress and a short coat of velvet that came to my waist, if I wore such a thing now I should be frozen. . . ."

All this time Zoë would be rushing about the room, throwing her day clothes on the floor and spilling powder all over the dressing table. Finally she would reach for her bag with one hand and her stole with the other and rush for the door, saying firmly: "All right, Mother darling, I won't be too late, and I *never* catch cold. . . ."

Tom did not listen to Rose, but he never got impatient with her. He was a lawyer by profession, but outside that a silent man, given to silent pursuits. If he played golf, which he did rarely, he never went back to the clubhouse for chatter. He liked to garden and he liked to carpenter—he had fixed up a lathe in the garage and most weekends went there to work at it.

Rose often came too, and watched him and talked all the time, but he did not really much mind—you could not hear what she said over the lathe.

Perhaps it was because so few people listened to Rose that she talked to her dog. Once she said so.

Tom had given her Rags eight years ago for her birthday. Sometimes he'd thought since that Rags was not the best choice; he ought to have got a smaller dog, a Peke or a poodle—certainly one more manageable. Still, Rose managed Rags all right, and what did it matter if nobody else could—he was her dog.

Rags was a mongrel, a lolloping pooch of a dog, gray and white, with a long feather tail, half Welsh sheep dog, half some sort of terrier. Tom had got him at the Battersea Dogs' Home. It was not that he begrudged Rose a thoroughbred—far from it—but he knew how completely she would fall for a stray.

It had occurred to him to take Rose along to the Battersea Dogs' Home to choose, but he was glad afterward he hadn't. Even he didn't like much to recall the eager, excited, hungry looks of the dogs while you chose, and their lost, stricken looks when you had chosen.

Rags was too big, of course, for a house in the suburbs, and apt to be a bit obstreperous, but he adored Rose and with her was as soft as butter. Sometimes Tom felt quite touched at the love and the trust on Rags's face when he looked at her and the answering tenderness on Rose's.

But all the same he was a bit taken aback when one night Rose said that perhaps she talked to Rags such a lot because nobody else listened.

"Oh, Tom," Rose said, "isn't it strange? I know I talk a lot. I can't seem to help it. I don't know why, nobody listens—I *quite* understand. So I talk to Rags, and quite often, you know, I feel he's listening though I dare say he can't be, but I talk to him just the same, and if he's not listening I don't know so it doesn't matter. I *feel* he is, and I don't think he minds. . . ."

Tom did not say anything to this, and after a while Rose laid her cheek against the back of Rags's head and went on:

"Well, Rags darling, there it is: if you are listening, that's nice, but if you aren't listening, I don't know—perhaps it's best not to know whether people are listening, dogs too. It's nearly time for your walk. I never walked before I had you. I didn't think I should like it. Isn't it silly to think how many things you would never know that you liked unless you tried them because you had to?"

Tom had stopped listening quite awhile before this, and was thinking how fond he was of Rose. She was still an extraordinarily pretty woman, with skin like a young girl's; her eyes were still a deep blue and her brown hair was untouched by gray. You might say she had kept her looks, though the real point was that she looked as she did because she didn't try much to keep them.

Rose was so gentle and sweet, and ran his house so well, the way he wanted it run (so many women ran your house so well, only the way *they* wanted it run). Though she hadn't, perhaps, been quite as much help to him as she might have been, entertaining his clients, he wouldn't have had a thing about her changed now; and he didn't hear all that talk.

ONE afternoon in spring, Addie telephoned Tom at his office. Calls from home were such a rare occurrence, and Addie at first was so incoherent, that for a moment Tom had the absurd idea that it must be Rose talking.

Rose had gone to the dentist's; she had not taken Rags; Addie had opened the door to a man selling vacuum cleaners—

"What shall we do, Mr. Hennessey?" Addie said fearfully. "He was gone in a flash, you know what Rags is. I ought to have stopped him, but there just wasn't time, he was off and away. . . . I don't think *I* ought to be the person to tell Mrs. Hennessey. . . . What shall we *tell* her?"

"What has happened?" said Tom.

Addie said: "Oh, Mr. Hennessey, Rags is run over!"

Tom looked at his desk. "Is he dead?"

Tom came straight home by taxi and fortunately was there before Rose got back from the dentist's. He waited about uneasily, walking from the living room into the hall and from the hall into the dining room. On the hall table there was a bowl of spring flowers—not one of your set pieces, made out of moss and the dead heads of hydrangeas, just spring flowers.

Ordinarily you didn't notice things when Rose had arranged them; but when you came to notice them, as Tom did now, you saw a sort of grace and a rightness about them. He did not know why this was, but it occurred to him dimly that a great many things Rose did she did better than a great many women of far more intelligence.

Presently Rose came home and Tom opened the door to her before she had got out her key.

"Rose," he said, taking her hand, "come in and sit down. I'm afraid there's bad news."

He led her into the living room and Rose sat down. He told her as gently and kindly as he could, but he did not think Rose registered the news.

"Dearest," he said to make sure, "I'm afraid Rags is dead."

Rose did not speak. She just sat there with her hands quiet in her lap, still looking as if she had not heard him; but after a while she took off her gloves and folded them neatly one into the other and got up from her chair and walked out of the room and went upstairs.

Tom did not know what to do. After a while he followed Rose up to their bedroom, where he saw she was sorting the laundry.

"Rose, dear," he said, "you did understand what I told you?"

Rose looked up. She still did not manage to speak, but slowly her lips formed the word "yes."

Tom went downstairs again and hung about in the hall, waiting for Zoë to come home.

"Oh, Dad," Zoë said when he told her what had happened, "what can we do? I was going out after dinner tonight, but I can easily stay—"

Tom said: "No, on the whole, better go on just as usual."

"We ought to get her another dog right away, but—"

"We must go slow, Zoë," Tom told her.

ADDIE knew Mrs. Hennessey would not feel much like eating, but all the same she served dinner on time; and when Rose came into the dining room, where Zoë and Tom were already waiting, Addie went up to her and put her arm round Rose's shoulder and gave it a small squeeze.

"Just take a cup of soup," she said, "then you'll feel better—when a thing like this happens you feel you can't eat, but if you do it is best, it's just the same with a nice cup of tea, something hot, it does help—just sit down now and get something warming inside you—"

Rose sat down at the table obediently and drank the soup, but she did not say anything.

Tom knew, of course, how much Rose had done over the years for Addie and Addie's husband and kids, and that she had done it with love; still, it surprised him to see Addie's eyes fill with tears.

After dinner Rose got up slowly and went into the living room. When Zoë followed her there she found her mother sitting erect, looking ahead of her, not moving.

"Mother, darling," Zoë said gently, "I've got to go out tonight and I'm just going to change—come and talk to me while I dress."

Rose got up, still obedient, and followed Zoë into her room and sat down on the bed.

"It's a new dress this time," Zoë said. "I wasn't quite sure of it, but sometimes you must just take a chance, often it turns out best when you do, you get tired of old things, you don't know this until you've found the right new thing—"

At once Zoë realized that another meaning could have been written into these words, and she looked up fearfully at her mother. Rose was just staring ahead.

"Yet the funny thing is," Zoë rushed on, "so often a dress you've got tired of and put away, when you wear it again, seems quite different, new practically. . . ."

Rose didn't seem to have heard her. Zoë went chattering on with a blind, bright desperation.

"I'll have to go now," said Zoë at last, as she reached for her bag and her stole. "I won't be late, it's quite warm tonight, so I don't need a coat, why does one so hate wearing a coat when one's dressed up, do you know? Oh, good night, Mother darling. . . ."

She bent to kiss Rose. It was a loving kiss, but Rose did not kiss Zoë back.

From the top of the stairs, Zoë saw Tom standing about in the hall, waiting for Rose. Zoë rushed down and flung herself into his arms, starting to cry.

"If only she'd *say* something," Zoë sobbed. "Dad, can't you make her?"

"I don't know," said Tom. "I can try. . . ."

IN A while Rose came downstairs and passed Tom on her way to the living room, not saying anything—not, Tom thought, seeing him. Tom followed her in. She sat down in her usual chair by the fire and Tom sat down in his usual chair across from her.

"What a frightful night!" Tom said. (It was starting to rain.) "Things always seem worse when the weather's bad, and the weather's always bad somehow when it might help if it wasn't. . . . Are you warm, darling? Let me pull your chair up to the fire. . . ."

Rose did not say anything, but she let him pull her chair up closer to the fire.

"Still, the papers say fine tomorrow," Tom went on, "so perhaps that'll help, not that they seem to know, I often wonder if these people who write up the weather reports really know anything about it. . . ."

Rose stayed silent. Tom tried to say more, but the words stuck in his throat. He felt that his collar was tightening.

"*Rose* . . ." he said, and stretched out his hand.

Rose looked up. She did not say anything, but as she watched him her face changed. It puckered, then stilled. Her eyes grew bright, but she did not cry. It was as if the sight came back into them.

She leaned forward and took Tom's hand between both of hers.

"Yes, I know, dear," she said. "Yes, I know, Tom—you love me. Is that what you're trying to say?" THE END

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Writer Cynthia Hope, of Houston, Texas, a former model, made and poses in the clothes shown here. She's wearing the dress (No. 3533) that called for buttonholes that called for a new sewing machine

by CYNTHIA HOPE

I was afraid to start sewing

THIS is a story about me, a sewing machine and the best-dressed year of my life.

A year ago I didn't know how to put a hem in a dress. I couldn't sew a straight seam. If a zipper broke, I had to pay $2 to have it replaced. I belonged to that wistful legion of women who dream of the beautiful clothes they could own if only they knew how to sew, then rule them out with a long list of "I-wouldn't-know-hows." My own list ran something like this:

I wouldn't know how to lay out a pattern.

I wouldn't know how to cut it if I could lay it out.

I wouldn't have time to finish a whole dress.

I wouldn't dare invest in a sewing machine because I might never use it.

It was a sale that finally changed everything for me. Secondhand sewing machines of a well-known brand were selling for as low as $29. It wouldn't hurt to look, I decided.

When I did look, I discovered that I could rent a machine for $5 a month. But for the same $5 and a little more, I could be buying a secondhand one.

The one I liked best was $59. It was not a fancy new model like the one in the window. It wouldn't do tricks or embroider or make buttonholes, and it wouldn't reverse-stitch. It was just a big, old, ugly, indestructible sewing machine that had seen plenty of use. But obviously nothing could dent its sturdy constitution. The salesman ran it over leather, a matchstick, four thicknesses of a fabric that could have been used to make army tents. It gobbled up everything and turned out neat, perfect stitches.

"You don't have to worry about how it looks, anyway," the salesman told me airily. "You'll be trading it in for one of these beautiful new little portables in a few months."

"Hah!" I said. "At those prices? Not a chance. I'm not that serious about sewing."

He gave me a superior smile. "That's what they all say before they start sewing," he told me with the you'll-be-back confidence of a dope pusher.

I made the down payment on my $59 treasure, soberly aware that I had now taken on a responsibility. I owned a sewing machine. I would have to justify its possession by making something on it.

I could take advantage of the free home-sewing course that came with the purchase of a machine. But I needed some new clothes right away, and I didn't want to wait for lessons. I decided to plunge into the only school I could find time for right then—the school of trial and error.

What to make first? Well, I didn't own a really useful cocktail dress. And that was something that could be made without set-in sleeves or a collar, and for a beginner like me, the simplest possible style would be the best to start with.

McCALL'S had just the pattern I was looking for—a cocktail dress with lots of line but nothing too complicated to cut or sew. I crossed my fingers and bought the pattern, plus some beautiful shantung. The saleswoman urged me to buy an extra yard, just to be on the safe side, but penny-wise and yard-foolish, I didn't take her advice. With the findings—thread, zipper and seam binding—my cocktail dress would cost me about $12. I felt most pleased with myself. But not for long.

At home I set out pinking shears, fabric, pattern, thread, needles — and a tracing wheel and dressmakers' carbon. A clerk in the dime store had told me about those last invaluable helps. Available at almost any notions counter, the tracing wheel and dressmakers' carbon plainly mark all your seam lines, darts and other markings, transferring them from the pattern to the fabric.

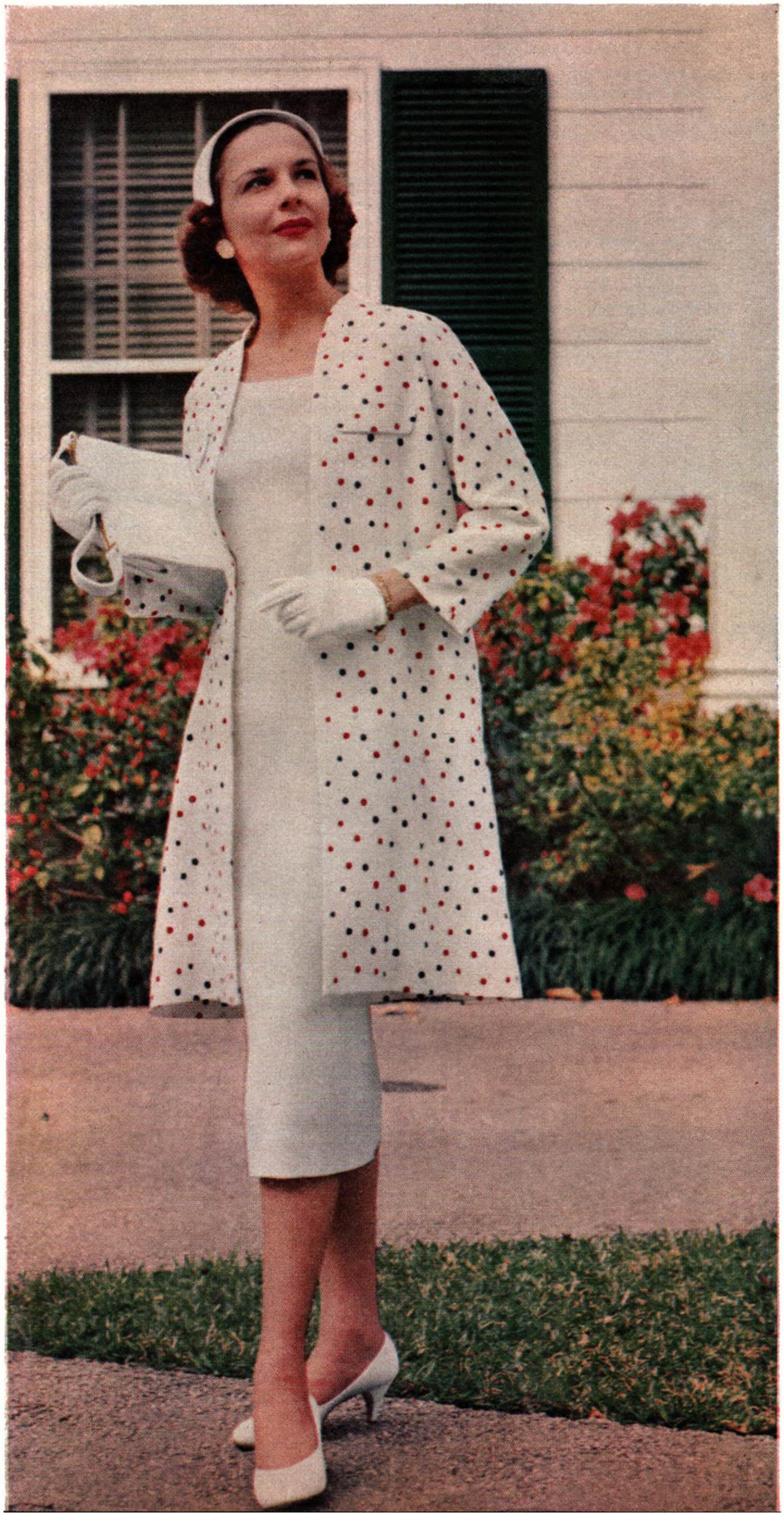
Then I opened the pattern envelope and got a happy surprise. Directions for cutting and sewing were printed in such simple language that even a beginner like me could understand them. Each pattern piece explained just what its purpose was, and just as if it understood that I'd never done any sewing before, it explained too, "For darts, sew together along dotted line."

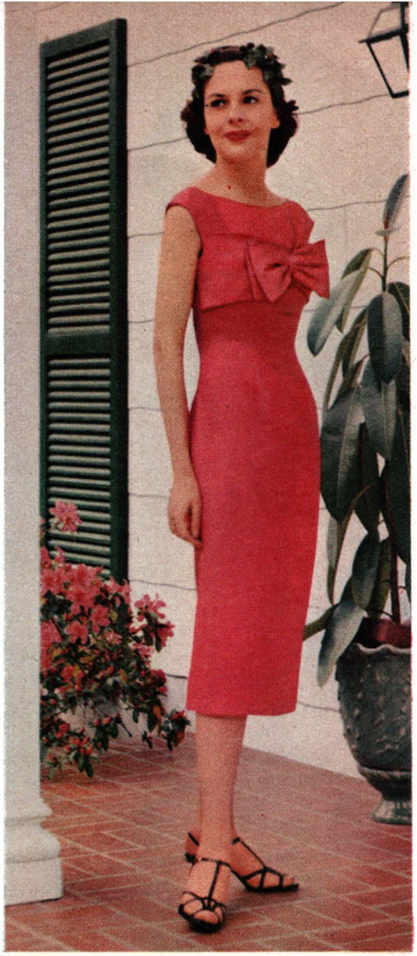
(Continued on page 148)

Back views last page. More patterns 148

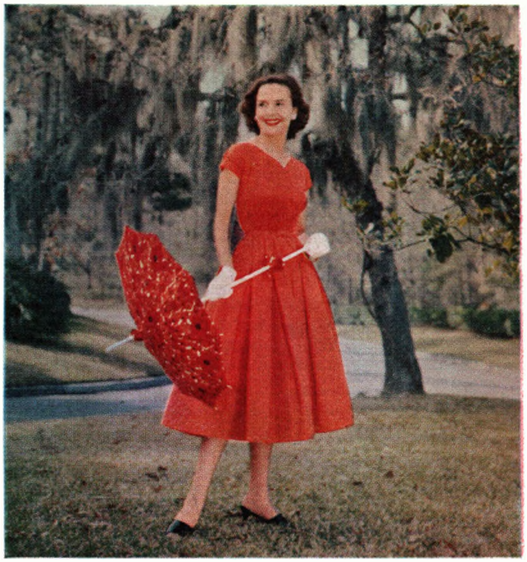
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

"Of all the clothes I've made, my favorite costume is this linen sheath with a three-quarter-length embroidered linen coat—No. 3491. I knew McCall's patterns like old friends by now, but I felt a little jittery about the fabric investment since I had never made anything with a lining before. It wasn't as hard as I expected though, and I always feel especially well-dressed when I wear it"





"This sheath—No. 3498—was the first dress I made—and the one that almost made me give up sewing. But there's a happy ending. I later was able to buy more shantung and recut the bodice top that I had botched"



"I was looking for a dress that wouldn't be too tricky for a beginner and that was classic enough to be good for several seasons. Pattern No. 3528 had just the becoming lines I wanted. I made it up in a bright, sturdy cotton, using the cap-sleeved version of the bodice the pattern gave"

I was afraid to start sewing continued

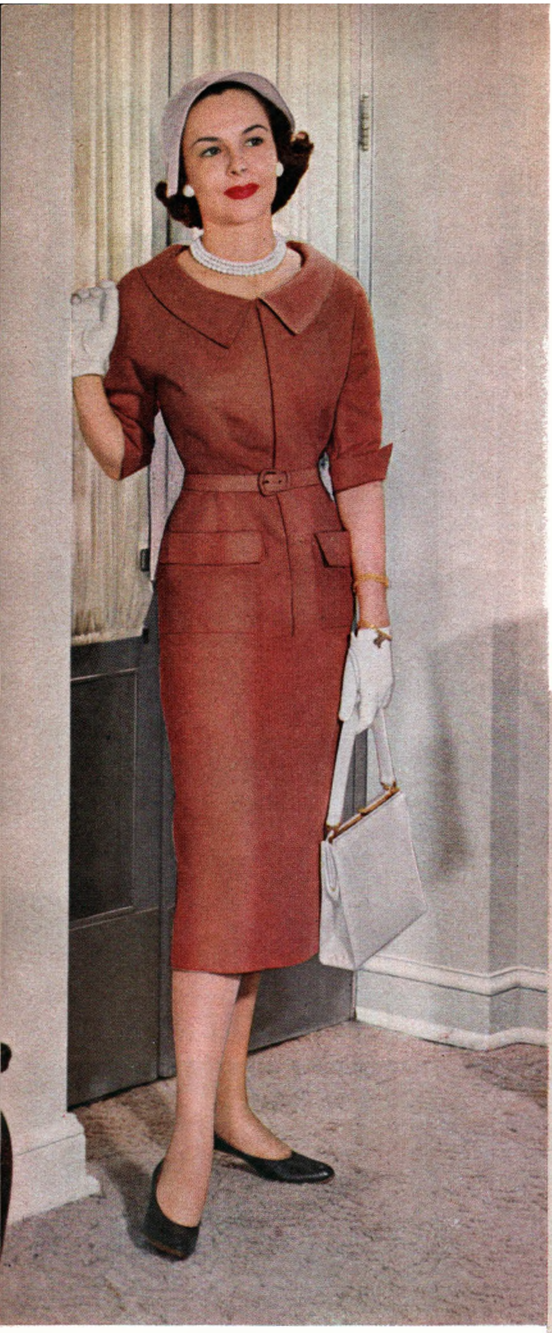
The cut-and-sew guide enclosed with the pattern explained how to straighten the fabric before pinning on the pattern pieces and also gave diagrams for laying them out. I didn't even have to figure out where each piece would go on the fabric. The pattern designer had already done it for me.

Every beginner must make at least one mistake. I made mine in cutting. I had laid out all the pieces, pinned them and was whacking away blissfully with my pinking shears when I suddenly saw a bold direction on the upper front section of the dress: CENTER FRONT. PLACE ON FOLD.

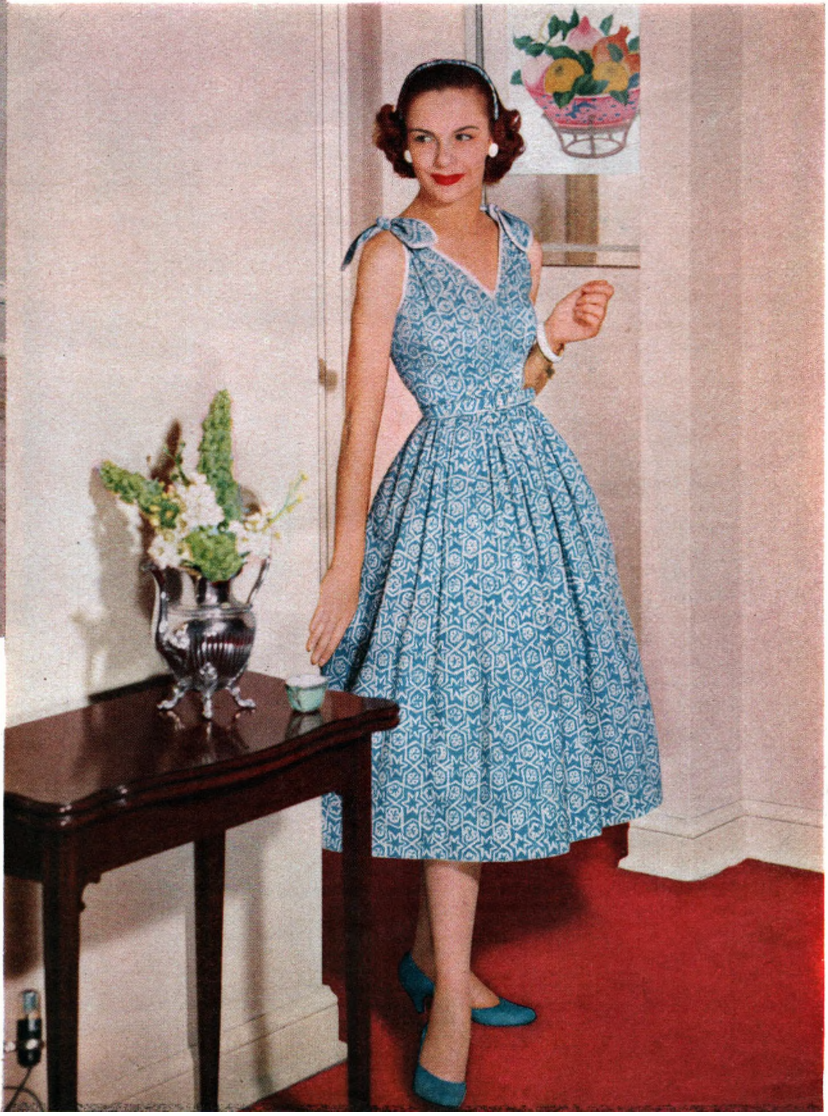
It was too late. I had not placed on fold. I had simply snipped along without reading. For ten full minutes I gave up sewing for good. Then a thought struck me. Why not go back to the store and get enough shantung to cut out the upper front of the dress again? I breathed a sigh of relief—too soon. My shantung had all been sold. I found the same saleswoman who had urged me to buy an extra yard in the first place. "Dry your tears," she said kindly. "I've made every sewing mistake in the book in my time, and most of them can be fixed. What did you do?"

I confessed all, and she nodded. "It won't look as well as if you hadn't made the mistake, but ten to one no one will notice but you. Just make a seam down the center front where you shouldn't have cut and make the side seams smaller to allow for the difference." She laughed. "And don't worry. Every mistake helps on the next dress."

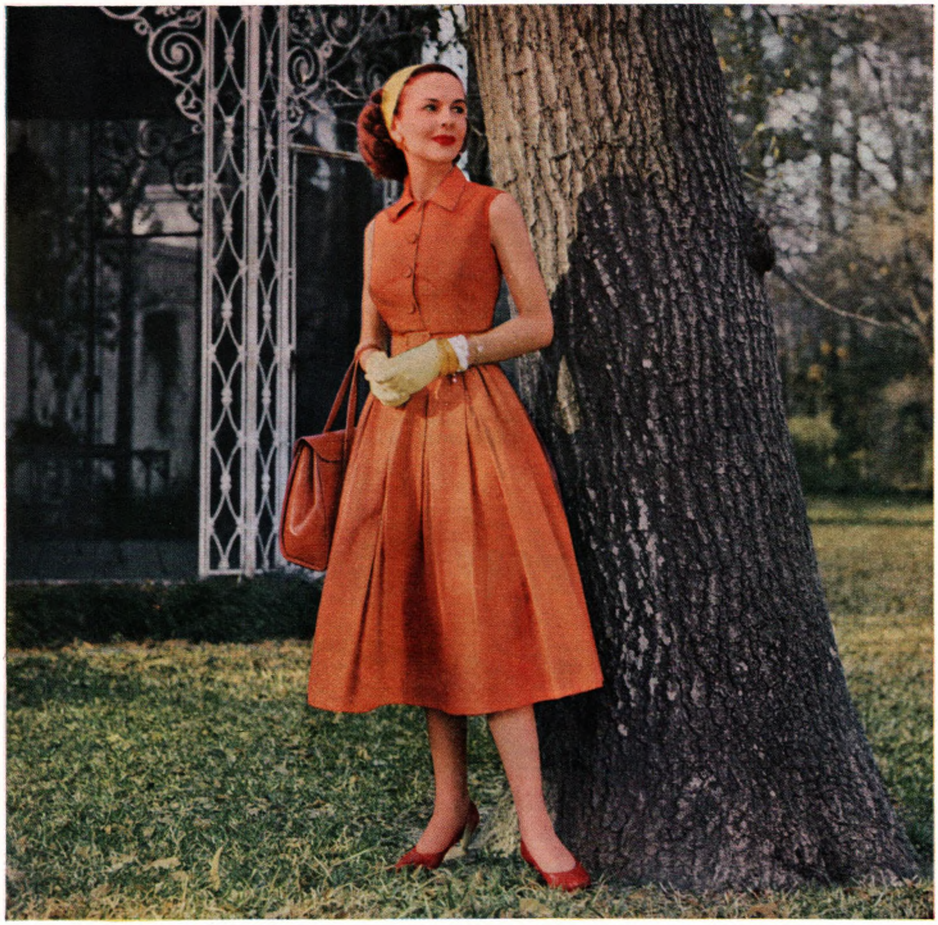
That was the best lesson I'll ever learn about sewing. *(Continued on page 149)*



"Needing a four-seasons dress that would be cool on a hot day and also look well under a winter coat, I settled for this pattern for a tailored sheath that zips up the front — No. 3426. I made it in cocoa linen and it seems to me to fill the bill perfectly"



"If I were picking a dress for a beginner to start on, I think this pattern, No. 3252, for a sun dress with shoulder ties would be it. I breezed through it in two evenings at the machine, and I've discovered since that it's as easy to wash and iron as it was to make"



"I love separates, and I couldn't resist this pattern, No. 3546, for a full pleated skirt and sleeveless blouse. Gold broadcloth was a happy choice of fabric too—I've been able to wear both the skirt and the blouse with lots of other things"

Nothing ever looked quite so beautiful to me as that cocktail dress once I knew I could rescue it. I finished cutting and basting and tried it on. I don't think it's possible to describe the thrill of trying on the first dress you've ever made. I couldn't wait to finish it—and two days later I had. I—the girl who hadn't known how to put up a hem—was now a sewing addict. None of my other dresses seemed to look quite right or to fit as well as the one I had made myself. And that dress did turn out perfectly after all, because later on I was able to get more fabric and remake the top.

I'd made three when a cotton-and-nylon sun dress with a jacket confronted me with a new problem. Buttonholes! The obvious solution seemed to be to buy a buttonhole attachment for my machine. I called my sewing machine salesman.

"Which model machine do you have?" he asked.

I told him, and he said, "Sorry, but for the buttonholer or the zigzag attachment you need a round-bobbin machine."

"Oh," I said. "Is the zigzag the one that makes all those pretty embroidery stitches and does monograms and blind-stitching?"

"That's right," the salesman said offhandedly.

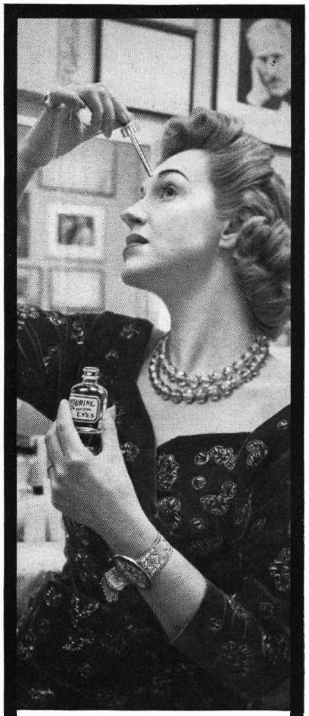
"Do you have any round-bobbin machines around now?" I asked, feeling like a Judas. My old machine had served me faithfully.

"Sure thing," the salesman said. "Lightweight portable. Shall I bring it around?"

"I just want to look," I moaned. But when I did, I was cooked. I had to have that little gem. It could do anything. I'd reached for my checkbook before the salesman had even finished showing me all the new machine's features.

I'll admit I'm scissors-happy—and I'm glad. I've learned something. You don't have to be "talented" to sew. You don't have to have a lot of spare time. You just have to want to be beautifully dressed, then buy or rent (or even borrow) a sewing machine, buy a pattern and get going. You'll never want to stop.

Back views last page.



"How I use Murine for tired eyes"

* * * * * * * * *

Risë Stevens

Beautiful singing star of the Metropolitan Opera

"I find Murine is a great comfort when my eyes are tired from a busy schedule of opera, television and concert appearances," says lovely Risë Stevens. She uses Murine regularly, too, to clear her eyes after heavy stage make-up. Why don't *you* start using Murine regularly—to refresh and cleanse your eyes *any time* you feel the least bit tired or tense.

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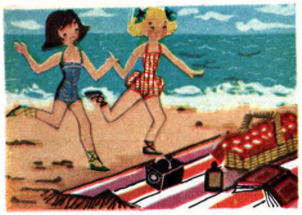
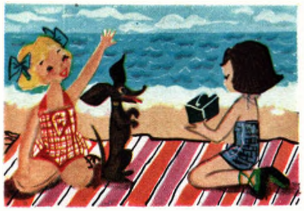
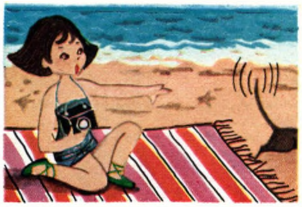
Betsy McCall *takes a picture of Nosy*



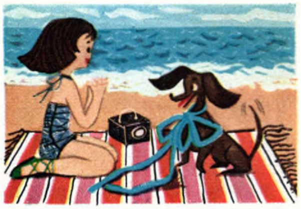
Betsy and her cousin Barbara were at the beach. "Let's take some pictures of Nosy with my camera," Betsy exclaimed. "Daddy showed me, so I know how to do it. You can help!"



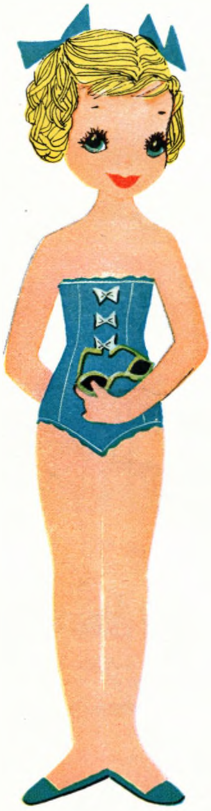
"Come get your picture taken, Nosy," Betsy called. Barbara sat Nosy up on his hind legs while Betsy got the camera in the right position. She was just about to push the button when…



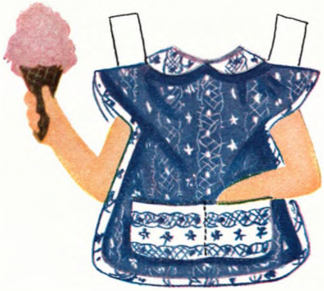
. . . Nosy saw another dog down the beach and off he dashed. "Oh, Nosy," Betsy wailed. "All I got in the picture was your tail! Come back here right now and let me take another one of you"



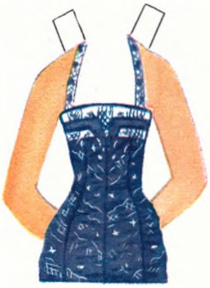
Barbara said, "Let's tie a ribbon around Nosy's neck, and maybe he will behave himself." And Nosy did! Betsy praised him highly: "You sat so still that I got all of you in the picture!'



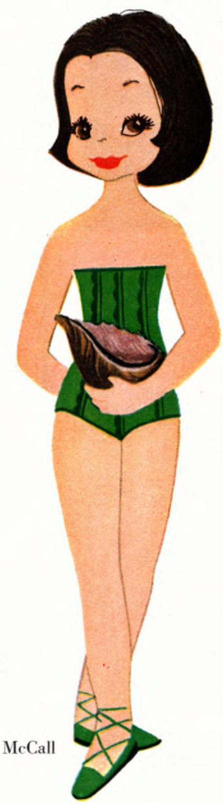
This is Barbara McCall



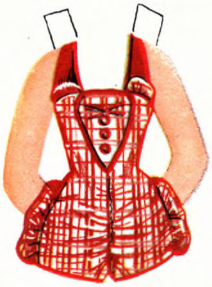
Betsy thinks it's fun to wear her printed artist's smock with its lining of white terry cloth. It matches her bathing suit



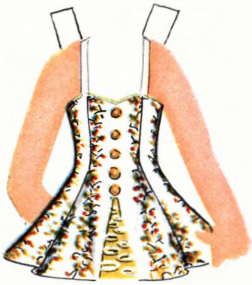
Betsy's cotton swimsuit has a shirred bodice. With smock shown above: sizes 4 to 6x, about $5; 8 to 14, about $8



This is Betsy McCall



Barbara's swimsuit has heart-shaped front detail, side panels that flare at hips. 4 to 6x, about $3; 8 to 14, about $4



Barbara likes this cotton swimsuit, too, with its buttonhole detail on the front skirt. 4 to 6x, about $4; 8 to 14, about $6

THESE CLOTHES BY REGAL KNITWEAR MAY BE SEEN AT STORES LISTED ON PAGE 152

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TELEPHONE
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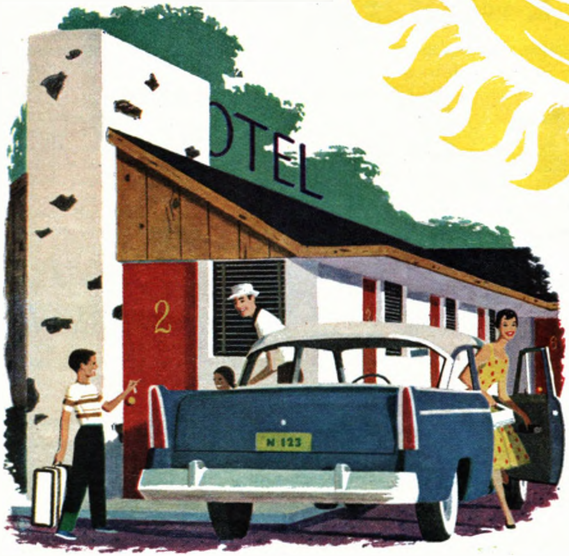
Telephone ahead if you're going to be delayed. Or, if you've forgotten to settle something, telephone back home. It's easy to do. For wherever you go these days—and however you travel—you'll find there's a telephone near at hand.

Your telephone will help you have more fun this summer



Make your reservations in advance by telephone. Whether you're heading for a hotel or motel, you'll get the accommodations you want, avoid slip-ups. Telephone, too, to make other travel arrangements, to rent boats or camping facilities.

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Where to see Betsy and Barbara McCall's new clothes

Betsy's and Barbara's clothes by Regal Knitwear, shown on page 150, may be seen at the following stores. Barbara's red-and-white swimsuit is also available in blue-and-white. Her yellow print suit also comes in pink and in blue. Betsy's swimsuit and smock are also available in red.

ALABAMA
Birmingham, Loveman, Joseph & Loeb
ARKANSAS
Little Rock, Gus Blass
CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles, May Company
San Bernardino, Gabriel Brothers
CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport, Howland's Dry Goods
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington, The Hecht Company
FLORIDA
Miami, Burdine's
ILLINOIS
Chicago, Mandel Bros.
IOWA
Cedar Rapids, Craemer's
LOUISIANA
Alexandria, Wellan's
New Orleans, D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
MAINE
Portland, Porteous, Mitchell & Braun
MASSACHUSETTS
Springfield, Forges & Wallace
MICHIGAN
Detroit, Ernst Kern
Lansing, J. W. Knapp Co.
MINNESOTA
Minneapolis, Powers
MONTANA
Billings, Hart Albin Co.
NEBRASKA
Lincoln, Gold & Co.
NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester, Bon Ton Kiddie Shop
NEW JERSEY
Clifton, Levy Brothers
Elizabeth, Levy Brothers
Jersey City, Simy's Childrens Store
NEW YORK
New York, Macy's
Watertown, The Globe Store
OHIO
Canton, Stark's
OKLAHOMA
Oklahoma City, Kerr's
PENNSYLVANIA
Harrisburg, Pomeroy's
Lancaster, Garvin's
Philadelphia, Gimbel's
Pittsburgh, Gimbel's
Scranton, Scranton Dry Goods Co.
TEXAS
Dallas, Sangers
Fort Worth, The Fair
WASHINGTON
Tacoma, Rhodes Brothers

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		Prices				Prices	
No.	Sizes	U.S.A.	Canada	No.	Sizes	U.S.A.	Canada
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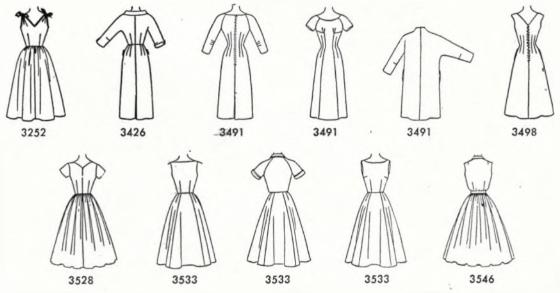
3426	12-20	.50	.60	3697	9-15	.50	.60
3491	12-18	.75	.85	3700	12-20	.50	.60
3498	10-18	.65	.75	3707	2, 3, 4, 6, 8	.35	.40
3528	12-20	.65	.75	3709	12-20	.45	.50
3533	10-20	.50	.60				



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